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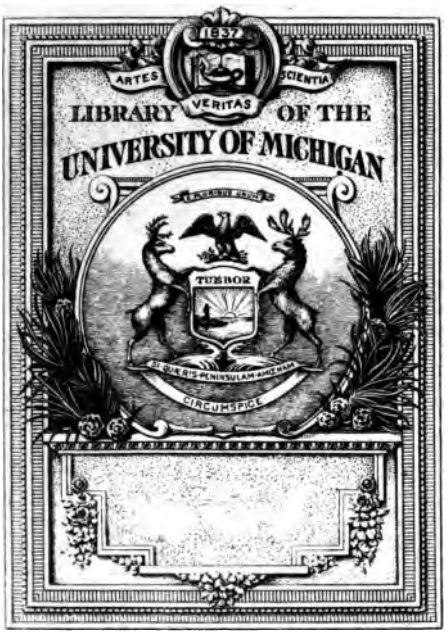
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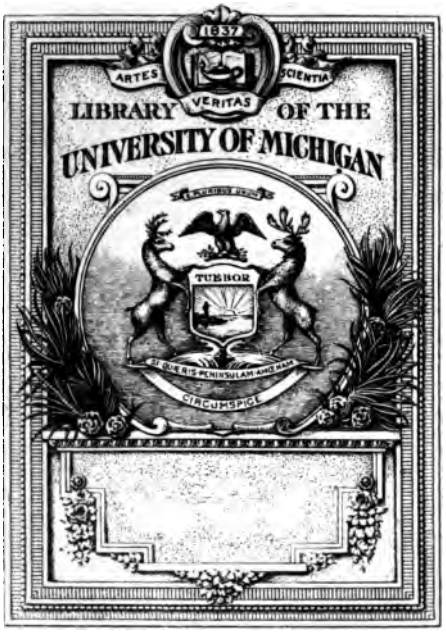
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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

COMPRISING

HIS POEMS,

CORRESPONDENCE, AND TRANSLATIONS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY THE EDITOR,

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D.

POET LAUREATE, ETC.

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THE

ILIAD OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

BY WILLIAM COWPER,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.

VOL. II.

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THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

Neptune engages on the part of the Greecians. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrius, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thoas, exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus having armed himself in his tent, and going forth to battle, meets Meriones. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus, and Asius. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor. Idomeneus slays Alcathoüs, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcathoüs.

Read in English Ballroom 3.28.28 16800

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

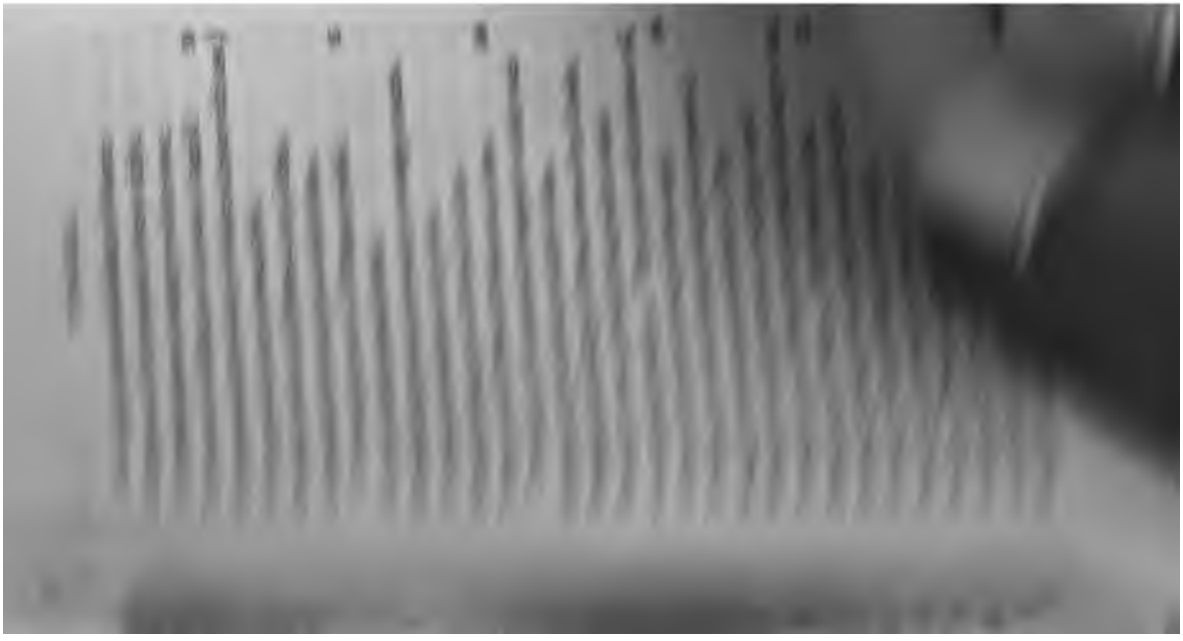
When Jove to Hector and his host had given
Such entrance to the fleet, to all the woes
And toils of unremitting battle there
He them abandon'd, and his glorious eyes
Averting, on the land look'd down remote
Of the horse-breeding Thracians, of the bold
Close-fighting Mysian race, and where abide
On milk sustain'd, and blest with length of days,
The Hippemolgi, justest of mankind.
No longer now on Troy his eyes he turn'd,
For expectation none within his breast
Survived, that God or Goddess would the Greeks
Approach with succour, or the Trojans more.
Nor Neptune, sovereign of the boundless Deep,
Look'd forth in vain; he on the summit sat
Of Samothracia forest-crown'd, the stir
Admiring thence and tempest of the field;
For thence appear'd all Ida, thence the towers
Of lofty Ilium, and the fleet of Greece.
There sitting from the deeps uprisen, he mourn'd
The vanquish'd Greecians, and resentment fierce
Conceived and wrath against all-ruling Jove.

Arising sudden, down the rugged steep
With rapid strides he came; the mountains huge
And forests under the immortal feet
Trembled of Ocean's Sovereign as he strode.
Three strides he made, the fourth convey'd him home
To Ægæ. At the bottom of the abyss,
There stands magnificent his golden fane,
A dazzling incorruptible abode.
Arrived, he to his chariot join'd his steeds
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold;
Himself attiring next in gold, he seized
His golden scourge, and to his seat sublime
Ascending, o'er the billows drove; the whales
Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides
Around him, not unconscious of their King;
He swept the surge that tinged not as he pass'd
His axle, and the sea parted for joy.
His bounding coursers to the Greecian fleet
Convey'd him swift. There is a spacious cave
Deep in the bottom of the flood, the rocks
Of Imbrus rude and Tenedos between;
There Neptune, shaker of the shores, his steeds
Station'd secure; he loosed them from the yoke,
Gave them ambrosial food, and bound their feet
With golden tethers not to be untied
Or broken, that unwandering they might wait
Their Lord's return, then sought the Greecian host.
The Trojans, tempest-like or like a flame,
Now, following Priameïan Hector, all
Came furious on and shouting to the skies.
Their hope was to possess the fleet, and leave
Not an Achaian of the host unslain.

But earth-encircler Neptune from the gulf
Emerging, in the form and with the voice
Loud-toned of Calchas, roused the Argive ranks
To battle—and his exhortation first
To either Ajax turn'd, themselves prepared.
Ye heroes Ajax! your accustomed force
Exert, oh! think not of disastrous flight,
And ye shall save the people. Nought I fear
Fatal elsewhere, although Troy's haughty sons
Have pass'd the barrier with so fierce a throng
Tumultuous; for the Greecians brazen-greaved
Will check them there. Here only I expect
And with much dread some dire event forebode,
Where Hector, terrible as fire, and loud
Vaunting his glorious origin from Jove,
Leads on the Trojans. Oh that from on high
Some God would form the purpose in your hearts
To stand yourselves firmly, and to exhort
The rest to stand! so should ye chase him hence
All ardent as he is, and even although
Olympian Jove himself his rage inspire.
So Neptune spake, compasser of the earth,
And, with his sceptre smiting both, their hearts
Fill'd with fresh fortitude; their limbs the touch
Made agile, wing'd their feet and nerved their arms.
Then, swift as stoops a falcon from the point
Of some rude rock sublime, when he would chase
A fowl of other wing along the meads,
So started Neptune thence, and disappear'd.
Him, as he went, swift Oïliades
First recognized, and, instant, thus his speech
To Ajax, son of Telamon, address'd.

Since, Ajax, some inhabitant of heaven
Exhorts us, in the prophet's form to fight,
(For prophet none or augur we have seen;
This was not Calchas; as he went I mark'd
His steps and knew him; Gods are known with ease.)
I feel my spirit in my bosom fired
Afresh for battle; lightness in my limbs,
In hands and feet a glow unfelt before.
To whom the son of Telamon replied.
I also with invigorated hands
More firmly grasp my spear, my courage mounts,
A buoyant animation in my feet
Bears me along, and I am all on fire
To cope with Priam's furious son, alone.
Thus they, with martial transport to their souls
Imparted by the God, conferr'd elate.
Meantime the King of Ocean roused the Greeks,
Who in the rear, beside their gallant barks
Some respite sought. They, spent with arduous toil,
Felt not alone their weary limbs unapt
To battle, but their hearts with grief oppress'd,
Seeing the numerous multitude of Troy
Within the mighty barrier; sad they view'd
That sight, and bathed their cheeks with many a tear,
Despairing of escape. But Ocean's Lord
Entering among them, soon the spirit stirr'd
Of every valiant phalanx to the fight.
Teucer and Leïtus, and famed in arms
Peneleus, Thoas and Deipyrus,
Meriones, and his compeer renown'd,
Antilochus; all these in accents wing'd
With fierce alacrity the God address'd.

Oh shame, ye Greecians! vigorous as ye are
And in life's prime, to your exertions most
I trusted for the safety of our ships.
If *ye* renounce the labours of the field,
Then hath the day arisen of our defeat
And final ruin by the powers of Troy.
Oh! I behold a prodigy, a sight
Tremendous, deem'd impossible by me,
The Trojans at our ships! the dastard race
Fled once like fleetest hinds the destined prey
Of lynxes, leopards, wolves; feeble and slight
And of a nature indisposed to war
They rove uncertain; so the Trojans erst
Stood not, nor to Achaian prowess dared
The hindrance of a moment's strife oppose.
But now, Troy left afar, even at our ships
They give us battle, through our leader's fault
And through the people's negligence, who fill'd
With fierce displeasure against *him*, prefer
Death at their ships, to war in their defence.
But if the son of Atreus, our supreme,
If Agamemnon, have indeed transgress'd
Past all excuse, dishonouring the swift
Achilles, ye at least the fight decline
Blame-worthy, and with no sufficient plea.
But heal we speedily the breach; brave minds
Easily coalesce. It is not well
That thus your fury slumbers, for the host
Hath none illustrious as yourselves in arms.
I can excuse the timid if he shrink,
But am incensed at *you*. My friends beware!
Your tardiness will prove ere long the cause



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Easily coales[illegible]
That thus [illegible]

Of some worse evil. Let the dread of shame
Affect your hearts; oh tremble at the thought
Of infamy! Fierce conflict hath arisen,
Loud shouting Hector combats at the ships
Nobly, hath forced the gates and burst the bar.
With such encouragement those Greecian chiefs
The King of Ocean roused. Then, circled soon
By many a phalanx either Ajax stood,
Whose order Mars himself arriving there
Had praised, or Pallas, patroness of arms.
For there the flower of all expected firm
Bold Hector and his host; spear crowded spear,
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man and shield[1];
The hairy crests of their resplendent casques
Kiss'd close at every nod, so wedged they stood;
No spear was seen but in the manly grasp
It quiver'd, and their every wish was war.
The powers of Ilium gave the first assault
Embattled close; them Hector led himself
Right on, impetuous as a rolling rock
Destructive; torn by torrent waters off
From its old lodgement on the mountain's brow,
It bounds, it shoots away; the crashing wood
Falls under it; impediment or check
None stays its fury, till the level found,
There, settling by degrees, it rolls no more;
So after many a threat that he would pass
Easily through the Greecian camp and fleet
And slay to the sea-brink, when Hector once
Had fallen on those firm ranks, standing, he bore

[1] For this admirable line the Translator is indebted to Mr. Fuseli.

Vehement on them; but by many a spear
Urged and bright faulchion, soon, reeling, retired,
And call'd vociferous on the host of Troy.
Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, oh stand! not long the Greeks
Will me confront, although embodied close
In solid phalanx; doubt it not; my spear
Shall chase and scatter them, if Jove, in truth,
High-thundering mate of Juno, bid me on.
So saying he roused the courage of them all,
Foremost of whom advanced, of Priam's race
Deiphobus, ambitious of renown.
Tripping he came with shorten'd steps[2], his feet
Sheltering behind his buckler; but at him
Aiming, Meriones his splendid lance
Dismiss'd, nor err'd; his bull-hide targe he struck
But ineffectual; where the hollow wood
Receives the inserted brass, the quivering beam
Snapp'd; then, Deiphobus his shield afar
Advanced before him, trembling at a spear
Hurl'd by Meriones. He, moved alike
With indignation for the victory lost
And for his broken spear, into his band
At first retired, but soon set forth again
In progress through the Achaian camp, to fetch
Its fellow-spear within his tent reserved.
The rest all fought, and dread the shouts arose
On all sides. Telamonian Teucer, first,
Slew valiant Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich
In herds of sprightly steeds. He ere the Greeks

[2] A fitter occasion to remark on this singular mode of approach in battle, will present itself hereafter.

Arrived at Ilium, in Pedæus dwelt,
And Priam's spurious daughter had espoused
Medesicasta. But the barks well-oar'd
Of Greece arriving, he return'd to Troy,
Where he excell'd the noblest, and abode
With Priam, loved and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierced beneath his ear, and pluck'd
His weapon home; he fell as falls an ash
Which on some mountain visible afar,
Hewn from its bottom by the woodman's axe,
With all its tender foliage meets the ground.
So Imbrius fell; loud rang his armour bright
With ornamental brass, and Teucer flew
To seize his arms, whom hasting to the spoil
Hector with his resplendent spear assail'd;
He, marking opposite its rapid flight,
Declined it narrowly and it pierced the breast,
As he advanced to battle, of the son
Of Cteatus of the Actorian race,
Amphimachus; he, sounding, smote the plain,
And all his batter'd armour rang aloud.
Then Hector swift approaching, would have torn
The well-forged helmet from the brows away
Of brave Amphimachus; but Ajax hurl'd
Right forth at Hector hasting to the spoil
His radiant spear; no wound the spear impress'd,
For he was arm'd complete in burnish'd brass
Terrific; but the solid boss it pierced
Of Hector's shield, and with enormous force
So shock'd him, that retiring he resign'd
Both bodies[3], which the Greecians dragg'd away.

[3] The bodies of Imbrius and Amphimachus.

Stichius and Menestheus, leaders both
Of the Athenians, to the host of Greece
Bore off Amphimachus, and, fierce in arms
The Ajaces, Imbrius. As two lions bear
Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes
A goat snatch'd newly from the peasants' dogs,
Upholding high their prey above the ground,
So either Ajax terrible in fight,
Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen arms
Tore off, and Oïliades his head
From his smooth neck dissevering in revenge
For slain Amphimachus, through all the host
Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,
Till in the dust at Hector's feet it fell.
Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's King,
His grandson[4] slain in battle; forth he pass'd
Through the Achaian camp and fleet, the Greeks
Rousing, and meditating woe to Troy.
It chanced that brave Idomeneus return'd
That moment from a Cretan at the knee
Wounded, and newly borne into his tent;
His friends had borne him off, and when the Chief
Had given him into skilful hands, he sought
The field again, still coveting renown.
Him therefore, meeting him on his return,
Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice
Of Thoas, offspring of Andræmon, King
In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,
And honour'd by the Ætolians as a God.
Oh counsellor of Crete! our threats denounced
Against the towers of Troy, where are they now?

[4] Amphimachus.

To whom the leader of the Cretans, thus,
Idomeneus. For aught that I perceive
Thoas! no Greecian is this day in fault!
For we are all intelligent in arms,
None yields by fear oppress'd, none lull'd by sloth
From battle shrinks, but such the pleasure seems
Of Jove himself, that we should perish here
Inglorious, from our country far remote.
But, Thoas! (for thine heart was ever firm
In battle, and thyself art wont to rouse
Whom thou observ'st remiss) now also fight
As erst, and urge each leader of the host.
Him answered, then, the Sovereign of the Deep.
Return that Greecian never from the shores
Of Troy, Idomeneus! but may the dogs
Feast on him, who shall this day intermit
Through wilful negligence his force in fight!
But haste, take arms and come; we must exert
All diligence, that, being only two,
We yet may yield some service. Union much
Emboldens even the weakest, and our might
Hath oft been proved on warriors of renown.
So Neptune spake, and, turning, sought again
The toilsome field. Ere long, Idomeneus
Arriving in his spacious tent, put on
His radiant armour, and, two spears in hand,
Set forth like lightning which Saturnian Jove
From bright Olympus shakes into the air,
A sign to mortal men, dazzling all eyes;
So beam'd the Hero's armour as he ran.
But him not yet far distant from his tent
Meriones, his fellow-warrior met,

For he had left the fight, seeking a spear,
When thus the brave Idomeneus began.
Swift son of Molus! chosen companion dear!
Wherefore, Meriones, hast thou the field
Abandon'd? Art thou wounded? Bring'st thou home
Some pointed mischief in thy flesh infixt?
Or comest thou sent to me, who of myself
The still tent covet not, but feats of arms?
To whom Meriones discrete replied.
Chief leader of the Cretans, brazen-mail'd
Idomeneus! if yet there be a spear
Left in thy tent, I seek one; for I broke
The spear, even now, with which erewhile I fought,
Smiting the shield of fierce Deiphobus.
Then answer thus the Cretan Chief return'd,
Valiant Idomeneus. If spears thou need,
Within my tent, leaning against the wall,
Stand twenty spears and one, forged all in Troy,
Which from the slain I took; for distant fight
Me suits not; therefore in my tent have I
Both spears and bossy shields, with brazen casques
And corslets bright that smile against the sun.
Him answer'd, then, Meriones discrete.
I also, at my tent and in my ship
Have many Trojan spoils, but they are hence
Far distant. I not less myself than thou
Am ever mindful of a warrior's part,
And when the din of glorious arms is heard,
Fight in the van. If other Greeks my deeds
Know not, at least I judge them known to thee.
To whom the leader of the host of Crete
Idomeneus. I know thy valour well,

Why speakest thus to me? Chose we this day
An ambush forth of all the bravest Greeks,
(For in the ambush is distinguish'd best
The courage; there the timorous and the bold
Plainly appear; the dastard changes hue
And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm
The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but sits
Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast
Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart,
And his teeth chatter; but the valiant man
His posture shifts not; no excessive fears
Feels he, but seated once in ambush, deems
Time tedious till the bloody fight begin;)
Even there, thy courage should no blame incur.
For should'st thou, toiling in the fight, by spear
Or faulchion bleed, not on thy neck behind
Would fall the weapon, or thy back annoy,
But it would meet thy bowels or thy chest
While thou didst rush into the clamorous van.
But haste—we may not longer loiter here
As children prating, lest some sharp rebuke
Reward us. Enter quick, and from within
My tent provide thee with a noble spear.
Then, swift as Mars, Meriones produced
A brazen spear of those within the tent
Reserved, and kindling with heroic fire
Follow'd Idomeneus. As gory Mars
By Terrour follow'd, his own dauntless son
Who quells the boldest heart, to battle moves;
From Thrace against the Ephyri they arm,
Or hardy Phlegyans, and by both invoked,
Hear and grant victory to which they please;

Such, bright in arms Meriones, and such
Idomeneus advanced, when foremost thus
Meriones his fellow-chief bespake.
Son of Deucalion! where inclinest thou most
To enter into battle? On the right
Of all the host? or through the central ranks?
Or on the left? for nowhere I account
The Greeks so destitute of force as there.
Then answer thus Idomeneus return'd
Chief of the Cretans. Others stand to guard
The middle fleet; there either Ajax wars,
And Teucer, noblest archer of the Greeks,
Nor less in stationary fight approved.
Bent as he is on battle, they will task
And urge to proof sufficiently the force
Of Priameian Hector; burn his rage
How fierce soever, he shall find it hard,
With all his thirst of victory, to quell
Their firm resistance, and to fire the fleet,
Let not Saturnian Jove cast down from heaven
Himself a flaming brand into the ships.
High towering Telamonian Ajax yields
To no mere mortal by the common gift
Sustain'd of Ceres, and whose flesh the spear
Can penetrate, or rocky fragment bruise;
In standing fight Ajax would not retire
Even before that breaker of the ranks
Achilles, although far less swift than He.
But turn we to the left, that we may learn
At once, if glorious death, or life be ours.
Then, rapid as the God of war, his course
Meriones toward the left began,

As he enjoin'd. Soon as the Trojans saw
Idomeneus advancing like a flame,
And his compeer Meriones in arms
All-radiant clad, encouraging aloud
From rank to rank each other, on they came
To the assault combined. Then soon arose
Sharp contest on the left of all the fleet.
As when shrill winds blow vehement, what time
Dust deepest spreads the ways, by warring blasts
Upborne a sable cloud stands in the air,
Such was the sudden conflict; equal rage
To stain with gore the lance ruled every breast.
Horrent with quivering spears the fatal field
Frown'd on all sides; the brazen flashes dread
Of numerous helmets, corslets furbish'd bright,
And shields refulgent meeting, dull'd the eye,
And turn'd it dark away. Stranger indeed
Were he to fear, who could that strife have view'd
With heart elate, or spirit unperturb'd.
  Two mighty sons of Saturn adverse parts
Took in that contest, purposing alike
To many a valiant Chief sorrow and pain.
Jove, for the honour of Achilles, gave
Success to Hector and the host of Troy,
Not for complete destruction of the Greeks
At Ilium, but that glory might redound
To Thetis thence, and to her dauntless son.
On the other side, the King of Ocean risen
Secretly from the hoary Deep, the host
Of Greece encouraged, whom he grieved to see
Vanquish'd by Trojans, and with anger fierce
Against the Thunderer burn'd on their behalf.

Alike from one great origin divine
Sprang they, but Jove was elder, and surpass'd
In various knowledge; therefore when he roused
Their courage, Neptune traversed still the ranks
Clandestine, and in human form disguised.
Thus, these Immortal Two, straining the cord
Indissoluble of all-wasting war,
Alternate measured with it either host,
And loosed the joints of many a warrior bold.
Then, loud exhorting (though himself with age
Half grey,) the Achaians, into battle sprang
Idomeneus, and scatter'd, first, the foe,
Slaying Othryoneus, who, by the lure
Of martial glory drawn, had left of late
Cabesus. He Priam's fair daughter woo'd
Cassandra, but no nuptial gift vouchsafed[5]
To offer, save a sounding promise proud
To chase, himself, however resolute
The Greecian host, and to deliver Troy.
To him assenting, Priam, ancient King,
Assured to him his wish, and in the faith
Of that assurance confident, he fought.
But brave Idomeneus his splendid lance
Well-aim'd dismissing, struck the haughty Chief,
Pacing elate the field; his brazen mail
Endured not; through his bowels pierced, with clang
Of all his arms he fell, and thus with joy
Immense exulting, spake Idomeneus.
I give thee praise, Othryoneus! beyond
All mortal men, if truly thou perform

[5] It was customary for the suitor to pay the dower.

Thy whole big promise to the Dardan king,
Who promised thee his daughter. Now, behold,
We also promise: doubt not the effect.
We give into thy arms the most admired
Of Agamemnon's daughters, whom ourselves
Will hither bring from Argos, if thy force
With ours uniting, thou wilt rase the walls
Of populous Troy. Come—follow me; that here
Among the ships we may adjust the terms
Of marriage, for we take not scanty dower.
So saying, the Hero dragg'd him by his heel
Through all the furious fight. His death to avenge
Asius on foot before his steeds advanced,
For them, where'er he moved, his charioteer
Kept breathing ever on his neck behind.
With fierce desire the heart of Asius burn'd
To smite Idomeneus, who with his lance
Him reaching first, pierced him beneath the chin
Into his throat, and urged the weapon through.
He fell, as some green poplar falls, or oak,
Or lofty pine, by naval artists hewn
With new-edged axes on the mountain's side.
So, his teeth grinding, and the bloody dust
Clenching, before his chariot and his steeds
Extended, Asius lay. His charioteer
(All recollection lost) sat panic-stunn'd,
Nor dared for safety turn his steeds to flight.
Him bold Antilochus right through the waist
Transpierced; his mail sufficed not, but the spear
Implanted in his midmost bowels stood.
Down from his seat magnificent he fell
Panting, and young Antilochus the steeds

Drove captive thence into the host of Greece.
Then came Deiphobus by sorrow urged
For Asius, and, small interval between,
Hurl'd at Idomeneus his glittering lance;
But he, foreseeing its approach, the point
Eluded, cover'd whole by his round shield
Of hides and brass by double belt sustain'd,
And it flew over him, but on his targe
Glancing, elicited a tinkling sound.
Yet left it not in vain his vigorous grasp,
But pierced the liver of Hypsenor, son
Of Hippasus; he fell incontinent,
And measureless exulting in his fall
Deiphobus with mighty voice exclaim'd.
Not unavenged lies Asius; though he seek
Hell's iron portals, yet shall he rejoice,
For I have given him a conductor home.
So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard;
But of them all to anger most he roused
Antilochus, who yet his breathless friend[6]
Left not, but, hasting, fenced him with his shield,
And brave Alastor with Mecisteus son
Of Echius, bore him to the hollow ships
Deep-groaning both, for of their band was he.
Nor yet Idomeneus his warlike rage
Remitted aught, but persevering strove
Either to plunge some Trojan in the shades,
Or fall himself, guarding the fleet of Greece.
Then slew he brave Alcathoüs the son
Of Æsyeta, and the son-in-law

[6] Hypsenor.

Of old Anchises, who to him had given
The eldest-born of all his daughters fair,
Hippodamia; dearly loved was she
By both her parents in her virgin state[7],
For that in beauty she surpass'd, in works
Ingenious, and in faculties of mind
All her coevals; wherefore she was deem'd
Well worthy of the noblest prince of Troy.
Him in that moment, Neptune by the arm
Quell'd of Idomeneus, his radiant eyes
Dimming, and fettering his proportion'd limbs.
All power of flight or to elude the stroke
Forsook him, and while motionless he stood
As stands a pillar tall or towering oak,
The hero of the Cretans with a spear
Transfix'd his middle chest. He split the mail
Erewhile his bosom's faithful guard; shrill rang
The shiver'd brass; sounding he fell; the beam
Implanted in his palpitating heart
Shook to its topmost point, but, its force spent,
At last, quiescent, stood. Then loud exclaim'd
Idomeneus, exulting in his fall.

What thinks Deiphobus? seems it to thee
Vain boaster, that, three warriors slain for one,
We yield thee just amends? else, stand thyself
Against me; learn the valour of a Chief
The progeny of Jove; Jove first begat
Crete's guardian, Minos, from which Minos sprang

[7] This seems to be the meaning of ἐν μεγάρῳ, an expression similar to that of Demosthenes in a parallel case—ἔτι ἔνδον ὄσαν.—See Schaufelburgerus.

Deucalion, and from famed Deucalion, I;
I, sovereign of the numerous race of Crete's
Extensive isle, and whom my galleys brought
To these your shores at last, that I might prove
Thy curse, thy father's, and a curse to Troy.
He spake; Deiphobus uncertain stood
Whether, retreating, to engage the help
Of some heroic Trojan, or himself
To make the dread experiment alone.
At length, as his discreter course, he chose
To seek Æneas; him he found afar
Station'd, remotest of the host of Troy,
For he resented evermore his worth
By Priam[8] recompensed with cold neglect.
Approaching him, in accents wing'd he said.
Æneas! Trojan Chief! If e'er thou lov'dst
Thy sister's husband, duty calls thee now
To prove it. Haste—defend with me the dead
Alcathoüs, guardian of thy tender years,
Slain by Idomeneus the spear-renown'd.
So saying, he roused his spirit, and on fire
To combat with the Cretan, forth he sprang.
But fear seized not Idomeneus as fear
May seize a nursling boy; resolved he stood
As in the mountains, conscious of his force,
The wild boar waits a coming multitude
Of boisterous hunters to his lone retreat;
Arching his bristly spine he stands, his eyes

[8] He is said to have been jealous of him on account of his great popularity, and to have discountenanced him, fearing a conspiracy in his favour to the prejudice of his own family.—See Villoisson.

Beam fire, and whetting his bright tusks, he burns
To drive, not dogs alone, but men to flight;
So stood the royal Cretan, and fled not,
Expecting brave Æneas; yet his friends
He summon'd, on Ascalaphus his eyes
Fastening, on Aphareus, Deipyrus,
Meriones, and Antilochus, all bold
In battle, and in accents wing'd exclaim'd.
Haste ye, my friends! to aid me, for I stand
Alone, nor undismay'd the coming wait
Of swift Æneas, nor less brave than swift,
And who possesses fresh his flower of youth,
Man's prime advantage; were we match'd in years
As in our spirits, either he should earn
At once the meed of deathless fame, or I.
He said; they all unanimous approach'd,
Sloping their shields, and stood. On the other side
His aids Æneas call'd, with eyes toward
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor, turn'd,
His fellow-warriors bold; them follow'd all
Their people as the pastured flock the ram
To water, by the shepherd seen with joy;
Such joy Æneas felt, seeing, so soon,
That numerous host attendant at his call.
Then, for Alcathoüs, into contest close
Arm'd with long spears they rush'd; on every breast
Dread rang the brazen corslet, each his foe
Assailing opposite; but two, the rest
Surpassing far, terrible both as Mars,
Æneas and Idomeneus, alike
Panted to pierce each other with the spear.
Æneas, first, cast at Idomeneus,

But, warn'd, he shunn'd the weapon, and it pass'd.
Quivering in the soil Æneas' lance
Stood, hurl'd in vain, though by a forceful arm.
Not so the Cretan; at his waist he pierced
Oenomaüs, his hollow corslet clave,
And in his midmost bowels drench'd the spear;
Down fell the Chief, and dying, clench'd the dust.
Instant, his massy spear the King of Crete
Pluck'd from the dead, but of his radiant arms
Despoil'd him not, by numerous weapons urged;
For now, time-worn, he could no longer make
Brisk sally, spring to follow his own spear,
Or shun another, or by swift retreat
Vanish from battle, but the evil day
Warded in stationary fight alone.
At him retiring, therefore, step by step
Deiphobus, who had with bitterest hate
Long time pursued him, hurl'd his splendid lance,
But yet again erroneous, for he pierced
Ascalaphus instead, offspring of Mars;
Right through his shoulder flew the spear; he fell
Incontinent, and dying, clench'd the dust.
But tidings none the brazen-throated Mars
Tempestuous yet received, that his own son
In bloody fight had fallen, for on the heights
Olympian over-arch'd with clouds of gold
He sat, where sat the other Powers divine,
Prisoners together of the will of Jove.
Meantime, for slain Ascalaphus arose
Conflict severe; Deiphobus his casque
Resplendent seized, but swift as fiery Mars

Assailing him, Meriones his arm
Pierced with a spear, and from his idle hand
Fallen, the casque sonorous struck the ground.
Again, as darts the vulture on his prey,
Meriones assailing him, the lance
Pluck'd from his arm, and to his band retired.
Then, casting his fraternal arms around
Deiphobus, him young Polites led
From the hoarse battle to his rapid steeds
And his bright chariot in the distant rear,
Which bore him back to Troy, languid and loud-
Groaning, and bleeding from his recent wound.
Still raged the war, and infinite arose
The clamour. Aphareus, Caletor's son,
Turning to face Æneas, in his throat
Instant the Hero's pointed lance received.
With head reclined, and bearing to the ground
Buckler and helmet with him, in dark shades
Of soul-divorcing death involved, he fell.
Antilochus, observing Thoön turn'd
To flight, that moment pierced him; from his back
He ripp'd the vein which through the trunk its course
Winds upward to the neck; that vein he ripp'd
All forth; supine he fell, and with both hands
Extended to his fellow-warriors, died.
Forth sprang Antilochus to strip his arms
But watch'd, meantime, the Trojans, who in crowds
Encircling him, his splendid buckler broad
Smote oft, but none with ruthless point prevail'd
Even to inscribe the skin of Nestor's son,
Whom Neptune, shaker of the shores, amid

Innumerable darts kept still secure.
Yet never from his foes he shrank, but faced
From side to side, nor idle slept his spear,
But with rotation ceaseless turn'd and turn'd
To every part, now levell'd at a foe
Far-distant, at a foe, now, near at hand.
Nor he, thus occupied, unseen escaped
By Asius' offspring Adamas, who close
Advancing, struck the centre of his shield.
But Neptune azure-hair'd so dear a life
Denied to Adamas, and render'd vain
The weapon; part within his disk remain'd
Like a seer'd stake, and part fell at his feet.
Then Adamas, for his own life alarm'd,
Retired, but as he went, Meriones
Him reaching with his lance, the shame between
And navel pierced him, where the stroke of Mars
Proves painful most to miserable man.
There enter'd deep the weapon; down he fell,
And in the dust lay panting as an ox
Among the mountains pants by peasants held
In twisted bands, and dragg'd perforce along;
So panted dying Adamas, but soon
Ceased, for Meriones, approaching, pluck'd
The weapon forth, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Helenus, with his heavy Thracian blade
Smiting the temples of Deipyrus,
Dash'd off his helmet; from his brows remote
It fell, and wandering roll'd, till at his feet
Some warrior found it, and secured; meantime
The sightless shades of death him wrapp'd around.

Grief at that spectacle the bosom fill'd
Of valiant Menelaus; high he shook
His radiant spear, and threatening him, advanced
On royal Helenus, who ready stood
With his bow bent. They met; impatient, one,
To give his pointed lance its rapid course,
And one, to start his arrow from the nerve.
The arrow of the son of Priam struck
Atrides' hollow corslet, but the reed
Glanced wide. As vetches or as swarthy beans
Leap from the van and fly athwart the floor,
By sharp winds driven, and by the winnower's force,
So from the corslet of the glorious Greek
Wide-wandering flew the bitter shaft away.
But Menelaus the left-hand transpierced
Of Helenus, and with the lance's point
Fasten'd it to his bow; shunning a stroke
More fatal, Helenus into his band
Retired, his arm dependent at his side,
And trailing, as he went, the ashen beam;
There, bold Agenor from his hand the lance
Drew forth, then folded it with softest wool
Around, sling-wool, and borrow'd from the sling
Which his attendant into battle bore.
Then sprang Pisander on the glorious Chief
The son of Atreus, but his evil fate
Beckon'd him to his death in conflict fierce,
Oh Menelaus, mighty Chief! with thee.
And now they met, small interval between.
Atrides hurl'd his weapon, and it err'd.
Pisander with his spear struck full the shield

Of glorious Menelaus, but his force
Resisted by the stubborn buckler broad
Fail'd to transpierce it, and the weapon fell
Snapp'd at the neck. Yet, when he struck, the heart
Rebounded of Pisander, full of hope.
But Menelaus, drawing his bright blade,
Sprang on him, while Pisander from behind
His buckler drew a brazen battle-axe
By its long haft of polish'd olive-wood,
And both Chiefs struck together. He the crest
That crown'd the shaggy casque of Atreus' son
Hew'd from its base, but Menelaus him
In his swift onset smote full on the front
Above his nose; sounded the shatter'd bone,
And his eyes both fell bloody at his feet.
Convolved with pain he lay; then, on his breast
Atrides setting fast his heel, tore off
His armour, and exulting thus began.
So shall ye leave at length the Greecian fleet,
Traitors, and never satisfied with war!
Nor want ye other guilt, dogs and profane!
But me have injured also, and defied
The hot displeasure of high-thundering Jove
The Hospitable, who shall waste in time,
And level with the dust your lofty Troy.
I wrong'd not you, yet bore ye far away
My youthful bride who welcomed you, and stole
My treasures also, and ye now are bent
To burn Achaia's gallant fleet with fire
And slay her Heroes; but your furious thirst
Of battle shall hereafter meet a check.

Oh, Father Jove! Thee wisest we account
In heaven or earth, yet from thyself proceed
All these calamities, who favour show'st
To this flagitious race the Trojans, strong
In wickedness alone, and whose delight
In war and bloodshed never can be cloy'd.
All pleasures breed satiety, sweet sleep,
Soft dalliance, music, and the graceful dance,
Though sought with keener appetite by most
Than bloody war; but Troy still covets blood.
So spake the royal Chief, and to his friends
Pisander's gory spoils consigning, flew
To mingle in the foremost fight again.
Him, next, Harpalion, offspring of the King
Pylæmenes assail'd; to Troy he came
Following his sire, but never thence return'd.
He, from small distance, smote the central boss
Of Menelaus' buckler with his lance,
But wanting power to pierce it, with an eye
Of cautious circumspection, lest perchance
Some spear should reach him, to his band retired.
But him retiring with a brazen shaft
Meriones pursued; swift flew the dart
To his right buttock, slipp'd beneath the bone,
His bladder grazed, and started through before.
There ended his retreat; sudden he sank
And like a worm lay on the ground, his life
Exhaling in his fellow-warrior's arms,
And with his sable blood soaking the plain.
Around him flock'd his Paphlagonians bold,
And in his chariot placed drove him to Troy,

With whom his father went, mourning with tears
A son, whose death he never saw avenged.
Him slain with indignation Paris view'd,
For he, with numerous Paphlagonians more,
His guest had been, he, therefore, in the thirst
Of vengeance, sent a brazen arrow forth.
There was a certain Greek, Euchenor, son
Of Polyides the soothsayer, rich
And brave in fight, and who in Corinth dwelt.
He, knowing well his fate, yet sail'd to Troy.
For Polyides oft, his reverend sire,
Had prophecied that he should either die
By some dire malady at home, or, slain
By Trojan hands, amid the fleet of Greece.
He, therefore, shunning the reproach alike
Of the Achaians, and that dire disease,
Had join'd the Greecian host; him Paris pierced
The ear and jaw beneath; life at the stroke
Left him, and darkness overspread his eyes.
So raged the battle like devouring fire.
But Hector dear to Jove not yet had learn'd,
Nor aught surmised the havoc of his host
Made on the left, where victory crown'd well-nigh
The Greecians animated to the fight
By Neptune seconding himself their arms.
He, where he first had started through the gate
After dispersion of the shielded Greeks
Compact, still persevered. The galleys there
Of Ajax and Protesilaüs stood
Updrawn above the hoary Deep; the wall
Was there of humblest structure, and the steeds

And warriors there conflicted furious most.
The Epeans there and Iäonians[9] robed-
Prolix, the Phthians[10], Locrians, and the bold
Bœotians check'd the terrible assault
Of Hector, noble Chief, ardent as flame,
Yet not repulsed him. Chosen Athenians form'd
The van, by Peteos' son, Menestheus, led,
Whose high command undaunted Bias shared,
Phidas and Stichius. The Epean host
Under Amphion, Dracius, Meges, fought.
Podarces brave in arms the Phthians ruled,
And Medon (Medon was by spurious birth
Brother of Ajax Oïliades,
And for his uncle's death, whom he had slain,
The brother of Oïleus' wife, abode
In Phylace; but from Iphiclus sprang
Podarces;) these, all station'd in the front
Of Phthias' hardy sons, together strove
With the Bœotians for the fleet's defence.
Ajax the swift swerved never from the side
Of Ajax son of Telamon a step,
But as in some deep fallow two black steers
Labour combined, dragging the ponderous plough,
The briny sweat around their rooted horns

[9] The Iäonians were a distinct people from the Ionians, and according to the Scholium, separated from them by a pillar bearing on opposite sides the name of each.—See Barnes. See also Villoisson.

[10] The people of Achilles were properly called the Phthiotæ; whereas the Phthians belonged to Protesiläus and Philoctetes. —See Eustathius, as quoted by Clarke.

Oozes profuse; they, parted as they toil
Along the furrow, by the yoke alone,
Cleave to its bottom sheer the stubborn glebe,
So, side by side, they, persevering fought.
The son of Telamon a people led
Numerous and bold, who, when his bulky limbs
Fail'd overlabour'd, eased him of his shield.
Not so attended by his Locrians fought
Oïleus' valiant son; pitch'd battle them
Suited not, unprovided with bright casques
Of hairy crest, with ashen spears, and shields
Of ample orb; for, trusting in the bow
And twisted sling alone, they came to Troy,
And broke with shafts and volley'd stones the ranks.
Thus occupying, clad in burnish'd arms,
The van, these Two with Hector and his host
Conflicted, while the Locrians from behind
Vex'd them with shafts, secure; nor could the men
Of Ilium stand, by such a shower confused.
Then, driven with dreadful havoc thence, the foe
To wind-swept Ilium had again retired,
Had not Polydamas, at Hector's side
Standing, the dauntless Hero thus address'd.
Hector! Thou ne'er canst listen to advice;
But think'st thou, that if heaven in feats of arms
Give thee pre-eminence, thou must excel
Therefore in council also all mankind?
No. All-sufficiency is not for thee.
To one, superior force in arms is given,
Skill, to another, in the graceful dance,
Sweet song and powers of music to a third,
And to a fourth loud-thundering Jove imparts

Wisdom, which profits many, and which saves
Whole cities oft, though reverenced but by few.
Yet hear; I speak as wisest seems to me.
War, like a fiery circle, all around
Environs thee; the Trojans, since they pass'd
The bulwark, either hold themselves aloof,
Or, wide-dispersed among the galleys, cope
With numbers far superior to their own.
Retiring, therefore, summon all our Chiefs
To consultation on the sum of all,
Whether (should heaven so prosper us) to rush
Impetuous on the gallant barks of Greece,
Or to retreat secure; for much I dread
Lest the Achaians punctually refund
All yesterday's arrear, since yonder Chief[11]
Insatiable with battle still abides
Within the fleet, nor longer, as I judge,
Will rest a mere spectator of the field.
  So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice
Pleased Hector; from his chariot down he leap'd
All arm'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
  Polydamas! here gather all the Chiefs;
I haste into the fight, and my commands
Once issued there, incontinent return.
  He ended, and conspicuous as the height
Of some snow-crested mountain, shouting ranged
The Trojans and confederates of Troy.
They swift around Polydamas, brave son
Of Panthus, at the voice of Hector, ran.
Himself with hasty strides the front, meantime,
Of battle roam'd, seeking from rank to rank

[11] Achilles

Asius Hyrtacides, with Asius' son
Adamas, and Deiphobus, and the might
Of Helenus, his royal brother bold.
Them neither altogether free from hurt
He found, nor living all. Beneath the sterns
Of the Achaian ships some slaughter'd lay
By Greecian hands; some stricken by the spear
Within the rampart sat, some by the sword.
But leftward of the woeful field he found,
Ere long, bright Helen's paramour his band
Exhorting to the fight. Hector approach'd,
And him, in fierce displeasure, thus bespake.
Curst Paris, specious, fraudulent and lewd!
Where is Deiphobus, and where the might
Of royal Helenus? Where Adamas
Offspring of Asius, and where Asius, son
Of Hyrtacus, and where Othryoneus?
Now lofty Ilium from her topmost height
Falls headlong, now is thy own ruin sure.
To whom the Godlike Paris thus replied.
Since Hector! thou art pleased with no just cause
To censure me, I may decline, perchance,
Much more the battle on some future day,
For I profess some courage, even I.
Witness our constant conflict with the Greeks
Here, on this spot, since first led on by thee
The host of Troy waged battle at the ships.
But those our friends of whom thou hast enquired
Are slain, Deiphobus alone except
And royal Helenus, who in the hand
Bear each a wound inflicted by the spear,
And have retired; but Jove their life preserved.

Come now—conduct us whither most thine heart
Prompts thee, and thou shalt find us ardent all
To face like danger; what we can, we will,
The best and most determined can no more.
So saying, the Hero soothed his brother's mind.
Then moved they both toward the hottest war
Together, where Polydamas the brave,
Phalces, Cebriones, Orthæus fought,
Palmys and Polyphœtes, godlike Chief,
And Morys and Ascanius, gallant sons
Both of Hippotion. They at Troy arrived
From fair Ascania the preceding morn,
In recompense for aid[12] by Priam lent
Erewhile to Phrygia, and, by Jove impell'd,
Now waged the furious battle side by side.
The march of these at once, was as the sound
Of mighty winds from deep-hung thunder-clouds
Descending; clamorous the blast and wild
With ocean mingles; many a billow, then,
Upridged rides turbulent the sounding flood,
Foam-crested, billow after billow driven,
So moved the host of Troy, rank after rank
Behind their Chiefs, all dazzling bright in arms.
Before them Priameian Hector strode
Fierce as gore-tainted Mars, and his broad shield
Advancing came, heavy with hides, and thick-
Plated with brass; his helmet on his brows
Refulgent shook, and in its turn he tried
The force of every phalanx, if perchance

[12] This, according to Eustathius, is the import of ἀμοιβοὶ.—See Iliad III.—in which Priam relates an expedition of his into that country.

Behind his broad shield pacing he might shake
Their stedfast order; but he bore not down
The spirit of the firm Achaian host.
Then Ajax striding forth, him, first, defied.
Approach. Why temptest thou the Greeks to fear?
No babes are we in aught that appertains
To arms, though humbled by the scourge of Jove.
Thou cherishest the foolish hope to burn
Our fleet with fire; but even we have hearts
Prepared to guard it, and your populous Troy,
By us dismantled and to pillage given,
Shall perish sooner far. Know this thyself
Also; the hour is nigh when thou shalt ask
In prayer to Jove and all the Gods of heaven,
That speed more rapid than the falcon's flight
May wing thy coursers, while, exciting dense
The dusty plain, they whirl thee back to Troy.
While thus he spake, sublime on the right-hand
An eagle soar'd; confident in the sign
The whole Achaian host with loud acclaim
Hail'd it. Then glorious Hector thus replied.
Brainless and big, what means this boast of thine,
Earth-cumberer Ajax? Would I were the son
As sure, for ever, of almighty Jove
And Juno, and such honour might receive
Henceforth as Pallas and Apollo share,
As comes this day with universal woe
Fraught for the Greecians, among whom thyself
Shalt also perish if thou dare abide
My massy spear, which shall thy pamper'd flesh
Disfigure, and amid the barks of Greece

Falling, thou shalt the vultures with thy bulk
Enormous satiate, and the dogs of Troy.
He spake, and led his host; with clamour loud
They follow'd him, and all the distant rear
Came shouting on. On the other side the Greeks
Re-echoed shout for shout, all undismay'd,
And waiting firm the bravest of their foes.
Upwent the double roar into the heights
Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon and the other wounded Chiefs taking Nestor with them, visit the battle. Juno having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of Sleep, then hastes to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails. Jove sleeps; and Neptune takes that opportunity to succour the Greecians.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

Nor was that cry by Nestor unperceived
Though drinking, who in words wing'd with surprise
The son of Æsculapius thus address'd.
Divine Machaon! think what this may bode.
The cry of our young warriors at the ships
Grows louder; sitting here, the sable wine
Quaff thou, while bright-hair'd Hecamede warms
A bath, to cleanse thy crimson stains away.
I from yon eminence will learn the cause.
So saying, he took a shield radiant with brass
There lying in the tent, the shield well-forged
Of valiant Thrasymedes, his own son,
(For he had borne to fight his father's shield)
And arming next his hand with a keen lance
Stood forth before the tent. Thence soon he saw
Foul deeds and strange, the Greecian host confused,
Their broken ranks flying before the host
Of Ilium, and the rampart overthrown.
As when the wide sea, darken'd over all
Its silent flood, forebodes shrill winds to blow,
The doubtful waves roll yet to neither side,
Till swept at length by a decisive gale;
So stood the senior, with distressful doubts

Conflicting anxious, whether first to seek
The Greecian host, or Agamemnon's self
The sovereign, and at length that course preferr'd.
Meantime with mutual carnage they the field
Spread far and wide, and by spears double-edged
Smitten, and by the sword their corslets rang.
The royal Chiefs ascending from the fleet,
Ulysses, Diomede, and Atreus' son
Imperial Agamemnon, who had each
Bled in the battle, met him on his way.
For from the war remote they had updrawn
Their galleys on the shore of the gray Deep,
The foremost to the plain, and at the sterns
Of that exterior line had built the wall.
For, spacious though it were, the shore alone
That fleet sufficed not, incommoding much
The people; wherefore they had ranged the ships
Line above line gradual, and the bay
Between both promontories, all was fill'd.
They, therefore, curious to survey the fight,
Came forth together, leaning on the spear,
When Nestor met them; heavy were their hearts,
And at the sight of Him still more alarm'd,
Whom royal Agamemnon thus bespake.
Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
What moved thee to forsake yon bloody field,
And urged thee hither? Cause I see of fear,
Lest furious Hector even now his threat
Among the Trojans publish'd, verify,
That he would never enter Ilium more
Till he had burn'd our fleet, and slain ourselves.
So threaten'd Hector, and shall now perform.

Alas! alas! the Achaians brazen-greaved
All, like Achilles, have deserted me
Resentful, and decline their fleet's defence.
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
Those threats are verified; nor Jove himself
The Thunderer can disappoint them now;
For our chief strength in which we trusted most
That it should guard impregnably secure
Our navy and ourselves, the wall hath fallen.
Hence all this conflict by our host sustain'd
Among the ships; nor could thy keenest sight
Inform thee where in the Achaian camp
Confusion most prevails, such deaths are dealt
Promiscuous, and the cry ascends to heaven.
But come—consult we on the sum of all,
If counsel yet may profit. As for you,
Ye shall have exhortation none from me
To seek the fight; the wounded have excuse.
Whom Agamemnon answer'd, King of men.
Ah Nestor! if beneath our very sterns
The battle rage, if neither trench nor wall
Constructed with such labour, and supposed
Of strength to guard impregnably secure
Our navy and ourselves, avail us aught,
It is because almighty Jove hath will'd
That the Achaian host should perish here
Inglorious, from their country far remote.
When he vouchsafed assistance to the Greeks,
I knew it well; and now, not less I know
That high as the immortal Gods he lifts
Our foes to glory, and depresses us.
Haste therefore all, and act as I advise.
Our ships—all those that nearest skirt the Deep,

Launch we into the sacred flood, and moor
With anchors safely, till o'ershadowing night
(If night itself may save us) shall arrive.
Then may we launch the rest; for I no shame
Account it, even by 'vantage of the night
To fly destruction. Wiser him I deem
Who 'scapes his foe, than whom his foe enthralls.
But him Ulysses, frowning stern, reproved.
What word, Atrides, now hath pass'd thy lips?
Counsellor of despair! thou should'st command
(And would to heaven thou didst) a different host,
Some dastard race, not ours; whom Jove ordains
From youth to hoary age to weave the web
Of toilsome warfare, till we perish all.
Wilt thou the spacious city thus renounce
For which such numerous woes we have endured?
Hush! lest some other hear; it is a word
Which no man qualified by years mature
To speak discreetly, no man bearing rule
O'er such a people as confess thy sway,
Should suffer to contaminate his lips.
I from my soul condemn thee, and condemn
Thy counsel, who persuad'st us in the heat
Of battle terrible as this, to launch
Our fleet into the waves, that we may give
Our too successful foes their full desire,
And that our own prepondering scale
May plunge us past all hope; for while they draw
Their galleys down, the Greecians shall but ill
Sustain the fight, seaward will cast their eyes
And shun the battle, bent on flight alone.
Then shall they rue thy counsel, King of men!

To whom the imperial leader of the Greeks.

Thy sharp reproof, Ulysses, hath my soul
Pierced deeply. Yet I gave no such command
That the Achaians should their galleys launch,
Would they, or would they not. No. I desire
That, young or old, some other may advice
More prudent give, and he shall please me well.
Then thus the gallant Diomede replied.
That man is near, and may ye but be found
Tractable, our enquiry shall be short.
Be patient each, nor chide me or reproach
Because I am of greener years than ye,
For I am sprung from an illustrious Sire,
From Tydeus, who beneath his hill of earth
Lies now entomb'd at Thebes. Three noble sons
Were born to Portheus, who in Pleuro dwelt,
And on the heights of Calydon; the first
Agrius; the second Melas; and the third
Brave Oeneus, father of my father, famed
For virtuous qualities above the rest.
Oeneus still dwelt at home; but wandering thence,
My father dwelt in Argos; so the will
Of Jove appointed, and of all the Gods.
There he espoused the daughter of the King
Adrastus, occupied a mansion rich
In all abundance; many a field possess'd
Of wheat, well-planted gardens, numerous flocks,
And was expert in spearmanship esteem'd
Past all the Greecians. I esteem'd it right
That ye should hear these things, for they are true.
Ye will not, therefore, as I were obscure
And of ignoble origin, reject
What I shall well advise. Expedience bids
That, wounded as we are, we join the host.

We will preserve due distance from the range
Of spears and arrows, lest already gall'd,
We suffer worse; but we will others urge
To combat, who have stood too long aloof,
Attentive only to their own repose.
He spake, whom all approved, and forth they went,
Imperial Agamemnon at their head.
Nor watch'd the glorious Shaker of the shores
In vain, but like a man time-worn approach'd,
And, seizing Agamemnon's better hand,
In accents wing'd the monarch thus address'd.
Atrides! now exults the vengeful heart
Of fierce Achilles, viewing at his ease
The flight and slaughter of Achaia's host;
For he is mad, and let him perish such,
And may his portion from the Gods be shame!
But as for thee, not yet the powers of heaven
Thee hate implacable; the Chiefs of Troy
Shall cover yet with cloudy dust the breadth
Of all the plain, and backward from the camp
To Ilium's gates thyself shalt see them driven.
He ceased, and shouting traversed swift the field.
Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand shout
In furious battle mingled, Neptune sent
His voice abroad, force irresistible
Infusing into every Greecian heart,
And thirst of battle not to be assuaged.
But Juno of the golden throne stood forth
On the Olympian summit, viewing thence
The field, where clear distinguishing the God
Of ocean, her own brother, sole engaged
Amid the glorious battle, glad was she.
Seeing Jove also on the topmost point

Of spring-fed Ida seated, she conceived
Hatred against him, and thenceforth began
Deliberate how best she might deceive
The Thunderer, and thus at last resolved;
Attired with skill celestial to descend
On Ida, with a hope to allure him first
Won by her beauty to a fond embrace,
Then closing fast in balmy sleep profound
His eyes, to elude his vigilance, secure.
She sought her chamber; Vulcan her own son
That chamber built. He framed the solid doors,
And to the posts fast closed them with a key
Mysterious, which, herself except, in heaven
None understood. Entering she secured
The splendid portal. First, she laved all o'er
Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,
Then polish'd it with richest oil divine
Of boundless fragrance; oil that in the courts
Eternal only shaken, through the skies
Breathed odours, and through all the distant earth.
Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,
She pass'd the comb through her ambrosial hair,
And braided her bright locks streaming profuse
From her immortal brows; with golden studs
She made her gorgeous mantle fast before,
Ethereal texture, labour of the hands
Of Pallas beautified with various art,
And braced it with a zone fringed all around
An hundred fold; her pendants triple-gemm'd
Luminous, graceful, in her ears she hung,
And covering all her glories with a veil
Sun-bright, new-woven, bound to her fair feet

Her sandals elegant. Thus full attired,
In all her ornaments, she issued forth,
And beckoning Venus from the other powers
Of heaven apart, the Goddess thus bespake.
Daughter beloved! shall I obtain my suit,
Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid
The Greecians, while thine aid is given to Troy?
To whom Jove's daughter Venus thus replied.
What would majestic Juno, daughter dread
Of Saturn, sire of Jove? I feel a mind
Disposed to gratify thee, if thou ask
Things possible, and possible to me.
Then thus with wiles veiling her deep design
Imperial Juno. Give me those desires,
That love-enkindling power by which thou sway'st
Immortal hearts and mortal, all alike;
For to the green earth's utmost bounds I go,
To visit there the parent of the Gods,
Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,
Mother of all. They kindly from the hands
Of Rhea took, and with parental care
Sustain'd and cherish'd me, what time from heaven
The Thunderer hurl'd down Saturn, and beneath
The earth fast bound him and the barren Deep.
Them go I now to visit, and their feuds
Innumerable to compose; for long
They have from conjugal embrace abstain'd
Through mutual wrath, whom by persuasive speech
Might I restore into each other's arms,
They would for ever love me and revere.
Her, foam-born Venus then, Goddess of smiles,
Thus answer'd. Thy request, who in the arms

Of Jove reposest the omnipotent,
Nor just it were nor seemly to refuse.
So saying, the cincture from her breast she loosed
Embroider'd, various, her all-charming zone.
It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
And music of resistless whisper'd sounds
That from the wisest steal their best resolves;
She placed it in her hands and thus she said.
Take this,—this girdle fraught with every charm.
Hide this within thy bosom, and return,
Whate'er thy purpose, mistress of it all.
She spake; imperial Juno smiled, and still
Smiling complacent, bosom'd safe the zone.
Then Venus to her father's court return'd,
And Juno, starting from the Olympian height,
O'erflew Pieria and the lovely plains
Of broad Emathia; soaring thence she swept
The snow-clad summits of the Thracian hills
Steed-famed, nor printed, as she pass'd, the soil.
From Athos o'er the foaming billows borne
She came to Lemnos, city and abode
Of noble Thoas, and there meeting Sleep,
Brother of Death, she press'd his hand, and said,
Sleep, over all, both Gods and men, supreme!
If ever thou hast heard, hear also now
My suit; I will be grateful evermore.
Seal for me fast the radiant eyes of Jove
In the instant of his gratified desire.
Thy recompence shall be a throne of gold,
Bright, incorruptible; my limping son,
Vulcan, shall fashion it himself with art

Laborious, and, beneath, shall place a stool
For thy fair feet, at the convivial board.
  Then answer thus the tranquil Sleep return'd.
Great Saturn's daughter, awe-inspiring Queen!
All other of the everlasting Gods
I could with ease make slumber, even the streams
Of Ocean, Sire of all. Not so the King
The son of Saturn; him, unless himself
Give me command, I dare not lull to rest,
Or even approach him, taught as I have been
Already in the school of thy commands
That wisdom. I forget not yet the day
When, Troy laid waste, that valiant son[1] of his
Sail'd homeward: then my influence I diffused
Soft o'er the sovereign intellect of Jove;
While thou, against the Hero plotting harm,
Didst rouse the billows with tempestuous blasts,
And separating him from all his friends,
Brought'st him to populous Cos. Then Jove awoke,
And, hurling in his wrath the Gods about,
Sought chiefly me, whom far below all ken
He had from heaven cast down into the Deep,
But Night resistless vanquisher of all,
Both Gods and men, preserved me; for to her
I fled for refuge. So the Thunderer cool'd,
Though sore displeased, and spared me through a fear
To violate the peaceful sway of Night.
And thou wouldst now embroil me yet again!
  To whom majestic Juno thus replied.
Ah, wherefore, Sleep! should'st thou indulge a fear
So groundless? Chase it from thy mind afar.

[1] Hercules.

Think'st thou the Thunderer as intent to serve
The Trojans, and as jealous in their cause
As erst for Hercules, his genuine son?
Come then, and I will bless thee with a bride;
One of the younger Graces shall be thine,
Pasithea, day by day still thy desire.
She spake; Sleep heard delighted, and replied.
By the inviolable Stygian flood
Swear to me; lay thy right hand on the glebe
All-teeming, lay thy other on the face
Of the flat sea, that all the Immortal Powers
Who compass Saturn in the nether realms
May witness, that thou givest me for a bride
The younger Grace whom thou hast named, divine
Pasithea, day by day still my desire.
He said, nor beauteous Juno not complied,
But sware, by name invoking all the powers
Titanian call'd who in the lowest gulf
Dwell under Tartarus, omitting none.
Her oath with solemn ceremonial sworn,
Together forth they went; Lemnos they left
And Imbrus, city of Thrace, and in dark clouds
Mantled, with gliding ease swam through the air
To Ida's mount with rilling waters vein'd,
Parent of savage beasts; at Lectos[2] first
They quitted Ocean, overpassing high
The dry land, while beneath their feet the woods
Their spiry summits waved. There, unperceived
By Jove, Sleep mounted Ida's loftiest pine
Of growth that pierced the sky, and hidden sat
Secure by its expanded boughs, the bird

[2] One of the heads of Ida.

Shrill-voiced resembling in the mountains seen,
Chalcis in heaven, on earth Cymindis named
But Juno swift to Gargarus the top
Of Ida, soar'd, and there Jove saw his spouse.
—Saw her—and in his breast the same love felt
Rekindled vehement, which had of old
Join'd them, when, by their parents unperceived,
They stole aside, and snatch'd their first embrace.
Soon he accosted her, and thus enquired.
Juno! what region seeking hast thou left
The Olympian summit, and hast here arrived
With neither steed nor chariot in thy train?
To whom majestic Juno thus replied
Dissembling. To the green earth's end I go,
To visit there the parent of the Gods
Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,
Mother of all. They kindly from the hands
Of Rhea took, and with parental care
Sustain'd and cherish'd me; to them I haste
Their feuds innumerable to compose,
Who disunited by intestine strife
Long time, from conjugal embrace abstain.
My steeds, that lightly over dank and dry
Shall bear me, at the rooted base I left
Of Ida river-vein'd. But for thy sake
From the Olympian summit I arrive,
Lest journeying remote to the abode
Of Ocean, and with no consent of thine
Entreated first, I should, perchance, offend.
To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.
Juno! thy journey thither may be made
Hereafter. Let us turn to dalliance now.

For never Goddess pour'd, nor woman yet
So full a tide of love into my breast;
I never loved Ixion's consort thus
Who bore Pirithoüs, wise as we in heaven;
Nor sweet Acrisian Danäe, from whom
Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man;
Nor Phœnix' daughter fair[3], of whom were born
Minos unmatch'd but by the powers above,
And Rhadamanthus; nor yet Semele,
Nor yet Alcmena, who in Thebes produced
The valiant Hercules; and though my son
By Semele were Bacchus, joy of man;
Nor Ceres golden-hair'd, nor high-enthroned
Latona in the skies, no—nor thyself
As now I love thee, and my soul perceive
O'erwhelm'd with sweetness of intense desire.
  Then thus majestic Juno her reply
Framed artful. Oh unreasonable haste!
What speaks the Thunderer? If on Ida's heights
Where all is open and to view exposed
Thou wilt that we embrace, what must betide,
Should any of the everlasting Gods
Observe us, and declare it to the rest?
Never could I, arising, seek again
Thy mansion, so unseemly were the deed.
But if thy inclinations that way tend,
Thou hast a chamber; it is Vulcan's work,
Our son's; he framed and fitted to its posts
The solid portal; thither let us hie,
And there repose, since such thy pleasure seems.
  To whom the cloud-assembler Deity.
Fear thou not, Juno, lest the eye of Man

[3] Europa.

Or of a God discern us; at my word
A golden cloud shall fold us so around,
That not the Sun himself shall through that veil
Discover aught, though keenest-eyed of all.
So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse
Fast lock'd within his arms. Beneath them earth
With sudden herbage teem'd; at once upsprang
The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew,
And the crisp hyacinth with clustering bells;
Thick was their growth, and high above the ground
Upbore them. On that flowery couch they lay,
Invested with a golden cloud that shed
Bright dew-drops all around. His heart at ease,
There lay the Sire of all, by sleep and love
Vanquish'd on lofty Gargarus, his spouse
Constraining still with amorous embrace.
Then, gentle Sleep to the Achaian camp
Sped swift away, with tidings for the ear
Of earth-encircler Neptune charged; him soon
He found, and in wing'd accents thus began.
Now Neptune, yield the Greeks effectual aid,
And, while the moment lasts of Jove's repose,
Make victory theirs; for him in slumbers soft
I have involved, while Juno by deceit
Prevailing, lured him with the bait of love.
He said, and swift departed to his task
Among the nations; but his tidings urged
Neptune with still more ardour to assist
The Danaï; he leap'd into the van
Afar, and thus exhorted them aloud.
Oh Argives! yield we yet again the day
To Priameian Hector? Shall he seize
Our ships, and make the glory all his own?

Such is his expectation, so he vaunts,
For that Achilles leaves not yet his camp,
Resentful; but of him small need, I judge,
Should here be felt, could once the rest be roused
To mutual aid. Act, then, as I advise.
The best and broadest bucklers of the host,
And brightest helmets put we on, and arm'd
With longest spears, advance; myself will lead;
And trust me, furious though he be, the son
Of Priam flies. Ye then who feel your hearts
Undaunted, but are arm'd with smaller shields,
Them give to those who fear, and in exchange
Their stronger shields and broader take yourselves.
So he, whom, unreluctant, all obey'd.
Then, wounded as they were, themselves the Kings,
Tydides, Agamemnon and Ulysses
Marshall'd the warriors, and from rank to rank
Made just exchange of arms, giving the best
To the best warriors, to the worse, the worst.
And now in brazen armour all array'd
Refulgent, on they moved, by Neptune led
With firm hand grasping his long-bladed sword
Keen as Jove's bolt; with Him may none contend
In dreadful fight; but fear chains every arm.
Opposite, Priameian Hector ranged
His Trojans; then they stretch'd the bloody cord
Of conflict tight, Neptune cœrulean-hair'd,
And Hector, pride of Ilium; one, the Greeks
Supporting firm, and one, the powers of Troy;
A sea-flood dash'd the galleys, and the hosts
Join'd clamorous. Not so the billows roar
The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast
Sweeps landward from the main the towering surge,

Not so, devouring fire among the trees
That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames
Ascending wrap the forest in a blaze;
Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks
Upgrown aloft, (though loudest there they rave,)
With sounds so aweful as were heard of Greeks
And Trojans shouting when the clash began.
At Ajax, first, (for face to face they stood,)
Illustrious Hector threw a spear well-aim'd,
But smote him where the belts that bore his shield
And faulchion cross'd each other on his breast.
The double guard preserved him unannoy'd.
Indignant that his spear had bootless flown,
Yet fearing death at hand, the Trojan Chief
Toward the phalanx of his friends retired.
But, as he went, huge Ajax with a stone
Of those which propp'd the ships, (for numerous such
Lay rolling at the feet of those who fought,)
Assail'd him. Twirling like a top it pass'd
The shield of Hector, near the neck his breast
Struck full, then plough'd circuitous the dust.
As when Jove's arm omnipotent an oak
Prostrates uprooted on the plain, a fume
Rises sulphureous from the riven trunk,
And if, perchance, some traveller nigh at hand
See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,
So fell the might of Hector, to the earth
Smitten at once. Down dropp'd his idle spear,
And with his helmet and his shield himself
Also; loud thunder'd all his gorgeous arms.
Swift flew the Greecians shouting to the skies,
And showering darts, to drag his body thence,
But neither spear of theirs nor shaft could harm

The fallen leader, with such instant aid
His princely friends encircled him around,
Sarpedon, Lycian Chief, Glaucus the brave,
Polydamas, Æneas, and renown'd
Agenor; neither tardy were the rest,
But with round shields all shelter'd Hector fallen.
Him soon uplifted from the plain his friends
Bore thence, till where his fiery coursers stood,
And splendid chariot in the rear, they came,
Then Troy-ward drove him groaning as he went.
Ere long arriving at the pleasant stream
Of eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove,
They lay'd him on the bank, and on his face
Pour'd water; he, reviving, upward gazed,
And seated on his hams black blood disgorged
Coagulate, but soon relapsing, fell
Supine, his eyes with pitchy darkness veil'd,
And all his powers still torpid by the blow.
Then, seeing Hector borne away, the Greeks
Rush'd fiercer on, all mindful of the fight,
And far before the rest, Ajax the swift,
The Oïlean Chief, with pointed spear
On Satnius springing, pierced him. Him a nymph
A Naiad, bore to Enops, while his herd
Feeding, on Satnio's grassy verge he stray'd.
But Oïliades the spear-renown'd
Approaching, pierced his flank; supine he fell,
And fiery contest for the dead arose.
In vengeance of his fall, spear-shaking Chief
The son of Panthus into fight advanced
Polydamas, who Prothöenor pierced
Offspring of Areïlocus, and urged
Through his right shoulder sheer the stormy lance.

He, prostrate, clench'd the dust, and with loud voice
Polydamas exulted at his fall.
  Yon spear, methinks, hurl'd from the warlike hand
Of Panthus' noble son, flew not in vain,
But some Greek hath it, purposing, I judge,
To lean on it in his descent to hell.
  So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard,
But most indignant, Ajax, offspring bold
Of Telamon, to whom he nearest fell.
He, quick, at the retiring conqueror cast
His radiant spear; Polydamas the stroke
Shunn'd, starting sideward; but Antenor's son
Archilochus the mortal dint received,
Death-destined by the Gods; where neck and spine
Unite, both tendons he dissever'd wide,
And, ere his knees, his nostrils met the ground.
  Then Ajax in his turn vaunting aloud
Against renown'd Polydamas, exclaim'd.
Speak now the truth, Polydamas, and weigh
My question well. His life whom I have slain
Makes it not compensation for the loss
Of Prothöenor's life? To me he seems
Nor base himself, nor yet of base descent,
But brother of Antenor steed-renown'd,
Or else perchance his son; for in my eyes
Antenor's lineage he resembles most.
  So he, well knowing him, and sorrow seized
Each Trojan heart. Then Acamas around
His brother stalking, wounded with his spear
Bœotian Promachus, who by the feet
Dragg'd off the slain. Acamas in his fall
Aloud exulted with a boundless joy.
  Vain-glorious Argives, archers inexpert!

War's toil and trouble are not ours alone,
But ye shall perish also; mark the man,—
How sound he sleeps tamed by my conquering arm,
Your fellow-warrior Promachus! the debt
Of vengeance on my brother's dear behalf
Demanded quick discharge; well may the wish
Of every dying warrior be to leave
A brother living to avenge his fall.
He ended, whom the Greeks indignant heard,
But chiefly brave Peneleus; swift he rush'd
On Acamas; but from before the force
Of King Peneleus Acamas retired,
And, in his stead, Ilioneus he pierced,
Offspring of Phorbas, rich in flocks, and blest
By Mercury with such abundant wealth
As other Trojan none, nor child to him
His spouse had borne, Ilioneus except.
Him close beneath the brow to his eye-roots
Piercing, he push'd the pupil from its seat,
And through his eye and through his poll the spear
Urged furious. He down-sitting on the earth
Both hands extended; but, his glittering blade
Forth-drawn, Peneleus through his middle neck
Enforced it; head and helmet to the ground
He lopp'd together, with the lance infixt
Still in his eye; then like a poppy's head
The crimson trophy lifting, in the ears
He vaunted loud of Ilium's host, and cried.
Go, Trojans! be my messengers! Inform
The parents of Ilioneus the brave
That they may mourn their son through all their house,
For so the wife of Alegenor's son
Bœotian Promachus must him bewail,

Nor shall she welcome his return with smiles
Of joy affectionate, when from the shores
Of Troy the fleet shall bear us Greecians home.
He said; fear whiten'd every Trojan cheek,
And every Trojan eye with earnest look
Enquired a refuge from impending fate.
Say now, ye Muses, blest inhabitants
Of the Olympian realms! what Greecian first
Fill'd his victorious hand with armour stript
From slaughter'd Trojans, after Ocean's God
Had, interposing, changed the battle's course?
First, Telamonian Ajax Hyrtius slew,
Undaunted leader of the Mysian band.
Phalces and Mermerus their arms resign'd
To young Antilochus; Hyppotion fell
And Morys by Meriones; the shafts
Right-aim'd of Teucer to the shades dismiss'd
Prothöus and Periphetes, and the prince
Of Sparta, Menelaus, in his flank
Pierced Hyperenor; on his entrails prey'd
The hungry steel, and, through the gaping wound
Expell'd, his spirit flew; night veil'd his eyes.
But Ajax Oïliades the swift
Slew most; him none could equal in pursuit
Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

Jove, awaking and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo armed with the Ægis, puts to flight the Greecians; they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

But when the flying Trojans had o'erpass'd
Both stakes and trench, and numerous slaughter'd lay
By Greecian hands, the remnant halted all
Beside their chariots, pale, discomfited.
Then was it that on Ida's summit Jove
At Juno's side awoke; starting, he stood
At once erect; Trojans and Greeks he saw,
These broken, those pursuing and led on
By Neptune; he beheld also remote
Encircled by his friends, and on the plain
Extended, Hector; there he panting lay,
Senseless, ejecting blood, bruised by a blow
From not the feeblest of the sons of Greece.
Touch'd with compassion at that sight, the Sire
Of Gods and men, frowning terrific, fix'd
His eyes on Juno, and her thus bespake.
No place for doubt remains. Oh, versed in wiles,
Juno! thy mischief-teeming mind perverse
Hath plotted this; thou hast contrived the hurt
Of Hector, and hast driven his host to flight.
I know not but thyself may'st chance to reap

The first-fruits of thy cunning, scourged[1] by me.
Hast thou forgotten how I once aloft
Suspended thee, with anvils at thy feet,
And both thy wrists bound with a golden cord
Indissoluble? In the clouds of heaven
I hung thee, while from the Olympian heights
The Gods look'd mournful on, but of them all
None could deliver thee, for whom I seized,
Hurl'd through the gates of heaven on earth he fell,
Half-breathless. Neither so did I resign
My hot resentment of the Hero's wrongs
Immortal Hercules, whom thou by storms
Call'd from the North, with mischievous intent
Hadst driven far distant o'er the barren Deep
To populous Cos. Thence I deliver'd him,
And after numerous woes severe, he reach'd
The shores of fruitful Argos, saved by me.
I thus remind thee now, that thou may'st cease
Henceforth from artifice, and may'st be taught

[1] The Translator seizes the opportunity afforded to him by this remarkable passage, to assure his readers, who are not readers of the original, that the discipline which Juno is here said to have suffered from the hands of Jove, is not of his own invention. He found it in the original, and considering fidelity as his indispensable duty, has not attempted to soften or to refine away the matter. He begs that this observation may be adverted to as often as any passage shall occur, in which ancient practices or customs, not consonant to our own, either in point of delicacy or humanity, may be either expressed or alluded to.

He makes this request the rather, because on these occasions Mr. Pope has observed a different conduct, suppressing all such images as he had reason to suppose might be offensive.

How little all the dalliance and the love
Which, stealing down from heaven, thou hast by fraud
Obtain'd from me, shall profit thee at last.
He ended, whom imperial Juno heard
Shuddering, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
Be witness Earth, the boundless Heaven above,
And Styx beneath, whose stream the blessed Gods
Even tremble to adjure; be witness too
Thy sacred life, and our connubial bed,
Which by a false oath I will never wrong,
That by no art induced or plot of mine
Neptune, the shaker of the shores, inflicts
These harms on Hector and the Trojan host
Aiding the Greecians, but impell'd alone
By his own heart with pity moved at sight
Of the Achaians at the ships subdued.
But even Him, oh sovereign of the storms!
I am prepared to admonish that he quit
The battle, and retire where thou command'st.
So she; then smiled the Sire of Gods and men,
And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.
Juno! wouldst thou on thy celestial throne
Assist my counsels, howsoe'er in heart
He differ now, Neptune should soon his will
Submissive bend to thy desires and mine.
But if sincerity be in thy words
And truth, repairing to the blest abodes
Send Iris hither, with the archer God
Apollo; that she, visiting the host
Of Greece, may bid the Sovereign of the Deep
Renounce the fight, and seek his proper home.
Apollo's part shall be to rouse again

Hector to battle, to inspire his soul
Afresh with courage, and all memory thence
To banish of the pangs which now he feels.
Apollo also shall again repulse
Achaia's host, which with base panic fill'd,
Shall even to Achilles' ships be driven.
Achilles shall his valiant friend exhort
Patroclus forth; him under Ilium's walls
Shall glorious Hector slay; but many a youth
Shall perish by Patroclus first, with whom,
My noble son Sarpedon. Peleus' son,
Resentful of Patroclus' death, shall slay
Hector, and I will urge ceaseless, myself,
Thenceforth the routed Trojans back again,
Till by Minerva's aid the Greeks shall take
Ilium's proud city; till that day arrive
My wrath shall burn, nor will I one permit
Of all the Immortals to assist the Greeks,
But will perform Achilles' whole desire.
Such was my promise to him at the first,
Ratified by a nod that self-same day
When Thetis clasp'd my knees, begging revenge
And glory for her city-spoiler son.
He ended; nor his spouse white-arm'd refused
Obedience, but from the Idæan heights
Departing, to the Olympian summit soar'd.
Swift as the traveller's thought, who, many a land
Traversed, deliberates on his future course
Uncertain, and his mind sends every way,
So swift updarted Juno to the skies.
Arrived on the Olympian heights, she found
The Gods assembled; they, at once, their seats

At her approach forsaking, with full cups
Her coming hail'd; heedless of all beside,
She took the cup from blooming Themis' hand,
For she first flew to welcome her, and thus
In accents wing'd of her return enquired.
Say, Juno, why this sudden re-ascent?
Thou seem'st dismay'd; hath Saturn's son, thy spouse,
Driven thee affrighted to the skies again?
To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replied.
Themis divine, ask not. Full well thou know'st
How harshly temper'd is the mind of Jove,
And how untractable. Resume thy seat;
The banquet calls thee; at our board preside.
Thou shalt be told, and all in heaven shall hear
What ills he threatens; such as shall not leave
All minds at ease, I judge, here or on earth,
However tranquil some and joyous now.
So spake the aweful spouse of Jove, and sat.
Then, all alike, the Gods displeasure felt
Throughout the courts of Jove, but she, her lips
Gracing with smiles from which her sable brows
Dissented, thus, indignant them address'd.
Alas! how vain against the Thunderer's will
Our anger, and the hope to supersede
His purpose, by persuasion or by force!
He solitary sits, all unconcern'd
At our resentment, and himself proclaims
Mightiest and most to be revered in heaven.
Be patient, therefore, and let each endure
Such ills as Jove may send him. Mars, I ween,
Already hath his share; the warrior God

Hath lost Ascalaphus, of all mankind
His most beloved, and whom he calls his own.
She spake, and with expanded palms his thighs
Smiting, thus, sorrowful, the God exclaim'd.
Inhabitants of the Olympian heights!
Oh bear with me, if to avenge my son
I seek Achaia's fleet, although my doom
Be thunder-bolts from Jove, and with the dead
Outstretch'd to lie in carnage and in dust.
He spake, and bidding Horror and Dismay
Lead to the yoke his rapid steeds, put on
His all-refulgent armour. Then had wrath
More dreadful, some strange vengeance on the Gods
From Jove befallen, had not Minerva, touch'd
With timely fears for all, upstarting sprung
From where she sat, right through the vestibule.
She snatch'd the helmet from his brows, the shield
From his broad shoulder, and the brazen spear
Forced from his grasp into its place restored.
Then reprimanding Mars, she thus began.
Frantic, delirious! thou art lost for ever!
Is it in vain that thou hast ears to ear,
And hast thou neither shame nor reason left?
How? hear'st thou not the Goddess? the report
Of white-arm'd Juno from Olympian Jove
Return'd this moment? or preferr'st thou rather,
Plagued with a thousand woes, and under force
Of sad necessity to seek again
Olympus, and at thy return to prove
Author of countless miseries to us all?
For He at once Greecians and Trojans both

Abandoning, will hither haste prepared
To tempest[2] us in heaven, whom he will seize,
The guilty and the guiltless, all alike.
I bid thee, therefore, patient bear the death
Of thy Ascalaphus; braver than he
And abler have, ere now, in battle fallen,
And shall hereafter; arduous were the task
To rescue from the stroke of fate, the race
Of mortal men, with all their progeny.
So saying, Minerva on his throne replaced
The fiery Mars. Then, summoning abroad
Apollo from within the hall of Jove,
With Iris, swift embassadress of heaven,
Them in wing'd accents Juno thus bespake.
Jove bids you hence with undelaying speed
To Ida; in his presence once arrived,
See that ye execute his whole command.
So saying, the aweful Goddess to her throne
Return'd and sat. They, cleaving swift the air,
Alighted soon on Ida fountain-fed,
Parent of savage kinds. High on the point
Seated of Gargarus, and wrapt around
With fragrant clouds, they found Saturnian Jove
The Thunderer, and in his presence stood.
He, nought displeased that they his high command
Had with such readiness obey'd, his speech
To Iris, first, in accents wing'd address'd.

[2] *To tempest*—κυδοιμήσων—Milton uses *tempest* as a verb. Speaking of the fishes, he says

> . . . . . part, huge of bulk
> Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
> *Tempest* the ocean.

Swift Iris, haste—to royal Neptune bear
My charge entire; falsify not the word.
Bid him, relinquishing the fight, withdraw
Either to heaven, or to the boundless Deep.
But should he disobedient prove, and scorn
My message, let him, next, consider well
How he will bear, powerful as he is,
My coming. Me I boast superior far
In force, and elder-born; yet deems he slight
The danger of comparison with me,
Who am the terror of all heaven beside.
He spake, nor storm-wing'd Iris disobey'd,
But down from the Idæan summit stoop'd
To sacred Ilium. As when snow or hail
Flies drifted by the cloud-dispelling North,
So swiftly, wing'd with readiness of will,
She shot the gulf between, and standing soon
At glorious Neptune's side, him thus address'd.
To thee, O Neptune azure-hair'd! I come
With tidings charged from Ægis-bearing Jove.
He bids thee cease from battle, and retire
Either to heaven, or to the boundless Deep.
But shouldst thou, disobedient, set at nought
His words, he threatens that himself will haste
To fight against thee; but he bids thee shun
That strife with one superior far to thee,
And elder-born; yet deem'st thou slight, he saith,
The danger of comparison with Him,
Although the terror of all heaven beside.
Her then the mighty shaker of the shores
Answer'd indignant. Great as is his power,
Yet he hath spoken proudly, threatening me

With force, high-born and glorious as himself.
We are three brothers; Saturn is our sire,
And Rhea brought us forth; first, Jove she bore;
Me next; then, Pluto, sovereign of the shades.
By distribution tripart we received
Each his peculiar honours; me the lots
Made Ruler of the hoary floods, and there
I dwell for ever. Pluto, for his part,
The regions took of darkness; and the heavens,
The clouds, and boundless æther, fell to Jove.
The Earth and the Olympian heights alike
Are common to the three. My life and being
I hold not, therefore, at his will, whose best
And safest course, with all his boasted power,
Were to possess in peace his proper Third.
Let him not seek to terrify with force
Me like a dastard; let him rather chide
His own-begotten; with big-sounding words
His sons and daughters govern, who perforce
Obey his voice, and shrink at his commands.
To whom thus Iris tempest-wing'd replied.
Cœrulean-tress'd Sovereign of the Deep!
Shall I report to Jove, harsh as it is,
Thy speech, or wilt thou soften it? The wise
Are flexible, and on the Elder-born
Erynnis, with her vengeful sisters, waits.
Her answer'd then the Shaker of the shores.
Prudent is thy advice, Iris divine!
Discretion in a messenger is good
At all times. But the cause that fires me thus,
And with resentment my whole heart and mind
Possesses, is the license that he claims

To vex with provocation rude of speech
Me his compeer, and by decree of Fate
Illustrious as himself; yet, though incensed,
And with just cause, I will not now persist.
But hear—for it is treasured in my heart
The threat that my lips utter. If he still
Resolve to spare proud Ilium in despight
Of me, of Pallas, Goddess of the spoils,
Of Juno, Mercury, and the King of fire,
And will not overturn her lofty towers,
Nor grant immortal glory to the Greeks,
Then tell him thus—Hostility shall burn,
And wrath between us never to be quench'd.
So saying, the Shaker of the shores forsook
The Greecian host, and plunged into the Deep,
Miss'd by Achaia's heroes. Then, the cloud-
Assembler God thus to Apollo spake.
Hence, my Apollo! to the Trojan Chief
Hector; for earth-encircler Neptune, awed
By fear of my displeasure imminent,
Hath sought the sacred Deep. Else, all the Gods
Who compass Saturn in the nether realms,
Had even there our contest heard, I ween,
And heard it loudly. But that he retreats
Although at first incensed, shunning my wrath,
Is salutary both for him and me,
Whose difference else had not been heal'd with ease.
Take thou my shaggy Ægis, and with force
Smiting it, terrify the Chiefs of Greece.
As for illustrious Hector, him I give
To thy peculiar care; fail not to rouse
His fiercest courage, till he push the Greeks

To Hellespont, and to their ships again;
Thenceforth to yield to their afflicted host
Some pause from toil, shall be my own concern.
He ended, nor Apollo disobey'd
His father's voice; from the Idæan heights,
Swift as the swiftest of the fowls of air,
The dove-destroyer falcon, down he flew.
The noble Hector, valiant Priam's son
He found, not now extended on the plain,
But seated; newly, as from death, awaked,
And conscious of his friends; freely he breathed
Nor sweated more, by Jove himself revived.
Apollo stood beside him, and began.
Say, Hector, Priam's son! why sittest here
Feeble and spiritless, and from thy host
Apart? what new disaster hath befall'n?
To whom with difficulty thus replied
The warlike Chief.—But tell me who art Thou,
Divine enquirer! best of powers above!
Know'st not that dauntless Ajax me his friends
Slaughtering at yonder ships, hath with a stone
Surceased from fight, smiting me on the breast?
I thought to have beheld, this day, the dead
In Ades, every breath so seem'd my last.
Then answer thus the Archer God return'd.
Courage this moment! such an helper Jove
From Ida sends thee at thy side to war
Continual, Phœbus of the golden sword,
Whose guardian aid both thee and lofty Troy
Hath succour'd many a time. Therefore arise!
Instant bid drive thy numerous charioteers
Their rapid steeds full on the Greecian fleet;

I, marching at their head, will smooth, myself,
The way before them, and will turn again
To flight the Heroes of the host of Greece.
He said and with new strength the Chief inspired.
As some stall'd horse high-pamper'd, snapping short
His cord, beats under foot the sounding soil,
Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave
Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane
Wantons around his shoulders; pleased, he eyes
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant keees
Soon finds the haunts where all his fellows graze;
So bounded Hector, and his agile joints
Plied lightly, quicken'd by the voice divine,
And gather'd fast his charioteers to battle.
But as when hounds and hunters through the woods
Rush in pursuit of stag or of wild goat,
He, in some cave with tangled boughs o'erhung,
Lies safe conceal'd, no destined prey of theirs,
Till by their clamours roused, a lion grim
Starts forth to meet them; then, the boldest fly;
Such hot pursuit the Danaï, with swords
And spears of double edge long time maintain'd,
But seeing Hector in his ranks again
Occupied, felt at once their courage fall'n.
Then, Thoas them, Andræmon's son, address'd,
Foremost of the Ætolians, at the spear
Skilful, in stationary combat bold,
And when the sons of Greece held in dispute
The prize of eloquence, excell'd by few.
Prudent advising them, he thus began.
Ye Gods! what prodigy do I behold?
Hath Hector, 'scaping death, risen again?

For him, with confident persuasion all
Believed by Telamonian Ajax slain.
But some Divinity hath interposed
To rescue and save Hector, who the joints
Hath stiffen'd of full many a valiant Greek,
As surely now he shall; for, not without
The Thunderer's aid, he flames in front again.
But take ye all my counsel. Send we back
The multitude into the fleet, and first
Let us, who boast ourselves bravest in fight,
Stand, that encountering him with lifted spears,
We may attempt to give his rage a check.
To thrust himself into a band like ours
Will, doubtless, even in Hector move a fear.
He ceased, with whose advice all, glad, complied.
Then Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete.
Teucer, Meriones, and Meges fierce
As Mars in battle, summoning aloud
The noblest Greeks, in opposition firm
To Hector and his host their bands prepared,
While others all into the fleet retired.
Troy's crowded host[3] struck first. With aweful strides
Came Hector foremost; him Apollo led,
His shoulders wrapt in clouds, and, on his arm,
The Ægis shagg'd terrific all around,
Tempestuous, dazzling-bright; it was a gift
To Jove from Vulcan, and design'd to appall,
And drive to flight the armies of the earth.
Arm'd with that shield Apollo led them on.

[3] Τρῶες δε πρῶτυψαν ἀολλέες. The translation is literal, and affords one of many instances in which the Greek and English idiom correspond exactly.

Firm stood the embodied Greeks; from either host
Shrill cries arose; the arrows from the nerve
Leap'd, and, by vigorous arms dismiss'd, the spears
Flew frequent; in the flesh some stood infixt
Of warlike youths, but many, ere they reach'd
The mark they coveted, unsated fell
Between the hosts, and rested in the soil.
Long as the God unagitated held
The dreadful disk, so long the vollied darts
Made mutual slaughter, and the people fell;
But when he look'd the Greecian charioteers
Full in the face and shook it, raising high
Himself the shout of battle, then he quell'd
Their spirits, then he struck from every mind
At once all memory of their might in arms.
As when two lions in the still dark night
An herd of beeves scatter or numerous flock
Suddenly, in the absence of the guard,
So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent
Terrours among them, but renown conferr'd
And triumph proud on Hector and his host.
Then, in that foul disorder of the field,
Man singled man. Arcesilaüs died
By Hector's arm, and Stichius; one, a Chief[4]
Of the Bœotians brazen-mail'd, and one,
Menestheus' faithful follower to the fight.
Æneas Medon and Iäsus slew.
Medon was spurious offspring of divine
Oïleus Ajax' father, and abode
In Phylace; for he had slain a Chief
Brother of Eriopis the espoused

[4] Arcesilaus.

Of brave Oïleus; but Iäsus led
A phalanx of Athenians, and the son
Of Sphelus, son of Bucolus was deem'd.
Pierced by Polydamas Mecisteus fell.
Polites, in the van of battle, slew
Echion, and Agenor Clonius;
But Paris, while Deïochus to flight
Turn'd with the routed van, pierced him beneath
His shoulder-blade, and urged the weapon through.
While them the Trojans spoil'd, meantime the Greeks,
Entangled in the piles of the deep foss,
Fled every way, and through necessity
Repass'd the wall. Then Hector with a voice
Of loud command bade every Trojan cease
From spoil, and rush impetuous on the fleet.
[5] And whom I find far lingering from the ships
Wherever, there he dies; no funeral fires
Brother on him, or sister, shall bestow,
But dogs shall rend him in the sight of Troy.
So saying, he lash'd the shoulders of his steeds,
And through the ranks vociferating, call'd
His Trojans on; they, clamorous as he,
All lash'd their steeds, and menacing, advanced.
Before them with his feet Apollo push'd
The banks into the foss, bridging the gulf
With pass commodious, both in length and breadth
A lance's flight, for proof of vigour hurl'd.
There, phalanx after phalanx, they their host
Pour'd dense along, while Phœbus in the van
Display'd the awful ægis, and the wall

[5] This abruptness of transition from the third person to the first, follows the original.

Levell'd with ease divine. As, on the shore
Some wanton boy with sand builds plaything walls,
Then, sportive, spreads them with his feet abroad,
So thou, shaft-arm'd Apollo! that huge work
Laborious of the Greeks didst turn with ease
To ruin, and themselves drovest all to flight.
They, thus enforced into the fleet, again
Stood fast, with mutual exhortation each
His friend encouraging, and all the Gods
With lifted hands soliciting aloud.
But, more than all, Gerenian Nestor pray'd
Fervent, Achaia's guardian, and with arms
Outstretch'd toward the starry skies, exclaim'd.
Jove, Father! if in corn-clad Argos, one,
One Greek hath ever, burning at thy shrine
Fat thighs of sheep or oxen, ask'd from thee
A safe return, whom thou hast gracious heard,
Olympian King! and promised what he sought,
Now, in remembrance of it, give us help
In this disastrous day, nor thus permit
Their Trojan foes to tread the Greecians down!
So Nestor pray'd, and Jove thunder'd aloud
Responsive to the old Neleïan's prayer.
But when that voice of ægis-bearing Jove
The Trojans heard, more furious on the Greeks
They sprang, all mindful of the fight. As when
A turgid billow of some spacious sea,
While the wind blows that heaves its highest, borne
Sheer o'er the vessel's side, rolls into her,
With such loud roar the Trojans pass'd the wall;
In rush'd the steeds, and at the ships they waged
Fierce battle hand to hand, from chariots, these,

With spears of double edge, those, from the decks
Of many a sable bark, with naval poles
Long, ponderous, shod with steel; for every ship
Had such, for conflict maritime prepared.
While yet the battle raged only without
The wall, and from the ships apart, so long
Patroclus quiet in the tent and calm
Sat of Eurypylus, his generous friend
Consoling with sweet converse, and his wound
Sprinkling with drugs assuasive of his pains.
But soon as through the broken rampart borne
He saw the Trojans, and the clamour heard
And tumult of the flying Greeks, a voice
Of loud lament uttering, with open palms
His thighs he smote, and, sorrowful, exclaim'd.
Eurypylus! although thy need be great,
No longer may I now sit at thy side,
Such contest hath arisen; thy servant's voice
Must sooth thee now, for I will to the tent
Haste of Achilles, and exhort him forth;
Who knows? if such the pleasure of the Gods,
I may prevail; friends rarely plead in vain.
So saying, he went. Meantime the Greeks endured
The Trojan onset, firm, yet from the ships
Repulsed them not, though fewer than themselves,
Nor could the host of Troy, breaking the ranks
Of Greece, mix either with the camp or fleet;
But as the line divides the plank aright,
Stretch'd by some naval architect, whose hand
Minerva hath accomplish'd in his art,
So stretch'd on them the cord of battle lay.
Others at other ships the conflict waged,

But Hector to the ship advanced direct
Of glorious Ajax; for one ship they strove;
Nor Hector, him dislodging thence, could fire
The fleet, nor Ajax from the fleet repulse
Hector, conducted thither by the Gods.
Then, noble Ajax with a spear the breast
Pierced of Caletor, son of Clytius, arm'd
With fire to burn his bark; sounding he fell,
And from his loosen'd grasp down dropp'd the brand.
But Hector seeing his own kinsman fallen
Beneath the sable bark, with mighty voice
Call'd on the hosts of Lycia and of Troy.
  Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, within this narrow pass
Stand firm, retreat not, but redeem the son
Of Clytius, lest the Greecians of his arms
Despoil him slain in battle at the ships.
  So saying, at Ajax his bright spear he cast.
Him pierced he not, but Lycophron the son
Of Mastor, a Cytherian, who had left
Cytheræ, fugitive for blood, and dwelt
With Ajax. Him standing at Ajax' side,
He pierced above his ear; down from the stern
Supine he fell, and in the dust expired.
Then, shuddering, Ajax to his brother spake.
  Alas, my Teucer! we have lost our friend;
Mastorides is slain, whom we received
An inmate from Cytheræ, and with love
And reverence even filial, entertain'd;
By Hector pierced, he dies. Where are thy shafts
Death-wing'd, and bow, by gift from Phœbus thine?
  He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran

With bow and well-stored quiver to his side,
Whence soon his arrows sought the Trojan host.
He struck Pisenor's son Clytus, the friend
And charioteer of brave Polydamas,
Offspring of Panthus, toiling with both hands
To rule his fiery steeds; for more to please
The Trojans and their Chief, where stormy most
He saw the battle, thither he had driven.
But sudden mischief, valiant as he was,
Found him, and such as none could waft aside,
For right into his neck the arrow plunged,
And down he fell; his startled coursers shook
Their trappings, and the empty chariot rang.
That sound alarm'd Polydamas; he turn'd,
And flying to their heads, consign'd them o'er
To Protiaön's son, Astynoüs,
Whom he enjoin'd to keep them in his view,
Then, turning, mingled with the van again.
But Teucer still another shaft produced
Design'd for valiant Hector, whose exploits
(Had that shaft reach'd him) at the ships of Greece
Had ceased for ever. But the eye of Jove,
Guardian of Hector's life, slept not; he took
From Telamonian Teucer that renown,
And while he stood straining the twisted nerve
Against the Trojan, snapp'd it. Devious flew
The steel-charged[6] arrow, and he dropp'd his bow.
Then, shuddering, to his brother thus he spake.

[6] The Translator hopes that his learned readers will pardon him, if sometimes, to avoid an irksome cacophony, he turns brass into steel. In fact, the arrow had not a point of steel, but a brazen one.

Ah! it is evident. Some Power divine
Makes fruitless all our efforts, who hath struck
My bow out of my hand, and snapt the cord
With which I strung it new at dawn of day,
That it might bear the bound of many a shaft.
To whom the towering son of Telamon.
Leave then thy bow, and let thine arrows rest,
Which, envious of the Greeks, some God confounds,
That thou may'st fight with spear and buckler arm'd,
And animate the rest. Such be our deeds
That, should they conquer us, our foes may find
Our ships, at least a prize not lightly won.
So Ajax spake; then Teucer, in his tent
The bow replacing, slung his fourfold shield,
Settled on his illustrious brows his casque
With hair high-crested, waving, as he moved,
Terrible from above, took forth a spear
Tough-grain'd, acuminated sharp with brass,
And stood, incontinent, at Ajax' side.
Hector perceived the change, and of the cause
Conscious, with echoing voice call'd to his host.
Trojans and Lycians and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, oh now, my friends, be men,
Now, wheresoever through the fleet dispersed,
Call into mind the fury of your might!
For I have seen, myself, Jove rendering vain
The arrows of their mightiest. Man may know
With ease the hand of interposing Jove,
Both whom to glory he ordains, and whom
He weakens and aids not; so now he leaves
The Greecians, but propitious smiles on us.
Therefore stand fast, and whosoever gall'd

By arrow or by spear, dies—Let him die;
It shall not shame him that he died to serve
His country, but his children, wife and home,
With all his heritage, shall be secure,
Drive but the Greecians from the shores of Troy.
So saying, he animated each. Meantime,
Ajax his fellow-warriors thus address'd.
Shame on you all! Now, Greecians, either die,
Or save at once your galley and yourselves.
Hope ye, that should your ships become the prize
Of warlike Hector, ye shall yet return
On foot? Or hear ye not the Chief aloud
Summoning all his host, and publishing
His own heart's wish to burn your fleet with fire?
Not to a dance, believe me, but to fight
He calls them; therefore wiser course for us
Is none, than that we mingle hands with hands
In contest obstinate, and force with force.
Better at once to perish, or at once
To rescue life, than to consume the time
Hour after hour in lingering conflict vain
Here at the ships, with an inferior foe.
He said, and by his words into all hearts
Fresh confidence infused. Then Hector smote
Schedius, a Chief of the Phocensian powers
And son of Perimedes; Ajax slew,
Meantime, a Chief of Trojan infantry,
Laodamas, Antenor's noble son,
While by Polydamas, a leader bold
Of the Epeans, and Phylides'[7] friend,
Cyllenian Otus died. Meges that sight

[7] Meges.

Viewing indignant on the conqueror sprang,
But, starting wide, Polydamas escaped,
Saved by Apollo, and his spear transpierced
The breast of Crœsmus; on his sounding shield
Prostrate he fell, and Meges stripp'd his arms.
Him so employ'd Dolops assail'd, brave son
Of Lampus, best of men and bold in fight,
Offspring of King Laomedon; he stood
Full near, and through his middle buckler struck
The son of Phyleus, but his corslet thick
With plates of scaly brass his life secured.
That corslet Phyleus on a time brought home
From Ephyre, where the Selleïs winds,
And it was given him for his life's defence
In furious battle by the King of men,
Euphetes. Many a time had it preserved
Unharm'd the sire, and now it saved the son.
Then Meges, rising, with his pointed lance
The bushy crest of Dolops' helmet drove
Sheer from its base; new tinged with purple bright
Entire it fell and mingled with the dust.
While thus they strove, each hoping victory,
Came martial Menelaus to the aid
Of Meges; spear in hand apart he stood
By Dolops unperceived, through his back drove
And through his breast the spear, and far beyond,
And down fell Dolops, forehead to the ground.
At once both flew to strip his radiant arms.
Then, Hector summoning his kindred, call'd
Each to his aid, and Melanippus first,
Illustrious Hicetaon's son, reproved,
Ere yet the enemies of Troy arrived

He in Percote fed his wandering beeves,
But when the Danaï with all their fleet
Came thither, then returning, he outshone
The noblest Trojans, and at Priam's side
Dwelling, was honour'd by him as a son.
Him Hector reprimanding, stern began.
Are we thus slack? Can Melanippus view
Unmoved a kinsman slain? Seest not the Greeks
How busy there with Dolops and his arms?
Come on. It is no time for distant war,
But either our Achaian foes must bleed,
Or Ilium taken, from her topmost height
Must stoop, and all her citizens be slain.
So saying he went, whose steps the godlike Chief
Attended, and the Telamonian, next,
Huge Ajax, animated thus the Greeks.
Oh friends, be men! Deep treasure in your hearts
An honest shame, and, fighting bravely, fear
Each to incur the censure of the rest.
Of men so minded more survive than die,
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.
So moved he them, themselves already bent
To chace the Trojans; yet his word they bore
Faithful in mind, and with a wall of brass
Fenced firm the fleet, while Jove impell'd the foe.
Then Menelaus, brave in fight, approach'd
Antilochus, and thus his courage roused.
Antilochus! in all the host is none
Younger, or swifter, or of stronger limb
Than thou. Make trial, therefore, of thy might,
Spring forth and prove it on some Chief of Troy.
He ended and retired, but him his praise

Effectual animated; from the van
Starting, he cast a wistful eye around
And hurl'd his glittering spear; back fell the ranks
Of Troy appall'd; nor vain his weapon flew,
But Melanippus pierced heroic son
Of Hicetaon, coming forth to fight,
Full in the bosom, and with dreadful sound
Of all his batter'd armour down he fell.
Swift flew Antilochus as flies the hound
Some fawn to seize, which issuing from her lair
The hunter with his lance hath stricken dead,
So thee, O Melanippus! to despoil
Of thy bright arms valiant Antilochus
Sprang forth, but not unnoticed by the eye
Of noble Hector, who through all the war
Ran to encounter him; his dread approach
Antilochus, although expert in arms,
Stood not, but as some prowler of the wilds,
Conscious of injury that he hath done,
Slaying the watchful herdsman or his dog,
Escapes, ere yet the peasantry arise,
So fled the son of Nestor, after whom
The Trojans clamouring and Hector pour'd
Darts numberless; but at the front arrived
Of his own phalanx, there he turn'd and stood.
Then, eager as voracious lions, rush'd
The Trojans on the fleet of Greece, the mind
Of Jove accomplishing who them impell'd
Continual, calling all their courage forth,
While, every Greecian heart he tamed, and took
Their glory from them, strengthening Ilium's host.
For Jove's unalter'd purpose was to give

Success to Priameian Hector's arms,
That he might cast into the fleet of Greece
Devouring flames, and that no part might fail
Of Thetis' ruthless prayer; that sight alone
He watch'd to see, one galley in a blaze,
Ordaining foul repulse, thenceforth, and flight
To Ilium's host, but glory to the Greeks.
Such was the cause for which, at first, he moved
To that assault Hector, himself prepared
And ardent for the task; nor less he raged
Than Mars while fighting, or than flames that seize
Some forest on the mountain-tops; the foam
Hung at his lips, beneath his awful front
His keen eyes glisten'd, and his helmet mark'd
The agitation wild with which he fought.
For Jove omnipotent, himself, from heaven
Assisted Hector, and, although alone
With multitudes he strove, gave him to reach
The heights of glory, for that now his life
Waned fast, and, urged by Pallas on, his hour
To die by Peleus' mighty son approach'd.
He then, wherever richest arms he saw
And thickest throng, the warrior-ranks essay'd
To break, but broke them not, though fierce resolved,
In even square compact so firm they stood.
As some vast rock beside the hoary Deep
The stress endures of many a hollow wind,
And the huge billows tumbling at his base,
So stood the Danaï, nor fled nor fear'd.
But He, all-fiery bright in arms, the host
Assail'd on every side, and on the van
Fell, as a wave by wintery blasts upheaved

Falls ponderous on the ship; white clings the foam
Around her, in her sail shrill howls the storm,
And every seaman trembles at the view
Of thousand deaths from which he scarce escapes,
Such anguish rent the bosom of the Greeks.
[8] But He, as leaps a famish'd lion fell
On beeves that graze some marshy meadow's breadth
A countless herd, tended by one unskill'd
To cope with savage beasts in their defence,
Beside the foremost kine or with the last
He paces heedless, but the lion, borne
Impetuous on the midmost, one devours
And scatters all the rest, [8] so fled the Greeks,
Terrified from above, before the arm
Of Hector, and before the frown of Jove.
All fled, but of them all alone he slew
The Mycenæan Periphetes, son
Of Copreus custom'd messenger of King
Eurystheus to the might of Hercules.
From such a sire inglorious had arisen
A son far worthier, with all virtue graced,
Swift-footed, valiant, and by none excell'd
In wisdom of the Mycenæan name;
Yet all but served to ennoble Hector more.
For Periphetes, with a backward step
Retiring, on his buckler's border trod,
Which swept his heels; so check'd, he fell supine,
And dreadful rang the helmet on his brows.
Him Hector quick noticing, to his side

[8] This termination of the period, so little consonant to the beginning of it, follows the original, where it is esteemed by commentators a great beauty.

Hasted, and, planting in his breast a spear,
Slew him before the phalanx of his friends.
But they, although their fellow-warrior's fate
They mourn'd, no succour interposed, or could,
Themselves by noble Hector sore appall'd.
And now behind the ships (all that updrawn
Above the shore, stood foremost of the fleet)
The Greeks retired; in rush'd a flood of foes;
Then, through necessity, the ships in front
Abandoning, amid the tents they stood
Compact, not disarray'd, for shame and fear
Fast held them, and vociferating each
Aloud, call'd ceaseless on the rest to stand.
But earnest more than all, guardian of all,
Gerenian Nestor in their parents' name
Implored them, falling at the knees of each.
Oh friends! be men. Now dearly prize your place
Each in the estimation of the rest.
Now call to memory your children, wives,
Possessions, parents; ye whose parents live,
And ye whose parents are not, all alike!
By them as if here present, I entreat
That ye stand fast,—Oh be not turn'd to flight!
So saying he roused the courage of the Greeks;
Then, Pallas chaced the cloud fall'n from above
On every eye; great light the plain illumed
On all sides, both toward the fleet, and where
The undiscriminating battle raged.
Then might be seen Hector and Hector's host
Distinct, as well the rearmost who the fight
Shared not, as those who waged it at the ships.
To stand aloof where other Greecians stood

No longer now would satisfy the mind
Of Ajax, but from deck to deck with strides
Enormous marching, to and fro he swung
With iron studs emboss'd a battle-pole
Unwieldy, twenty and two cubits long.
As one, expert to spring from horse to horse,
From many steeds selecting four, toward
Some noble city drives them from the plain
Along the populous road; him many a youth
And many a maiden eyes, while still secure
From steed to steed he vaults; they rapid fly;
So Ajax o'er the decks of numerous ships
Stalk'd striding large, and sent his voice to heaven.
Thus, ever clamouring, he bade the Greeks
Stand both for camp and fleet. Nor could himself
Hector, contented, now, the battle wage
Lost in the multitude of Trojans more,
But as the tawny eagle on full wing
Assails the feather'd nations, geese or cranes
Or swans lithe-neck'd grazing the river's verge,
So Hector at a galley sable-prow'd
Darted; for, from behind, Jove urged him on
With mighty hand, and his host after him.
And now again the battle at the ships
Grew furious; thou hadst deem'd them of a kind
By toil untameable, so fierce they strove,
And, striving, thus they thought. The Greecians judged
Hope vain, and the whole host's destruction sure;
But nought expected every Trojan less
Than to consume the fleet with fire, and leave
Achaia's heroes lifeless on the field.
With such persuasion occupied, they fought.

Then Hector seized the stern of a brave bark
Well-built, sharp-keel'd, and of the swiftest sail,
Which had to Troy Protesilāus brought,
But bore him never thence. For that same ship
Contending, Greeks and Trojans hand to hand
Dealt slaughter mutual. Javelins now no more
Might serve them, or the arrow-starting bow,
But close conflicting and of one mind all
With bill and battle-axe, with ponderous swords
And with long lances double-edged they fought.
Many a black-hilted faulchion huge of haft
Fell to the ground, some from the grasp, and some
From shoulders of embattled warriors hewn,
And pools of blood soak'd all the sable glebe.
Hector that ship once grappled by the stern
Left not, but griping fast her upper edge
With both hands, to his Trojans call'd aloud.
Fire! Bring me fire! Stand fast and shout to heaven!
Jove gives us now a day worth all the past;
The ships are ours which, in the Gods' despight
Steer'd hither, such calamities to us
Have caused, for which our Seniors most I blame
Who me withheld from battle at the fleet
And check'd the people; but if then the hand
Of Thunderer Jove our better judgement marr'd,
Himself now urges and commands us—On.
He ceased; they still more violent assail'd
The Greecians. Even Ajax could endure,
Whelm'd under weapons numberless, that storm
No longer, but expecting death retired
Down from the decks to an inferior stand,
Where still he watch'd, and if a Trojan bore

Fire thither, he repulsed him with his spear,
Roaring continual to the host of Greece.
Friends! Greecian heroes! ministers of Mars!
Be men, my friends! now summon all your might!
Think we that we have thousands at our backs
To succour us, or yet some stronger wall
To guard our warriors from the battle's force?
Not so. No tower'd city is at hand,
None that presents us with a safe retreat
While others occupy our station here,
But from the shores of Argos far remote
Our camp is, where the Trojans arm'd complete
Swarm on the plain, and Ocean shuts us in.
Our hands must therefore save us, not our heels.
He said, and furious with his spear again
Press'd them, and whatsoever Trojan came,
Obsequious to the will of Hector, arm'd
With fire to burn the fleet, on his spear's point
Ajax receiving pierced him, till at length
Twelve in close fight fell by his single arm.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

Achilles, at the suit of Patroclus, grants him his own armour, and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They, sallying, repulse the Trojans. Patroclus slays Sarpedon, and Hector, when Apollo had first stripped off his armour and Euphorbus wounded him, slays Patroclus.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

Such contest for that gallant bark they waged.
Meantime Patroclus, standing at the side
Of the illustrious Chief Achilles, wept
Fast as a crystal fountain from the height
Of some rude rock pours down its rapid[1] stream.
Divine Achilles with compassion moved
Mark'd him, and in wing'd accents thus began.
Why weeps Patroclus like an infant girl
Who, running at her mother's side, entreats
To be uplifted in her arms? She grasps
Her mantle, checks her haste, and looking up
With tearful eyes, pleads earnest to be borne;
So fall, Patroclus! thy unceasing tears.
Bring'st thou to me or to my people aught
Afflictive? Hast thou mournful tidings learn'd
From Phthia, trusted to thine ear alone?
Menœtius, son of Actor, as they say,
Still lives; still lives his Myrmidons among
Peleus Æacides; whom, were they dead,
With cause sufficient we should both deplore.

[1] This translation of *δνοφερον* is warranted by the Scholiast, who paraphrases it thus:—

μετα δονησεως φερομενον. *Iliad per Vill.*

Or weep'st thou the Achaians at the ships
Perishing, for their outrage done to me?
Speak. Name thy trouble. I would learn the cause.
To whom, deep-sorrowing, thou didst reply,
Patroclus! Oh Achilles, Peleus' son!
Noblest of all our host! bear with my grief,
Since such distress hath on the Greecians fallen.
The bravest of their ships disabled lie,
Some wounded from afar, some hand to hand.
Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,
Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious Chief,
And Agamemnon suffer by the spear,
And brave Eurypylus an arrow-point
Bears in his thigh. These all, are now the care
Of healing hands. Oh thou art pity-proof,
Achilles! be my bosom ever free
From anger such as harbour finds in thine,
Scorning all limits! whom, of men unborn,
Hereafter wilt thou save, from whom avert
Disgrace, if not from the Achaians now?
Ah ruthless! neither Peleus thee begat,
Nor Thetis bore, but rugged rocks sublime,
And roaring billows blue gave birth to thee,
Who bear'st a mind that knows not to relent.
But, if some prophecy alarm thy fears,
If from thy Goddess-mother thou have aught
Received, and with authority of Jove,
Me send at least, me quickly, and with me
The Myrmidons. A dawn of cheerful hope
Shall thence, it may be, on the Greeks arise.
Grant me thine armour also, that the foe
Thyself supposing present, may abstain

From battle, and the weary Greeks enjoy
Short respite; it is all that war allows.
We, fresh and vigorous, by our shouts alone
May easily repulse an army spent
With labour from the camp, and from the fleet.
Such suit he made, alas! all unforewarn'd
That his own death should be the bitter fruit,
And thus Achilles, sorrowful, replied.
Patroclus, noble friend! what hast thou spoken?
Me neither prophecy that I have heard
Holds in suspense, nor aught that I have learn'd
From Thetis with authority of Jove!
Hence springs, and hence alone, my grief of heart;
If one, in nought superior to myself
Save in his office only, should by force
Amerce me of my well-earn'd recompense—
How then? There lies the grief that stings my soul.
The virgin chosen for me by the sons
Of Greece, my just reward, by my own spear
Obtain'd when I Eëtion's city took,
Her, Agamemnon, leader of the host
From my possession wrung, as I had been
Some alien wretch, unhonour'd and unknown.
But let it pass; anger is not a flame
To feed for ever; I affirm'd, indeed,
Mine inextinguishable till the shout
Of battle should invade my proper barks;
But thou put on my glorious arms, lead forth
My valiant Myrmidons, since such a cloud,
So dark, of dire hostility surrounds
The fleet, and the Achaians, by the waves
Hemm'd in, are prison'd now in narrow space.

Because the Trojans meet not in the field
My dazzling helmet, therefore bolder grown
All Ilium comes abroad; but had I found
Kindness at royal Agamemnon's hands,
Soon had they fled, and with their bodies choak'd
The streams, from whom ourselves now suffer siege.
For in the hands of Diomede his spear
No longer rages rescuing from death
The afflicted Danaï, nor hear I more
The voice of Agamemnon issuing harsh
From his detested throat, but all around
The burst[2] of homicidal Hector's cries,
Calling his Trojans on; they loud insult
The vanquish'd Greeks, and claim the field their own.
Go therefore, my Patroclus; furious fall
On these assailants, even now preserve
From fire the only hope of our return.
But hear the sum of all; mark well my word;
So shalt thou glorify me in the eyes
Of all the Danaï, and they shall yield
Brisëis mine, with many a gift beside.
The Trojans from the fleet expell'd, return.
Should Juno's awful spouse give thee to win
Victory, be content; seek not to press
The Trojans without me, for thou shalt add
Still more to the disgrace already mine.
Much less, by martial ardour urged, conduct
Thy slaughtering legions to the walls of Troy,
Lest some immortal power on her behalf
Descend, for much the Archer of the skies

[2] *περιάγνυται*. A word of incomparable force, and that defies translation.

Loves Ilium. No—the fleet once saved, lead back
Thy band, and leave the battle to themselves.
For oh, by all the powers of heaven I would
That not one Trojan might escape of all,
Nor yet a Greecian, but that we, from death
Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread
Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground, alone.
Thus they conferr'd. But Ajax overwhelm'd
Meantime with darts, no longer could endure,
Quell'd both by Jupiter and by the spears
Of many a noble Trojan; hideous rang
His batter'd helmet bright, stroke after stroke
Sustaining on all sides, and his left arm
That had so long shifted from side to side
His restless shield, now fail'd; yet could not all
Displace him with united force, or move.
Quick pantings heaved his chest, copious the sweat
Trickled from all his limbs, nor found he time,
However short, to breathe again, so close
Evil on evil heap'd hemm'd him around.
Olympian Muses! now declare, how first
The fire was kindled in Achaia's fleet?
Hector the ashen lance of Ajax smote
With his broad faulchion, at the nether end,
And lopp'd it sheer. The Telamonian Chief
His mutilated beam brandish'd in vain,
And the bright point shrill-sounding fell remote.
Then Ajax in his noble mind perceived,
Shuddering with awe, the interposing power
Of heaven, and that, propitious to the arms
Of Troy, the Thunderer had ordain'd to mar
And frustrate all the counsels of the Greeks.

He left his stand; they fired the gallant bark;
Through all her length the conflagration ran
Incontinent, and wrapp'd her stern in flames.
Achilles saw them, smote his thighs, and said,
Patroclus, noble charioteer, arise!
I see the rapid run of hostile fires
Already in the fleet—lest all be lost,
And our return impossible, arm, arm
This moment; I will call, myself, the band.
Then put Patroclus on his radiant arms.
Around his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,
With argent studs secured; the hauberk rich
Star-spangled to his breast he bound of swift
Æacides; he slung his brazen sword
With silver bright emboss'd, and his broad shield
Ponderous; on his noble head his casque
He settled elegant, whose lofty crest
Waved dreadful o'er his brows, and last he seized
Well fitted to his gripe two sturdy spears.
Of all Achilles' arms his spear alone
He took not; that huge beam, of bulk and length
Enormous, none, Æacides except,
In all Achaia's host had power to wield.
It was that Pelian ash which from the top
Of Pelion hewn that it might prove the death
Of heroes, Chiron had to Peleus given.
He bade Automedon his coursers bind
Speedily to the yoke, for him he loved
Next to Achilles most, as worthiest found
Of trust, what time the battle loudest roar'd.
Then led Automedon the fiery steeds
Swift as wing'd tempests to the chariot-yoke,

Xanthus and Balius. Them the harpy bore
Podarge, while in meadows green she fed
On Ocean's side, to Zephyrus the wind.
To these he added, at their side, a third
The noble Pedasus; him Peleus' son,
Eëtion's city taken, thence had brought,
Though mortal, yet a match for steeds divine.
Meantime from every tent Achilles call'd
And arm'd his Myrmidons. As wolves that gorge
The prey yet panting, terrible in force,
When on the mountains wild they have devour'd
An antler'd stag new-slain, with bloody jaws
Troop all at once to some clear fountain, there
To lap with slender tongues the brimming wave;
No fears have they, but at their ease eject
From full maws flatulent the clotted gore;
Such seem'd the Myrmidon heroic Chiefs
Assembling fast around the valiant friend
Of swift Æacides. Amid them stood
Warlike Achilles, the well-shielded ranks
Exhorting, and the steeds, to glorious war.
The galleys by Achilles dear to Jove
Commanded, when to Ilium's coast he steer'd,
Were fifty; fifty rowers sat in each,
And five, in whom he trusted, o'er the rest
He captains named, but ruled, himself, supreme.
One band Menestheus swift in battle led,
Offspring of Sperchius heaven-descended stream.
Him Polydora, Peleus' daughter, bore
To ever-flowing Sperchius, compress'd,
Although a mortal woman, by a God.
But his reputed father was the son

Of Perieres, Borus, who with dower
Enrich'd, and made her openly his bride.
Warlike Eudorus led the second band.
Him Polymela, graceful in the dance,
And daughter beautiful of Phylas, bore,
A mother unsuspected of a child.
Her worshipping the golden-shafted Queen
Diana, in full choir, with song and dance,
The valiant Argicide beheld and loved.
Ascending with her to an upper room,
All-bounteous Mercury clandestine there
Embraced her, who a noble son produced
Eudorus, swift to run, and bold in fight.
No sooner Ilithya, arbitress
Of pangs puerperal, had given him birth,
And he beheld the beaming sun, than her
Echechleus, Actor's mighty son, enrich'd
With countless dower, and led her to his home;
While ancient Phylas, cherishing her boy
With fond affection, reared him as his own.
The third brave troop warlike Pisander led,
Offspring of Maimalus; he far excell'd
In spear-fight every Myrmidon, the friend
Of Peleus' dauntless son alone except.
The hoary Phœnix of equestrian fame
The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth
Laërceus' offspring, bold Alcimedon.
Thus, all his bands beneath their proper Chiefs
Marshall'd, Achilles gave them strict command—
Myrmidons! all that vengeance now inflict,
Which in this fleet ye ceased not to denounce
Against the Trojans while my wrath endured.

Me censuring, ye have proclaim'd me oft
Obdurate. Oh Achilles! ye have said,
Thee not with milk thy mother but with bile
Suckled, who hold'st thy people here in camp
Thus long imprison'd. Unrelenting Chief!
Even let us hence in our sea-skimming barks
To Phthia, since thou can'st not be appeased—
Thus in full council have ye spoken oft.
Now, therefore, since a day of glorious toil
At last appears, such as ye have desired,
There lies the field—go—give your courage proof.
So them he roused, and they, their leader's voice
Hearing elate, to closest order drew.
As when an architect some palace wall
With shapely stones upbuilds, cementing close
A barrier against all the winds of heaven,
So wedged, the helmets and boss'd bucklers stood;
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man, and shield,
And every bright-arm'd warrior's bushy crest
Its fellow swept, so dense was their array.
In front of all, two Chiefs their station took,
Patroclus and Automedon; one mind
In both prevail'd, to combat in the van
Of all the Myrmidons. Achilles, then,
Retiring to his tent, displaced the lid
Of a capacious chest magnificent
By silver footed Thetis stow'd on board
His bark, and fill'd with tunics, mantles warm,
And gorgeous arras; there he also kept
Secure a goblet exquisitely wrought,
Which never lip touch'd save his own, and whence
He offer'd only to the Sire of all.

That cup producing from the chest, he first
With sulphur fumed it, then with water rinsed
Pellucid of the running stream, and, last
(His hands clean laved) he charged it high with wine.
And now, advancing to his middle court,
He pour'd libation, and with eyes to heaven
Uplifted pray'd, of Jove not unobserved.
  Pelasgian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,
Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights
Snow-clad reign'st Sovereign, by thy seers around
Compass'd the Selli, prophets vow-constrain'd
To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground!
Plain I behold my former prayer perform'd,
Myself exalted, and the Greeks abased.
Now also grant me, Jove, this my desire!
Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide,
But lo! with all these Myrmidons I send
My friend to battle. Thunder-rolling Jove,
Send glory with him, make his courage firm!
That even Hector may himself be taught,
If my companion have a valiant heart
When he goes forth alone, or only then
The noble frenzy feels that Mars inspires
When I rush also to the glorious field.
But when he shall have driven the battle-shout
Once from the fleet, grant him with all his arms,
None lost, himself unhurt, and my whole band
Of dauntless warriors with him, safe return!
  Such prayer Achilles offer'd, and his suit
Jove hearing, part confirm'd, and part refused;
To chase the dreadful battle from the fleet
He gave him, but vouchsafed him no return.

Prayer and libation thus perform'd to Jove
The Sire of all, Achilles to his tent
Return'd, replaced the goblet in his chest,
And anxious still that conflict to behold
Between the hosts, stood forth before his tent.
Then rush'd the bands by brave Patroclus led,
Full on the Trojan host. As wasps forsake
Their home by the way-side, provoked by boys
Disturbing inconsiderate their abode,
Not without nuisance sore to all who pass,
For if, thenceforth, some traveller unaware
Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm
Around him, fearless in their broods' defence,
So issued from their feet the Myrmidons
Undaunted; clamour infinite arose,
And thus Patroclus loud his host address'd.
Oh Myrmidons, attendants in the field
On Peleus' son, now be ye men, my friends!
Call now to mind the fury of your might;
That we, close-fighting servants of the Chief
Most excellent in all the camp of Greece,
May glory gain for Him, and that the wide-
Commanding Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
May learn his fault, that he dishonour'd foul
The prince in whom Achaia glories most.
So saying he fired their hearts, and on the van
Of Troy at once they fell; loud shouted all
The joyful Greecians, and the navy rang.
Then, soon as Ilium's host the valiant son
Saw of Menœtius and his charioteer
In dazzling armour clad, all courage lost,
Their closest ranks gave way, believing sure

That, wrath renounced, and terms of friendship chosen,
Achilles' self was there; thus thinking, each
Look'd every way for refuge from his fate.
  Patroclus first, where thickest throng he saw
Gather'd tumultuous around the bark
Of brave Protesilaüs, hurl'd direct
At the whole multitude his glittering spear.
He smote Pyræchmes; he his horseman band
Pœonian led from Amydon, and from
Broad-flowing Axius. In his shoulder stood
The spear, and with loud groans supine he fell.
At once fled all his followers, on all sides
With consternation fill'd, seeing their Chief
And their best warrior, by Patroclus slain.
Forth from the fleet he drove them, quench'd the flames,
And rescued half the ship. Then scatter'd fled
With infinite uproar the host of Troy,
While from between their ships the Danaï
Pour'd after them, and hideous rout ensued.
As when the king of lightnings, Jove, dispels
From some huge eminence a gloomy cloud,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
Shine all, illumined from the boundless heaven,
So when the Danaï those hostile fires
Had from their fleet expell'd, awhile they breathed,
Yet found short respite, for the battle yet
Ceased not, nor fled the Trojans in all parts
Alike, but still resisted, from the ships
Retiring through necessity alone.
Then, in that scatter'd warfare, every Chief
Slew one. While Areïlochus his back
Turn'd on Patroclus, sudden with a lance

His thigh he pierced, and urged the weapon through,
Shivering the bone; he headlong smote the ground.
The Hero Menelaus, where he saw
The breast of Thoas by his slanting shield
Unguarded, struck and stretch'd him at his feet.
Phylides[3], meeting with preventive spear
The furious onset of Amphiclus, gash'd
His leg below the knee, where brawny most
The muscles swell in man; disparted wide
The tendons shrank, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
The two Nestoridæ slew each a Chief.
Of these, Antilochus Atymnius pierced
Right through his flank, and at his feet he fell.
With fierce resentment fired Maris beheld
His brother's fall, and guarding, spear in hand,
The slain, impetuous on the conqueror flew;
But godlike Thrasymedes[4] wounded first
Maris, ere he Antilochus; he pierced
His upper arm, and with the lance's point
Rent off and stript the muscles to the bone.
Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
They thus, two brothers by two brothers slain,
Went down to Erebus, associates both
Of brave Sarpedon, and spear-practised sons
Of Amisodarus; of him who fed
Chimæra[5], monster, by whom many died.

[3] Meges.

[4] Brother of Antilochus.

[5] ἀμαιμακέτην—is a word which I can find nowhere satisfactorily derived. Perhaps it is expressive of great length, and I am the more inclined to that sense of it, because it is the epithet given to the mast on which Ulysses floated to Charybdis.

Ajax the swift on Cleobulus sprang,
Whom while he toil'd entangled in the crowd,
He seized alive, but smote him where he stood
With his huge-hafted sword full on the neck;
The blood warm'd all his blade, and ruthless fate
Benighted dark the dying warrior's eyes.
Peneleus into close contention rush'd
And Lycon. Each had hurl'd his glittering spear,
But each in vain, and now with swords they met.
He smote Peneleus on the crested casque,
But snapp'd his faulchion; him Peneleus smote
Beneath his ear; the whole blade entering sank
Into his neck, and Lycon with his head
Depending by the skin alone, expired.
Meriones o'ertaking Acamas
Ere yet he could ascend his chariot, thrust
A lance into his shoulder; down he fell
In dreary death's eternal darkness whelm'd.
Idomeneus his ruthless spear enforced
Into the mouth of Erymas. The point
Stay'd not, but gliding close beneath the brain,
Transpierced his spine[6], and started forth beyond.
It wrench'd his teeth, and fill'd his eyes with blood;
Blood also blowing through his open mouth
And nostrils, to the realms of death he pass'd.
Thus slew these Greecian leaders, each, a foe.

We must in that case derive it from *ἅμα* and *μῆκος* Doricè, *μᾶκος*—longitudo.

In this uncertainty I thought myself free to translate it as I have, by the word—monster.

[6] Apollonius says that the *ὀστεα λευκα* here mean the *σπονδυλους*, or vertebræ of the neck.—See Villoisson.

Sudden as hungry wolves the kids purloin
Or lambs, which haply some unheeding swain
Hath left to roam at large the mountains wild;
They, seeing, snatch them from beside the dams,
And rend incontinent the feeble prey,
So swift the Danaï the host assail'd
Of Ilium; they, into tumultuous flight
Together driven, all hope, all courage lost.
Huge Ajax ceaseless sought his spear to cast
At Hector brazen-mail'd, who, not untaught
The warrior's art, with bull-hide buckler stood
Sheltering his ample shoulders, while he mark'd
The hiss of flying shafts and crash of spears.
Full sure he saw the shifting course of war
Now turn'd, but scorning flight, bent all his thoughts
To rescue yet the remnant of his friends.
As when the Thunderer spreads a sable storm
O'er ether, late serene, the cloud that wrapp'd
Olympus' head escapes into the skies,
So fled the Trojans from the fleet of Greece
Clamouring in their flight, nor pass'd the trench
In fair array; the coursers fleet indeed
Of Hector, Him bore safe with all his arms
Right through, but in the foss entangled foul
He left his host, and struggling to escape.
Then many a chariot-whirling steed, the pole
Broken at its extremity, forsook
His driver, while Patroclus with the shout
Of battle calling his Achaians on,
Destruction purposed to the powers of Troy.
They, once dispersed, with clamour and with flight
Fill'd all the ways, the dust beneath the clouds

Hung like a tempest, and the steeds firm-hoof'd
Whirl'd off at stretch the chariots to the town.
He, wheresoe'er most troubled he perceived
The routed host, loud-threatening thither drove,
While under his own axle many a Chief
Fell prone, and the o'ertumbled chariots rang.
Right o'er the hollow foss the coursers leap'd
Immortal, by the Gods to Peleus given,
Impatient for the plain, nor less desire
Felt he who drove to smite the Trojan Chief,
But him his fiery steeds caught swift away.
As when a tempest from autumnal skies
Floats all the fields, what time Jove heaviest pours
Impetuous rain, token of wrath divine
Against perverters of the laws by force,
Who drive forth justice, reckless of the Gods;
The rivers and the torrents, where they dwell,
Sweep many a green declivity away,
And plunge at length, groaning, into the Deep
From the hills headlong, leaving where they pass'd
No traces of the pleasant works of man,
So, in their flight, loud groan'd the steeds of Troy.
And now, their foremost intercepted all,
Patroclus back again toward the fleet
Drove them precipitate, nor the ascent
Permitted them to Troy for which they strove,
But in the midway space between the ships
The river and the lofty Trojan wall
Pursued them ardent, slaughtering whom he reach'd,
And vengeance took for many a Greecian slain.
First then, with glittering spear the breast he pierced
Of Pronöus, undefended by his shield,

And stretch'd him dead; loud rang his batter'd arms.
The son of Enops, Thestor next he smote.
He on his chariot-seat magnificent
Low-cowering sat, a fear-distracted form,
And from his palsied grasp the reins had fallen.
Then came Patroclus nigh, and through his cheek
His teeth transpiercing, drew him by his lance
Sheer o'er the chariot front. As when a man
On some projecting rock seated, with line
And splendid hook draws forth a sea-fish huge,
So him wide-gaping from his seat he drew
At his spear-point, then shook him to the ground
Prone on his face, where gasping he expired.
At Eryalus, next, advancing swift
He hurl'd a rock; full on the middle front
He smote him, and within the ponderous casque
His whole head open'd into equal halves.
With deadliest night surrounded, prone he fell.
Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus,
Echius, Tlepolemus Damastor's son,
Evippus, Ipheus, Pyres, Polymelus,
All these he on the champain, corse on corse
Promiscuous flung. Sarpedon, when he saw
Such havoc made of his uncinctured[7] friends
By Menœtiades, with sharp rebuke
His band of godlike Lycians loud address'd.
Shame on you, Lycians! whither would ye fly?
Now are ye swift indeed! I will oppose

[7] *Ἀμιτροχίτωνας* is a word, according to Clarke, descriptive of their peculiar habit. Their corslet, and the mail worn under it, were of a piece, and put on together. To them therefore the cincture or belt of the Greeks was unnecessary.

Myself this conqueror, that I may learn
Who thus afflicts the Trojan host, of life
Bereaving numerous of their warriors bold.
He said, and with his arms leap'd to the ground.
On the other side, Patroclus at that sight
Sprang from his chariot. As two vultures clash
Bow-beak'd, crook-talon'd, on some lofty rock
Clamouring both, so they together rush'd
With clamours loud; whom when the son observed
Of wily Saturn, with compassion moved
His sister and his spouse he thus bespake.
Alas he falls! my most beloved of men
Sarpedon, vanquish'd by Patroclus falls!
So will the Fates. Yet, doubtful, much I muse
Whether to place him, snatch'd from furious fight,
In Lycia's wealthy realm, or to permit
His death by valiant Menœtiades.
To whom his awful spouse, displeased, replied.
How speaks the terrible Saturnian Jove?
Wouldst thou again from pangs of death exempt
A mortal man, destined long since to die?
Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heaven.
Mark thou my words, and in thy inmost breast
Treasure them. If thou send Sarpedon safe
To his own home, how many Gods *their* sons
May also send from battle? Weigh it well.
For under yon great city fight no few
Sprung from Immortals whom thou shalt provoke.
But if thou love him, and thine heart his lot
Commiserate, leave him by the hands to fall
Of Menœtiades in conflict dire;
But give command to Death and gentle Sleep

That him of life bereft at once they bear
To Lycia's ample realm, where, with due rites
Funereal, his next kindred and his friends
Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb
(The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.
She said, from whom the Sire of Gods and men
Dissented not, but on the earth distill'd
A sanguine shower in honour of a son
Dear to him, whom Patroclus on the field
Of fruitful Troy should slay, far from his home.
Opposite now, small interval between,
Those heroes stood. Patroclus at his waist
Pierced Thrasymelus the illustrious friend
Of King Sarpedon, and his charioteer.
Spear'd through the lower bowels, dead he fell.
Then hurl'd Sarpedon in his turn a lance,
But miss'd Patroclus and the shoulder pierced
Of Pedasus the horse; he groaning heaved
His spirit forth, and fallen on the field
In long loud moanings sorrowful expired.
Wide started the immortal pair; the yoke
Creak'd, and entanglement of reins ensued
To both, their fellow slaughter'd at their side.
That mischief soon Automedon redress'd.
He rose, and from beside his sturdy thigh
Drawing his faulchion, with effectual stroke
Cut loose the side-horse; then the pair reduced
To order, in their traces stood composed,
And the two heroes fierce engaged again.
Again his radiant spear Sarpedon hurl'd,
But miss'd Patroclus; the innocuous point,
O'erflying his left shoulder, pass'd beyond.

Then with bright lance Patroclus in his turn
Assail'd Sarpedon, nor with erring course
The weapon sped or vain, but pierced profound
His chest, enclosure of the guarded heart.
As falls an oak, poplar, or lofty pine
With new-edged axes on the mountains hewn
Right through, for structure of some gallant bark,
So fell Sarpedon stretch'd his steeds before
And gnash'd his teeth and clutch'd the bloody dust.
And as a lion slays a tawny bull
Leader magnanimous of all the herd;
Beneath the lion's jaws groaning he dies;
So, leader of the shielded Lycians groan'd
Indignant, by Patroclus slain, the bold
Sarpedon, and his friend thus, sad, bespake.
Glaucus, my friend, among these warring Chiefs
Thyself a Chief illustrious! thou hast need
Of all thy valour now; now strenuous fight,
And, if thou bear within thee a brave mind,
Now make the war's calamities thy joy.
First, marching through the host of Lycia, rouse
Our Chiefs to combat for Sarpedon slain,
Then haste, thyself, to battle for thy friend.
For shame and foul dishonour which no time
Shall e'er obliterate, I must prove to thee,
Should the Achaians of my glorious arms
Despoil me in full prospect[8] of the fleet.
Fight, therefore, thou, and others urge to fight.

[8] Sarpedon certainly was not slain *in the fleet*, neither can the Greek expression νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι be with propriety interpreted—*in certamine de navibus*—as Clarke and Mme Dacier are inclined to render it. *Juvenum in certamine*, seems equally

He said, and cover'd by the night of death,
Nor look'd nor breathed again; for on his chest
Implanting firm his heel, Patroclus drew
The spear enfolded with his vitals forth,
Weapon and life at once. Meantime his steeds
Snorted by Myrmidons detain'd, and, loosed
From their own master's chariot, foam'd to fly.
Terrible was the grief by Glaucus felt
Hearing that charge, and troubled was his heart
That all power fail'd him to protect the dead.
Compressing his own arm he stood, with pain
Extreme tormented which the shaft had caused
Of Teucer, who while Glaucus climb'd the wall,
Had pierced him from it in the fleet's defence.
Then, thus, to Phœbus, King shaft-arm'd, he pray'd.
Hear now, O King! For whether in the land
Of wealthy Lycia dwelling, or in Troy,

an improbable sense of it. Eustathius, indeed, and Terrasson, supposing Sarpedon to assert that he dies in the middle of the fleet, (which was false in fact,) are kind enough to vindicate Homer by pleading in his favour, that Sarpedon, being in the article of death, was delirious, and knew not, in reality, where he died. But Homer, however he may have been charged with now and then a nap, (a crime of which I am persuaded he is never guilty,) certainly does not slumber here, nor needs to be so defended. Ἀγῶν, in the 23d Iliad, means the *whole extensive area* in which the games were exhibited, and may therefore here, without any strain of the expression, be understood to signify the *whole range of shore* on which the ships were stationed. In which case Sarpedon represents the matter as it was, saying that he dies—νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι,—that is, in the neighbourhood of the ships, and in full prospect of them.

The Translator assumes not to himself the honour of this judicious remark. It belongs to Mr. Fuseli.

Thou hear'st in every place alike the prayer
Of the afflicted heart, and such is mine;
Behold my wound; it fills my useless hand
With anguish, neither can my blood be stay'd,
And all my shoulder suffers. I can grasp
A spear, or rush to conflict with the Greeks
No longer now; and we have also lost
Our noblest Chief, Sarpedon, son of Jove,
Who guards not his own son. But thou, O King!
Heal me, assuage my anguish, give me strength,
That I may animate the Lycian host
To fight, and may, myself, defend the dead!
  Such prayer he offer'd, whom Apollo heard;
He eased at once his pain, the sable blood
Staunch'd, and his soul with vigour new inspired.
Then Glaucus in his heart that prayer perceived
Granted, and joyful for the sudden aid
Vouchsafed to him by Phœbus, first the lines
Of Lycia ranged, summoning every Chief
To fight for slain Sarpedon; striding next
With eager haste into the ranks of Troy,
Renown'd Agenor and the son he call'd
Of Panthus, brave Polydamas, with whom
Æneas also, and approaching last
To Hector brazen-mail'd him thus bespake.
  Now, Hector! now, thou hast indeed resign'd
All care of thy allies, who, for thy sake,
Lost both to friends and country, on these plains
Perish, unaided and unmiss'd by thee.
Sarpedon breathless lies, who led to fight
Our shielded bands, and from whose just controul
And courage Lycia drew her chief defence.

Him brazen Mars hath by the spear subdued
Of Menœtiades. But stand ye firm!
Let indignation fire you, O my friends!
Lest, stripping him of his resplendent arms,
The Myrmidons with foul dishonour shame
His body, through resentment of the deaths
Of numerous Greecians slain by spears of ours.
He ceased; then sorrow every Trojan heart
Seized insupportable and that disdain'd
All bounds, for that, although a stranger born,
Sarpedon ever had a bulwark proved
To Troy, the leader of a numerous host,
And of that host by none in fight excell'd.
Right on toward the Danaï they moved
Ardent for battle all, and at their head
Enraged for slain Sarpedon, Hector came.
Meantime, stout-hearted[9] Chief, Patroclus roused
The Greecians, and exhorting first (themselves
Already prompt) the Ajaces, thus began.
Heroic pair! now make it all your joy
To chace the Trojan host, and such to prove
As erst, or even bolder, if ye may.
The Chief lies breathless who ascended first
Our wall, Sarpedon. Let us bear him hence,
Strip and dishonour him, and in the blood
Of his protectors drench the ruthless spear.
So Menœtiades his warriors urged,
Themselves courageous. Then the Lycian host
And Trojan here, and there the Myrmidons
With all the host of Greece, closing the ranks

[9] λασιον κηρ.

Rush'd into furious contest for the dead,
Shouting tremendous; clang'd their brazen arms,
And Jove with Night's pernicious shades o'erhung
The bloody field, so to enhance the more
Their toilsome strife for his own son. First then
The Trojans from their place and order shock'd
The bright-eyed Greecians, slaying not the least
Nor worst among the Myrmidons, the brave
Epigeus, from renown'd Agacles sprung.
He, erst, in populous Budeum ruled,
But for a valiant kinsman of his own
Whom there he slew, had thence to Peleus fled
And to his silver-footed spouse divine,
Who with Achilles, phalanx-breaker Chief,
Sent him to fight beneath the walls of Troy.
Him seizing fast the body, with a stone
Illustrious Hector smote full on the front,
And his whole scull within the ponderous casque
Split sheer; he prostrate on the body fell
In shades of soul-divorcing death involved.
Patroclus, grieving for his slaughter'd friend,
Rush'd through the foremost warriors. As the hawk
Swift-wing'd before him starlings drives or daws,
So thou Patroclus, of equestrian fame!
Full on the Lycian ranks and Trojan drov'st
Resentful of thy fellow-warrior's fall.
At Stheneläus an huge stone he cast
Son of Ithæmenes, whom on the neck
He smote and burst the tendons; then the van
Of Ilium's host, with Hector, all retired.
Far as the slender javelin cuts the air
Hurl'd with collected force, or in the games,

Or even in battle at a desperate foe,
So far the Greeks repulsed the host of Troy.
Then Glaucus first, Chief of the shielded bands
Of Lycia, slew Bathycles, valiant son
Of Calchon; Hellas was his home, and far
He pass'd in riches all the Myrmidons.
Him chasing Glaucus whom he now attain'd,
The Lycian, turning sudden, with his lance
Pierced through the breast, and, sounding, down he fell.
Grief fill'd Achaia's sons for such a Chief
So slain, but joy the Trojans; thick they throng'd
The conqueror around, nor yet the Greeks
Forgat their force, but resolute advanced.
Then, by Meriones a Trojan died
Of noble rank, Laogonus, the son
Undaunted of Onetor great in Troy,
Priest of Idæan Jove. The ear and jaw
Between, he pierced him with a mortal force;
Swift flew the life, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Æneas, in return, his brazen spear
Hurl'd at Meriones with ardent hope
To pierce him, while, with nimble[10] steps and short

[10] Ὑπασπίδια προβιβῶντος. A similar expression occurs in Book XIII. 158. There we read ὑπασπίδια προποδίζων. Which is explained by the Scholiast in Villoisson to signify—advancing with quick short steps, and at the same time covering the feet with a shield. A practice which, unless they bore the ἀμφιβρότην ἀσπίδα, must necessarily leave the upper parts exposed.

It is not improbable, though the translation is not accommodated to that conjecture, that Æneas, in his following speech to Meriones, calls him, ὀρχηστήν, with a view to the agility with which he performed this particular step in battle.

Behind his buckler made, he paced the field;
But, warn'd of its approach, Meriones
Bow'd low his head, shunning it, and the spear
Behind him pierced the soil; there quivering stood
The weapon, vain, though from a vigorous arm,
Till spent by slow degrees its fury slept.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * * [11]

Indignant then Æneas thus exclaim'd.
Meriones! I sent thee such a spear
As, reaching thee, should have for ever marr'd
Thy step, accomplish'd dancer as thou art.
To whom Meriones spear-famed replied.
Æneas! thou wilt find the labour hard
How great soe'er thy might, to quell the force
Of all opposers. Thou art also doom'd
Thyself to die; and may but spear of mine
Well-aim'd once strike thee full, what strength soe'er
Or magnanimity be thine to boast,
Thy glory in that moment thou resign'st
To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.
He said, but him Patroclus sharp reproved.
Why speaks Meriones, although in fight
Approved, thus proudly? Nay, my gallant friend!
The Trojans will not for reproach of ours
Renounce the body. Blood must first be spilt.

[11] Two lines occurring here in the original which contain only the same matter as the two preceding, and which are found neither in the MSS. used by Barnes nor in the Harleian, the Translator has omitted them in his version as interpolated and superfluous.

Tongues in debate, but hands in war decide;
Deeds therefore now, not wordy vaunts, we need.
So saying he led the way, whom follow'd close
Godlike Meriones. As from the depth
Of some lone wood that clothes the mountain's side
The fellers at their toil are heard remote,
So, from the face of Ilium's ample plain
Reverberated, was the din of brass
And of tough targets heard by faulchions huge
Hard-smitten, and by spears of double-edge.
None then, no, not the quickest to discern,
Had known divine Sarpedon, from his head
To his foot-sole with mingled blood and dust
Polluted, and o'erwhelm'd with weapons. They
Around the body swarm'd. As hovel-flies
In spring-time buzz around the brimming pails
With milk bedew'd, so they around the dead.
Nor Jove averted once his glorious eyes
From that dread contest, but with watchful note
Mark'd all, the future death in battle deep
Pondering of Patroclus, whether Him
Hector should even now slay on divine
Sarpedon, and despoil him of his arms,
Or he should still that arduous strife prolong.
This counsel gain'd as eligible most
At length his preference: that the valiant friend
Of Peleus' son should yet again compel
The Trojan host with Hector brazen-mail'd
To Ilium, slaughtering numerous by the way.
First then, with fears unmanly he possess'd
The heart of Hector; mounting to his seat
He turn'd to flight himself, and bade his host

Fly also; for he knew Jove's purpose [12] changed.
Thenceforth, no longer even Lycia's host
Endured, but all fled scatter'd, seeing pierced
Their sovereign through his heart, and heap'd with dead;
For numerous, while Saturnian Jove the fight
Held in suspense, had on his body fallen.
At once the Greecians of his dazzling arms
Despoil'd Sarpedon, which the Myrmidons
By order of Menœtius' valiant son
Bore thence into the fleet. Meantime his will
The Thunderer to Apollo thus express'd.
Phœbus, my son, delay not; from beneath
Yon hill of weapons drawn cleanse from his blood
Sarpedon's corse; then, bearing him remote,
Lave him in waters of the running stream,
With oils divine anoint, and in attire
Immortal clothe him. Last, to Death and Sleep,
Swift bearers both, twin-born, deliver him;
For hence to Lycia's opulent abodes
They shall transport him quickly, where, with rites
Funereal, his next kindred and his friends
Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb
(The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.
He ceased; nor was Apollo slow to hear
His father's will, but from the Idæan heights
Descending swift into the dreadful field,
Godlike Sarpedon's body from beneath
The hill of weapons drew, which, borne remote,
He laved in waters of the running stream,

[12] Ἰρὰ τάλαντα—*Voluntatem Jovis cui cedendum.*—So it is interpreted in the Scholium MSS. Lipsiensis.—Vide Schaufelbergerus.

With oils ambrosial bathed, and clothed in robes
Immortal. Then to Death and gentle Sleep,
Swift-bearers both, twin-born, he gave the charge,
Who placed it soon in Lycia's wealthy realm.
Meantime Patroclus, calling to his steeds,
And to Automedon, the Trojans chased
And Lycians, on his own destruction bent
Infatuate; heedless of his charge received
From Peleus' son, which, well perform'd, had saved
The Hero from his miserable doom.
But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails
Against the thoughts of man; He turns to flight
The bravest, and the victory takes with ease
E'en from the Chief whom he impels himself
To battle, as he now this Chief impell'd.
Who, then, Patroclus! first, who last by thee
Fell slain, what time thyself wast call'd to die?
Adrastus first, then Perimus he slew,
Offspring of Megas, then Autonoüs,
Echechlus, Melanippus, and Epistor,
Pylartes, Mulius, Elasus. All these
He slew, and from the field chased all beside.
Then, doubtless, had Achaia's sons prevail'd
To take proud-gated Troy, such havoc made
He with his spear, but that the son of Jove
Apollo, on a tower's conspicuous height
Station'd, devoted him for Ilium's sake.
Thrice on a buttress of the lofty wall
Patroclus mounted, and him thrice the God
With hands immortal his resplendent shield
Smiting, struck down again; but when he rush'd

A fourth time, demon-like, to the assault,
The King of radiant shafts him, stern, rebuked.
Patroclus, warrior of renown, retire!
The fates ordain not that imperial Troy
Stoop to thy spear, nor to the spear itself
Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou.
He said, and Menœtiades the wrath
Of shaft-arm'd Phœbus shunning, far retired.
But in the Scæan gate Hector his steeds
Detain'd, uncertain whether thence to drive
Amid the warring multitude again,
Or, loud commandment issuing, to collect
His host within the walls. Him musing long
Apollo, clad in semblance of a Chief
Youthful and valiant, join'd. Asius he seem'd
Equestrian Hector's uncle, brother born
Of Hecuba the queen, and Dymas' son,
Who on the Sangar's banks in Phrygia dwelt.
Apollo, so disguised, him thus bespake.
Why, Hector, hast thou left the fight? this sloth
Not well befits thee. Oh that I as far
Thee pass'd in force as thou transcendest me,
Then, not unpunish'd long, should'st thou retire;
But haste, and with thy coursers solid-hoof'd
Seek out Patroclus, him perchance to slay,
Should Phœbus have decreed that glory thine.
So saying, Apollo join'd the host again.
Then noble Hector bade his charioteer
Valiant Cebriones his coursers lash
Back into battle, while the God himself
Entering the multitude confounded sore

The Argives, victory conferring proud
And glory on Hector and the host of Troy.
But Hector, leaving all beside unslain,
Furious impell'd his coursers solid-hoof'd
Against Patroclus; on the other side
Patroclus from his chariot to the ground
Leap'd ardent; in his left a spear he bore,
And in his right a marble fragment rough,
Large as his grasp. With full collected might
He hurl'd it; neither was the weapon slow
To find whom he had mark'd, or sent in vain.
He smote the charioteer of Hector, bold
Cebriones, King Priam's spurious son,
Full on the forehead, while he sway'd the reins.
The bone that force withstood not, but the rock
With ragged points beset dash'd both his brows
In pieces, and his eyes fell at his feet.
He, diver-like, from his exalted stand
Behind the steeds pitch'd headlong, and expired;
O'er whom, Patroclus of equestrian fame!
Thou didst exult with taunting speech severe.
  Ye Gods, with what agility he dives!
Ah! it were well if in the fishy Deep
This man were occupied; he might no few
With oysters satisfy, although the waves
Were churlish, plunging headlong from his bark
As easily as from his chariot here.
So then—in Troy, it seems, are divers too!
  So saying, on bold Cebriones he sprang
With all a lion's force, who, while the folds
He ravages, is wounded in the breast,
And, victim of his own fierce courage, dies.

So didst thou spring, Patroclus! to despoil
Cebriones, and Hector opposite
Leap'd also to the ground. Then contest such
For dead Cebriones those two between
Arose, as in the lofty mountain-tops
Two lions wage, contending for a deer
New-slain, both hunger-pinch'd and haughty both.
So for Cebriones, alike in arms
Expert, brave Hector and Patroclus strove
To pierce each other with the ruthless spear.
First, Hector seized his head, nor loosed his hold,
Patroclus, next, his feet, while all beside
Of either host in furious battle join'd.
As when the East wind and the South contend
To shake some deep wood on the mountain's side,
Or beech, or ash, or rugged cornel old,
With stormy violence the mingled boughs
Smite and snap short each other, crashing loud;
So, Trojans and Achaians, mingling, slew
Mutual, while neither felt a wish to fly.
Around Cebriones stood many a spear,
And many a shaft sent smartly from the nerve
Implanted deep, and many a stone of grasp
Enormous sounded on their batter'd shields
Who fought to gain him. He, in eddies lost
Of sable dust, with his huge trunk huge space
O'erspread, nor steeds nor chariots heeded more.
While yet the sun ascending climb'd the heavens,
Their darts flew equal, and the people fell;
But when he westward journey'd, by a change
Surpassing hope the Greecians then prevail'd.
They drew Cebriones the Hero forth

From all those weapons, and his armour stripp'd
At leisure, distant from the battle's roar.
Then sprang Patroclus on the Trojan host;
Thrice, like another Mars, he sprang with shouts
Tremendous, and nine warriors thrice he slew.
But when the fourth time, dæmon-like, he rush'd
Against them, then, oh then, too manifest
The consummation of thy days approach'd
Patroclus! whom Apollo terrour-clad
Met then in battle. He the coming God
Through all that multitude knew not, such gloom
Impenetrable him involved around.
Behind him close he stood, and with his palms
Expanded on the spine and shoulders broad
Smote him; his eyes swam dizzy at the stroke.
Then Phœbus from his head his helmet dash'd
To earth; sonorous at the feet it roll'd
Of many a prancing steed, and all the crest
Defilement gather'd gross of dust and blood,
Then first; till then, impossible; for how
Should dust the tresses of that helmet shame
With which Achilles fighting fenced his head
Illustrious, and his graceful brows divine?
But Jove now made it Hector's; he awhile
Bore it, himself to swift perdition doom'd.
His spear brass-mounted, ponderous, huge and long,
Fell shiver'd from his grasp. His shield that swept
His ancle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm,
And Phœbus loosed the corslet from his breast.
Confusion seized his brain; his noble limbs
Quaked under him, and panic-stunn'd he stood.
Then came a Dardan Chief, who from behind

Enforced a pointed lance into his back
Between the shoulders; Panthus' son was he,
Euphorbus, famous for equestrian skill,
For spearmanship, and in the rapid race
Past all of equal age. He twenty men
(Although a learner yet of martial feats,
And by his steeds then first to battle borne)
Dismounted. He, Patroclus, mighty Chief!
First threw a lance at thee, which yet thy life
Quell'd not; then snatching hasty from the wound
His ashen beam, he ran into the crowd,
Nor dared confront in fight even the unarm'd
Patroclus. But Patroclus, by the lance,
And by the stroke of an immortal hand
Subdued, fell back toward his ranks again.
Then, soon as Hector the retreat perceived
Of brave Patroclus wounded, issuing forth
From his own phalanx, he approach'd and drove
A spear right through his body at the waist.
Sounding he fell. Loud groan'd Achaia's host.
As when the lion and the sturdy boar
Contend in battle on the mountain-tops
For some scant rivulet, thirst-parch'd alike,
Ere long the lion quells the panting boar;
So Priameian Hector, spear in hand,
Slew Menœtiades the valiant slayer
Of multitudes, and thus in accents wing'd,
With fierce delight exulted in his fall.
  It was thy thought, Patroclus, to have laid
Our city waste, and to have wafted hence
Our wives and daughters to thy native land,
Their day of liberty for ever set.

Fool! for their sakes the feet of Hector's steeds
Fly into battle, and myself excel,
For their sakes, all our bravest of the spear,
That I may turn from them that evil hour
Necessitous. But thou art vulture's food.
Unhappy youth! all valiant as he is,
Achilles hath no succour given to thee,
Who when he sent thee forth whither himself
Would not, thus doubtless gave thee oft in charge:
Ah, well beware, Patroclus, glorious Chief!
That thou revisit not these ships again,
Till first on Hero-slaughterer Hector's breast
Thou cleave his bloody corslet. So he spake,
And with vain words thee credulous beguiled.

To whom Patroclus, mighty Chief, with breath
Drawn faintly, and dying, thou didst thus reply.
Now, Hector, boast! now glory! for the son
Of Saturn and Apollo, me with ease
Vanquishing, whom they had themselves disarm'd,
Have made the victory thine; else, twenty such
As thou, had fallen by my victorious spear.
Me Phœbus and my ruthless fate combined
To slay; these foremost; but of mortal men
Euphorbus, and thy praise is only third.
I tell thee also, and within thy heart
Repose it deep—Thou shalt not long survive;
But, even now, fate, and a violent death
Attend thee by Achilles' hands ordain'd
To perish, by Æacides the brave.

So saying, the shades of death him wrapp'd around.
Down into Ades from his limbs dismiss'd,
His spirit fled sorrowful, of youth's prime

And vigorous manhood suddenly bereft.
Then, him though dead, Hector again bespake.
  Patroclus! these prophetic strains of death
At hand, and fate, why hast thou sung to me?
May not the son of Thetis azure-hair'd,
Achilles, perish first by spear of mine?
  He said; then pressing with his heel the trunk
Supine, and backward thrusting it, he drew
His glittering weapon from the wound, nor stay'd,
But, lance in hand, the godlike charioteer
Pursued of swift Æacides, on fire
To smite Automedon; but him the steeds
Immortal, rapid, by the Gods conferr'd
(A glorious gift) on Peleus, snatch'd away.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

Sharp contest ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hector puts on the armour of Achilles. Menelaus, having dispatched Antilochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle, and, together with Meriones, bears Patroclus off the field, while the Ajaces cover their retreat.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

Nor Menelaus, Atreus' valiant son,
Knew not how Menœtiades had fallen
By Trojan hands in battle; forth he rush'd
All bright in burnish'd armour through his van,
And as some heifer with maternal fears
Now first acquainted, compasses around
Her young one murmuring, with tender moan,
So moved the Hero of the amber locks
Around Patroclus, before whom his spear
Advancing and broad shield, he death denounced
On all opposers; neither stood the son
Spear-famed of Panthus inattentive long
To slain Patroclus, but approach'd the dead,
And warlike Menelaus thus bespake.
Prince! Menelaus! Atreus' mighty son!
Yield. Leave the body and these gory spoils;
For of the Trojans or allies of Troy
None sooner made Patroclus bleed than I.
Seek not to rob me, therefore, of my praise
Among the Trojans, lest my spear assail
Thee also, and thou perish premature.
To whom, indignant, Atreus' son replied.
Self-praise, the Gods do know, is little worth.

But neither lion may in pride compare
Nor panther, nor the savage boar whose heart's
High temper flashes in his eyes, with these
The spear-accomplish'd youths of Panthus' house.
Yet Hyperenor of equestrian fame
Lived not his lusty manhood to enjoy,
Who scoffingly defied my force in arms,
And call'd me most contemptible in fight
Of all the Danaï. But him, I ween,
His feet bore never hence to cheer at home
His wife and parents with his glad return.
So also shall thy courage fierce be tamed,
If thou oppose me. I command thee, go—
Mix with the multitude; withstand not me,
Lest evil overtake thee! To be taught
By sufferings only, is the part of fools.
He said, but him sway'd not, who thus replied.
Now, even now, Atrides! thou shalt rue
My brother's blood which thou hast shed, and makest
His death thy boast. Thou hast his blooming bride
Widow'd, and thou hast fill'd his parents' hearts
With anguish of unutterable woe;
But bearing hence thy armour and thy head
To Troy, and casting them at Panthus' feet,
And at the feet of Phrontis, his espoused,
I shall console the miserable pair.
Nor will I leave that service unessay'd
Longer, nor will I fail through want of force,
Of courage, or of terrible address.
He ceased, and smote his shield, nor pierced the disk.
But bent his point against the stubborn brass.
Then Menelaus, prayer preferring first

To Jove, assail'd Euphorbus in his turn,
Whom pacing backward in the throat he struck,
And with both hands and his full force the spear
Impelling, urged it through his neck behind.
Sounding he fell; loud rang his batter'd arms.
His locks, which even the Graces might have own'd,
Blood-sullied, and his ringlets wound about
With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust.
As the luxuriant olive by a swain
Rear'd in some solitude where rills abound,
Puts forth her buds, and fann'd by genial airs
On all sides, hangs her boughs with whitest flowers,
But by a sudden whirlwind from its trench
Uptorn, it lies extended on the field;
Such, Panthus' warlike son Euphorbus seem'd,
By Menelaus, son of Atreus, slain
Suddenly, and of all his arms despoil'd.
But as the lion on the mountains bred,
Glorious in strength, when he hath seized the best
And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs
First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch
Torn wide; meantime, around him, but remote,
Dogs stand and swains clamouring, yet by fear
Repress'd, annoy him not or dare approach;
So there all wanted courage to oppose
The force of Menelaus, glorious Chief.
Then, easily had Menelaus borne
The armour of the son of Panthus thence,
But that Apollo the illustrious prize
Denied him, who in semblance of the Chief
Of the Ciconians, Mentes, prompted forth
Against him Hector terrible as Mars,
Whose spirit thus in accents wing'd he roused.

Hector! the chase is vain; here thou pursuest
The horses of Æacides the brave,
Which thou shalt never win, for they are steeds
Of fiery nature, such as ill endure
To draw or carry mortal man, himself
Except, whom an immortal mother bore.
Meantime, bold Menelaus, in defence
Of dead Patroclus, hath a Trojan slain
Of highest note, Euphorbus, Panthus' son,
And hath his might in arms for ever quell'd
So spake the God and to the fight return'd.
But grief intolerable at that word
Seized Hector; darting through the ranks his eye,
He knew at once who stripp'd Euphorbus' arms,
And Him knew also lying on the field,
And from his wide wound bleeding copious still.
Then dazzling bright in arms, through all the van
He flew, shrill-shouting, fierce as Vulcan's fire
Unquenchable; nor were his shouts unheard
By Atreus' son, who with his noble mind
Conferring sad, thus to himself began.
Alas! if I forsake these gorgeous spoils,
And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,
I fear lest the Achaians at that sight
Incensed, reproach me; and if, urged by shame,
I fight with Hector and his host, alone,
Lest, hemm'd around by multitudes, I fall;
For Hector, by his whole imbattled force
Attended, comes. But whither tend my thoughts?
No man may combat with another fenced
By power divine and whom the Gods exalt,
But he must draw down woe on his own head.
Me, therefore, none of all Achaia's host

Will blame indignant, seeing my retreat
From Hector, whom themselves the Gods assist.
But might the battle-shout of Ajax once
Reach me, with force united we would strive,
Even in opposition to a God,
To rescue for Achilles' sake, his friend.
Task arduous! but less arduous than this.
While he thus meditated, swift advanced
The Trojan ranks, with Hector at their head.
He then, retiring slow, and turning oft,
Forsook the body. As by dogs and swains
With clamours loud and spears driven from the stalls
A bearded lion goes, his noble heart
Abhors retreat, and slow he quits the prey;
So Menelaus with slow steps forsook
Patroclus, and arrived in front, at length,
Of his own phalanx, stood, with sharpen'd eyes
Seeking vast Ajax, son of Telamon.
Him leftward, soon, of all the field he mark'd
Encouraging aloud his band, whose hearts
With terrours irresistible himself
Phœbus had fill'd. He ran, and at his side
Standing, incontinent him thus bespake.
My gallant Ajax, haste—come quickly—strive
With me to rescue for Achilles' sake
His friend, though bare, for Hector hath his arms.
He said, and by his words the noble mind
Of Ajax roused; issuing through the van
He went, and Menelaus at his side.
Hector the body of Patroclus dragg'd,
Stript of his arms, with faulchion keen erelong
Purposing to strike off his head, and cast

His trunk, drawn distant, to the dogs of Troy.
But Ajax, with broad shield tower-like, approach'd.
Then Hector, to his bands retreating, sprang
Into his chariot, and to others gave
The splendid arms in charge, who into Troy
Should bear the destined trophy of his praise.
But Ajax with his broad shield guarding stood
Slain Menœtiades, as for his whelps
The lion stands; him through some forest drear
Leading his little ones, the hunters meet;
Fire glimmers in his looks, and down he draws
His whole brow into frowns, covering his eyes;
So, guarding slain Patroclus, Ajax lour'd.
On the other side, with tender grief oppress'd
Unspeakable, brave Menelaus stood.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian band,
Son of Hippolochus, in bitter terms
Indignant, reprimanded Hector thus.

Ah, Hector, Chieftain of excelling form,
But all unfurnish'd with a warrior's heart!
Unwarranted I deem thy great renown
Who art to flight addicted. Think, henceforth,
How ye shall save city and citadel
Thou and thy people born in Troy, alone.
No Lycian shall, at least, in your defence
Fight with the Greecians, for our ceaseless toil
In arms, hath ever been a thankless task.
Inglorious Chief! how wilt thou save a worse
From warring crowds, who hast Sarpedon left
Thy guest, thy friend, to be a spoil, a prey
To yonder Argives? While he lived he much
Thee and thy city profited, whom dead

Thou fear'st to rescue even from the dogs.
Now, therefore, may but my advice prevail,
Back to your country, Lycians! so, at once,
Shall remediless ruin fall on Troy.
For had the Trojans now a daring heart
Intrepid, such as in the breast resides
Of labourers in their country's dear behalf,
We soon should drag Patroclus into Troy;
And were his body, from the battle drawn,
In Priam's royal city once secured,
As soon, the Argives would in ransom give
Sarpedon's body with his splendid arms
To be conducted safe into the town.
For when Patroclus fell, the friend was slain
Of such a Chief as is not in the fleet
For valour, and his bands are dauntless all.
But thou, at the first glimpse of Ajax' eye
Confounded, hast not dared in arms to face
That warrior bold, superior far to thee.
To whom brave Hector, frowning stern, replied.
Why, Glaucus! should a Chief like thee his tongue
Presume to employ thus haughtily? My friend!
I thee accounted wisest, once, of all
Who dwell in fruitful Lycia, but thy speech
Now utter'd altogether merits blame,
In which thou tell'st me that I fear to stand
Against vast Ajax. Know that I from fight
Shrink not, nor yet from sound of prancing steeds;
But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails
Against the thoughts of man; he turns to flight
The bravest, and the victory takes with ease
Even from those whom once he favour'd most.

But hither, friend! stand with me; mark my deed;
Prove me, if I be found, as thou hast said,
An idler all the day, or if by force
I not compel some Greecian to renounce
Patroclus, even the boldest of them all.
He ceased, and to his host exclaim'd aloud.
Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, oh be ye men, my friends!
Now summon all your fortitude, while I
Put on the armour of Achilles, won
From the renown'd Patroclus slain by me.
So saying, illustrious Hector from the clash
Of spears withdrew, and with his swiftest pace
Departing, overtook, not far remote,
The bearers of Achilles' arms to Troy.
Apart from all the horrors of the field
Standing, he changed his armour; gave his own
To be by them to sacred Ilium borne,
And the immortal arms of Peleus' son
Achilles, by the ever-living Gods
To Peleus given, put on. Those arms the Sire,
Now old himself, had on his son conferr'd,
But in those arms his son grew never old.
Him, therefore, soon as cloud-assembler Jove
Saw glittering in divine Achilles' arms,
Contemplative he shook his brows, and said.
Ah hapless Chief! thy death, although at hand,
Nought troubles thee. Thou wear'st his heavenly arms,
Who all excels, terrour of Ilium's host.
His friend, though bold yet gentle, thou hast slain,
And hast the brows and bosom of the dead
Unseemly bared: yet, bright success awhile

I give thee; so compensating thy lot,
From whom Andromache shall ne'er receive
Those glorious arms, for thou shalt ne'er return.
So spake the Thunderer, and his sable brows
Shaking, confirm'd the word. But Hector found
The armour apt; the God of war his soul
With fury fill'd, he felt his limbs afresh
Invigorated, and with loudest shouts
Return'd to his illustrious allies.
To them he seem'd, clad in those radiant arms,
Himself Achilles; rank by rank he pass'd
Through all the host, exhorting every Chief,
Asteropæus, Mesthles, Phorcys, Medon,
Thersilochus, Deisenor, augur Ennomus,
Chromius, Hippothoüs; all these he roused
To battle, and in accents wing'd began.
Hear me, ye myriads, neighbours and allies!
For not through fond desire to fill the plain
With multitudes, have I convened you here
Each from his city, but that well-inclined
To Ilium, ye might help to guard our wives
And little ones against the host of Greece.
Therefore it is that forage large and gifts
Providing for you, I exhaust the stores
Of Troy, and drain our people for your sake.
Turn then direct against them, and his life
Save each, or lose; it is the course of war.
Him who shall drag, though dead, Patroclus home
Into the host of Troy, and shall repulse
Ajax, I will reward with half the spoils,
And half shall be my own; glory and praise
Shall also be his meed, equal to mine.

He ended; they compact with lifted spears
Bore on the Danaï, conceiving each
Warm expectation in his heart to wrest
From Ajax son of Telamon, the dead.
Vain hope! he many a lifeless Trojan heap'd
On slain Patroclus, but at length his speech
To warlike Menelaus thus address'd.
Ah, Menelaus, valiant friend! I hope
No longer, now, that even we shall 'scape
Ourselves from fight; nor fear I so the loss
Of dead Patroclus, who shall soon the dogs
Of Ilium, and the fowls sate with his flesh,
As for my life I tremble and for thine,
That cloud of battle, Hector, such a gloom
Sheds all around; death manifest impends.
Haste—call our best, if even they can hear.
He spake, nor Menelaus not complied,
But call'd aloud on all the Chiefs of Greece.
Friends, senators, and leaders of the powers
Of Argos! who with Agamemnon drink
And Menelaus at the public feast,
Each bearing rule o'er many, by the will
Of Jove advanced to honour and renown!
The task were difficult to single out
Chief after Chief by name amid the blaze
Of such contention; but oh come yourselves
Indignant forth, nor let the dogs of Troy
Patroclus rend, and gambol with his bones!
He ceased, whom Oiliades the swift
Hearing incontinent, of all the Chiefs
Ran foremost, after whom Idomeneus
Approach'd, and dread as homicidal Mars

Meriones. But never mind of man
Could even in silent recollection name
The whole vast multitude who, following these,
Renew'd the battle on the part of Greece.
The Trojans first, with Hector at their head,
Wedged in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault.
As when within some rapid river's mouth
The billows and stream clash, on either shore[1]
Loud sounds the roar[1] of waves ejected wide,
Such seem'd the clamours of the Trojan host.
But the Achaians, one in heart, around
Patroclus stood, bulwark'd with shields of brass,
And over all their glittering helmets Jove
Darkness diffused, for he had loved Patroclus
While yet he lived friend of Æacides,
And, now, abhorring that the dogs of Troy
Should eat him, urged the Greeks to his defence.
The host of Troy first shook the Greecian host;
The body left, they fled; yet of them all,
The Trojan powers, determined as they were,
Slew none, but dragg'd the body. Neither stood
The Greeks long time aloof, soon as repulsed
Again led on by Ajax, who in form
And in exploits all others far excell'd,
Peerless Æacides alone except.
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd,
In force resembling most some savage boar

[1] There is no word in our language expressive of loud sound at all comparable in effect to the Greek *Bo-o-osin*. I have therefore endeavoured by the juxtaposition of two words similar in sound, to palliate in some degree a defect which it was not in my power to cure.

That in the mountains bursting through the brakes,
The swains disperses and their hounds with ease;
Like him, illustrious Ajax, mighty son
Of Telamon, at his assault dispersed
With ease the close imbattled ranks, who fought
Around Patroclus' body, strong in hope
To atchieve it, and to make the glory theirs.
Hippothoüs, a youth of high renown,
Son of Pelasgian Lethus, by a noose
Around his ancle cast dragg'd through the fight
Patroclus, so to gratify the host
Of Ilium and their Chief; but evil him
Reach'd suddenly, by none of all his friends
(Though numerous wish'd to save him) turn'd aside.
For swift advancing on him through the crowd
The son of Telamon pierced, spear in hand,
His helmet brazen-cheek'd; the crested casque,
So smitten, open'd wide, for huge the hand
And ponderous was the spear that gave the blow,
And all around its neck, mingled with blood
Gush'd forth the brain. There, lifeless, down he sank,
Let fall the Hero's foot, and fell himself
Prone on the dead, never to see again
Deep-soil'd Larissa, never to requite
Their kind solicitudes who gave him birth,
In bloom of life by dauntless Ajax slain.
Then, Hector hurl'd at Ajax his bright spear,
But he, forewarn'd of its approach, escaped
Narrowly, and it pierced Schedius instead,
Brave son of Iphitus; he, noblest Chief
Of the Phocensians, over many reign'd,
Dwelling in Panopeus the far-renown'd.

Entering beneath the clavicle[2] the point
Right through his shoulder's summit pass'd behind,
And on his loud-resounding arms he fell.
But Ajax at his waist wounded the son
Of Phœnops, valiant Phorcys, while he stood
Guarding Hippothöus; through his hollow mail
Enforced the weapon drank his inmost life,
And in his palm, supine, he clench'd the dust.
Then, Hector with the foremost Chiefs of Troy
Fell back; the Argives sent a shout to heaven,
And dragging Phorcys and Hippothöus thence
Stripp'd both. In that bright moment Ilium's host
Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike sons
Had Troy re-enter'd, and the host of Greece
By matchless might and fortitude their own
Had snatch'd a victory from the grasp of Fate,
But that, himself, the King of radiant shafts
Æneas roused; Epytis' son he seem'd
Periphas, ancient in the service grown
Of old Anchises whom he dearly loved;
His form assumed, Apollo thus began.

How could ye save, Æneas, were the Gods
Your enemies, the towers of lofty Troy?
As I have others seen, warriors who would,
Men fill'd with might and valour, firm themselves
And Chiefs of multitudes disdaining fear.
But Jove to us the victory far more
Than to the Greecians wills; therefore the fault
Is yours, who tremble and refuse the fight.

He ended, whom Æneas marking, knew
At once the glorious Archer of the skies,
And thus to distant Hector call'd aloud.

[2] Or collar-bone.

Oh, Hector, and ye other Chiefs of Troy
And of her brave confederates! Shame it were
Should we re-enter Ilium, driven to flight
By dastard fear before the host of Greece.
A God assured me even now, that Jove,
Supreme in battle, gives his aid to Troy.
Rush, therefore, on the Danaï direct,
Nor let them, safe at least and unannoy'd,
Bear hence Patroclus' body to the fleet.
He spake, and starting far into the van
Stood foremost forth; they, wheeling, faced the Greeks.
Then, spear in hand, Æneas smote the friend
Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,
Son of Arisbas. Lycomedes saw
Compassionate his death, and drawing nigh
First stood, then hurling his resplendent lance,
Right through the liver Apisaon pierced
Offspring of Hippasus, his chest beneath,
And, lifeless, instant, on the field he fell.
He from Pæonia the deep-soil'd to Troy
Came forth, Asteropæus sole except,
Bravest of all Pæonia's band in arms.
Asteropæus saw, and to the van
Sprang forth for furious combat well prepared,
But room for fight found none, so thick a fence
Of shields and ported spears fronted secure
The phalanx guarding Menœtiades.
For Ajax ranging all the ranks, aloud
Admonish'd them that no man yielding ground
Should leave Patroclus, or advance before
The rest, but all alike fight and stand fast.
Such order gave huge Ajax; purple gore
Drench'd all the ground; in slaughter'd heaps they fell

Trojans and Trojan aids of dauntless hearts
And Greecians; for not even they the fight
Waged bloodless, though with far less cost of blood,
Each mindful to avert his fellow's fate.
Thus burn'd the battle; neither hadst thou deem'd
The sun himself in heaven unquench'd, or moon,
Beneath a cope so dense of darkness strove
Unceasing all the most renown'd in arms
For Menœtiades. Meantime the war,
Wherever else, the bright-arm'd Greecians waged
And Trojans under skies serene. The sun
On them his radiance darted; not a cloud,
From mountain or from vale rising, allay'd
His fervour; there at distance due they fought
And paused by turns, and shunn'd the cruel dart.
But in the middle field not war alone
They suffer'd, but night also; ruthless raged
The iron storm, and all the mightiest bled.
Two glorious Chiefs, the while, Antilochus
And Thrasymedes, had no tidings heard
Of brave Patroclus slain, but deem'd him still
Living, and troubling still the host of Troy;
For watchful[3] only to prevent the flight
Or slaughter of their fellow-warriors, they
Maintain'd a distant station, so enjoin'd

[3] The proper meaning of ἐπιοσσομένω—is not simply *looking on*, but *providing against*. And thus their ignorance of the death of Patroclus is accounted for. They were ordered by Nestor to a post in which they should have little to do themselves, except to superintend others, and were consequently too remote from Patroclus to see him fall, or even to hear that he had fallen.—See Villoisson.

By Nestor when he sent them to the field.
But fiery conflict arduous employ'd
The rest all day continual; knees and legs
Feet, hands, and eyes of those who fought to guard
The valiant friend of swift Æacides
Sweat gather'd foul and dust. As when a man
An huge ox-hide drunken with slippery lard
Gives to be stretch'd, his servants all around
Disposed, just intervals between, the task
Ply strenuous, and while many straining hard
Extend it equal on all sides, it sweats
The moisture out, and drinks the unction in,
So they, in narrow space struggling, the dead
Dragg'd every way, warm hope conceiving, these
To drag him thence to Troy, those, to the ships.
Wild tumult raged around him; neither Mars,
Gatherer of hosts to battle, nor herself
Pallas, however angry, had beheld
That conflict with disdain, Jove to such length
Protracted on that day the bloody toil
Of steeds and men for Menœtiades.
Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught
Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the ships
Remote they fought, beneath the walls of Troy.
He, therefore, fear'd not for his death, but hope
Indulged much rather, that, the battle push'd
To Ilium's gates, he should return alive.
For that his friend, unaided by himself
Or even aided, should prevail to lay
Troy waste, he nought supposed; by Thetis warn'd
In secret conference oft, he better knew
Jove's purpose; yet not even she had borne

Those dreadful tidings to his ear, the loss
Immeasurable of his dearest friend.
They all around the dead fought spear in hand
With mutual slaughter ceaseless, and amid
Achaia's host thus spake a Chief mail-arm'd.
Shame were it, Greecians! should we seek by flight
Our galleys now; yawn earth our feet beneath
And here ingulf us rather! Better far
Than to permit the steed-famed host of Troy
To drag Patroclus hence into the town,
And make the glory of this conflict theirs.
Thus also of the dauntless Trojans spake
A certain warrior. Oh, my friends! although
The Fates ordain us, one and all, to die
Around this body, stand! quit not the field.
So spake the warrior prompting into act
The courage of his friends, and such they strove
On both sides; high into the vault of heaven
The iron din pass'd through the desart air.
Meantime the horses of Æacides
From fight withdrawn, soon as they understood
Their charioteer fallen in the dust beneath
The arm of homicidal Hector, wept.
Them oft with hasty lash Diores' son
Automedon impatient smote, full oft
He stroked them gently, and as oft he chode[4];
Yet neither to the fleet ranged on the shore
Of spacious Hellespont would they return,
Nor with the Greecians seek the fight, but stood

[4] This is the proper imperfect of the verb *chide*, though modern usage has substituted *chid*, a word of mean and awkward sound, in the place of it.

As a sepulchral pillar stands, unmoved
Between their traces; to the earth they hung
Their heads, with plenteous tears their driver mourn'd,
And mingled their dishevell'd manes with dust.
Jove saw their grief with pity, and his brows
Shaking, within himself thus, pensive, said.
Ah hapless pair! Wherefore by gift divine
Were ye to Peleus given, a mortal king,
Yourselves immortal and from age exempt?
Was it that ye might share in human woes?
For, of all things that breathe or creep the earth,
No creature lives so mere a wretch as man.
Yet shall not Priameian Hector ride
Triumphant, drawn by you. Myself forbid.
Suffice it that he boasts vain-gloriously
Those arms his own. Your spirit and your limbs
I will invigorate, that ye may bear
Safe hence Automedon into the fleet.
For I ordain the Trojans still to spread
Carnage around victorious, till they reach
The gallant barks, and till the sun at length
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.
He said, and with new might the steeds inspired.
They, shaking from their hair profuse the dust,
Between the van of either army whirl'd
The rapid chariot. Fighting as he pass'd,
Though fill'd with sorrow for his slaughter'd friend,
Automedon high-mounted swept the field
Impetuous as a vulture scattering geese;
Now would he vanish, and now, turn'd again,
Chace through a multitude his trembling foe;
But whomsoe'er he follow'd, none he slew,

Nor was the task possible to a Chief
Sole in the sacred chariot, both to aim
The spear aright and guide the fiery steeds.
At length Alcimedon, his friend in arms,
Son of Laerceus son of Æmon, him
Observing, from behind the chariot hail'd
The flying warrior, whom he thus bespake.
What power, Automedon! hath ta'en away
Thy better judgement, and thy breast inspired
With this vain purpose to assail alone
The Trojan van? Thy partner in the fight
Is slain, and Hector on his shoulders bears,
Elate, the armour of Æacides.
Then, answer thus Automedon return'd,
Son of Diores. Who of all our host
Was ever skill'd, Alcimedon! as thou
To rule the fire of these immortal steeds,
Save only while he lived, peer of the Gods
In that great art, Patroclus, now no more?
Thou, therefore, the resplendent reins receive
And scourge, while I, dismounting, wage the fight.
He ceased; Alcimedon without delay
The battle-chariot mounting, seized at once
The lash and reins, and from his seat down leap'd
Automedon. Them noble Hector mark'd,
And to Æneas at his side began.
Illustrious Chief of Trojans brazen-mail'd
Æneas! I have noticed yonder steeds
Of swift Achilles rushing into fight
Conspicuous, but under sway of hands
Unskilful; whence arises a fair hope
That we might seize them, wert thou so inclined;

For never would those two dare to oppose
In battle an assault dreadful as ours.
He ended, nor the valiant son refused
Of old Anchises, but with targets firm
Of season'd hide brass-plated thrown athwart
Their shoulders, both advanced direct, with whom
Of godlike form Aretus also went
And Chromius. Ardent hope they all conceived
To slay those Chiefs, and from the field to drive
Achilles' lofty steeds. Vain hope! for them
No bloodless strife awaited with the force
Of brave Automedon; he, prayer to Jove
First offering, felt his angry soul with might
Heroic fill'd, and thus his faithful friend
Alcimedon, incontinent, address'd.
Alcimedon! hold not the steeds remote
But breathing on my back; for I expect
That never Priameïan Hector's rage
Shall limit know, or pause, till, slaying us,
He shall himself the coursers ample-maned
Mount of Achilles, and to flight compel
The Argive host, or perish in the van.
So saying, he call'd aloud on Menelaus
With either Ajax. Oh, illustrious Chiefs
Of Argos, Menelaus, and ye bold
Ajaces[5]! leaving all your best to cope
With Ilium's powers and to protect the dead,
From friends still living ward the bitter day.
For hither borne, two Chiefs, bravest of all
The Trojans, Hector and Æneas rush

[5] The Latin plural of Ajax is sometimes necessary, because the English plural—Ajaxes—would be insupportable.

Right through the battle. The events of war
Heaven orders; therefore even I will give
My spear its flight, and Jove dispose the rest!
He said, and brandishing his massy spear
Dismiss'd it at Aretus; full he smote
His ample shield, nor stay'd the pointed brass,
But penetrating sheer the disk, his belt
Pierced also, and stood planted in his waist.
As when some vigorous youth with sharpen'd axe
A pastured bullock smites behind the horns
And hews the muscle through; he, at the stroke
Springs forth and falls, so sprang Aretus forth,
Then fell supine, and in his bowels stood
The keen-edged lance still quivering till he died.
Then Hector, in return, his radiant spear
Hurl'd at Automedon, who of its flight
Forewarn'd, his body bowing prone, the stroke
Eluded, and the spear piercing the soil
Behind him, shook to its superior end,
Till, spent by slow degrees, its fury slept.
And now, with hand to hilt, for closer war
Both stood prepared, when through the multitude
Advancing at their fellow-warrior's call,
The Ajaces suddenly their combat fierce
Prevented. Awed at once by their approach
Hector retired, with whom Æneas went
Also and godlike Chromius, leaving there
Aretus with his vitals torn, whose arms,
Fierce as the God of war Automedon
Stripp'd off, and thus exulted o'er the slain.
My soul some portion of her grief resigns
Consoled, although by slaughter of a worse,
For loss of valiant Menœtiades.

So saying, within his chariot he disposed
The gory spoils, then mounted it himself
With hands and feet purpled, as from a bull
His bloody prey, some lion newly-gorged.
And now around Patroclus raged again
Dread strife deplorable; for from the skies
Descending at the Thunderer's command
Whose purpose now was to assist the Greeks,
Pallas enhanced the fury of the fight.
As when from heaven, in view of mortals, Jove
Exhibits bright his bow, a sign ordain'd
Of war, or numbing frost which all the works
Suspends of man and saddens all the flocks;
So she, all mantled with a radiant cloud
Entering Achaia's host, fired every breast.
But meeting Menelaus first, brave son
Of Atreus, in the form and with the voice
Robust of Phœnix, him she thus bespake.
Shame, Menelaus, shall to thee redound
For ever, and reproach, should dogs devour
The faithful friend of Peleus' noble son
Under Troy's battlements; but stand, thyself,
Undaunted, and encourage all the host.
To whom the son of Atreus bold in arms.
Ah, Phœnix, friend revered, ancient and sage!
Would Pallas give me might and from the dint
Shield me of dart and spear, with willing mind
I would defend Patroclus, for his death
Hath touch'd me deep. But Hector with the rage
Burns of consuming fire, nor to his spear
Gives pause, for him Jove leads to victory.
He ceased, whom Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed
Hearing, rejoiced that of the heavenly powers

He had invoked *her* foremost to his aid.
His shoulders with new might, and limbs she fill'd,
And persevering boldness to his breast
Imparted, such as prompts the fly, which oft
From flesh of man repulsed, her purpose yet
To bite holds fast, resolved on human blood.
His stormy bosom with such courage fill'd
By Pallas, to Patroclus he approach'd
And hurl'd, incontinent, his glittering spear.
There was a Trojan Chief, Podes by name,
Son of Eëtion, valorous and rich;
Of all Troy's citizens him Hector most
Respected, in convivial pleasures sweet
His chosen companion. As he sprang to flight,
The hero of the golden locks his belt
Struck with full force and sent the weapon through.
Sounding he fell, and from the Trojan ranks
Atrides dragg'd the body to his own.
Then drew Apollo near to Hector's side,
And in the form of Phœnops, Asius' son,
Of all the foreign guests at Hector's board
His favourite most, the hero thus address'd.
What Chief of all the Greecians shall henceforth
Fear Hector, who from Menelaus shrinks
Once deem'd effeminate, but dragging now
The body of thy valiant friend approved
Whom he hath slain, Podes, Eëtion's son?
He spake, and at his words grief like a cloud
Involved the mind of Hector dark around;
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd
All clad in dazzling brass. Then, lifting high
His tassel'd ægis radiant, Jove with storms

Enveloped Ida; flash'd his lightnings, roar'd
His thunders, and the mountain shook throughout.
Troy's host he prosper'd, and the Greeks dispersed.
First fled Peneleus, the Bœotian Chief,
Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas
Struck on his shoulder's summit with a lance
Hurl'd nigh at hand, which slight inscribed the bone.
[6] Leïtus also, son of the renown'd
Alectryon, pierced by Hector in the wrist,
Disabled left the fight; trembling he fled
And peering narrowly around, nor hoped
To lift a spear against the Trojans more.
Hector, pursuing Leïtus, the point
Encounter'd of the brave Idomeneus
Full on his chest; but in his mail the lance
Snapp'd, and the Trojans shouted to the skies.
He, in his turn, cast at Deucalion's son
Idomeneus, who in that moment gain'd[7]
A chariot-seat; but him the erring spear
Attain'd not, piercing Cœranus instead
The friend and follower of Meriones
From wealthy Lyctus, and his charioteer.

[6] Leïtus was another Chief of the Bœotians.

[7] Δίφρῳ ἐφεσταότος.—Yet we learn soon after that he fought on foot. But the Scholiast explains the expression thus—νεωστὶ τῷ διφῳ ἐπιβαντος. The fact was that Idomeneus had left the camp on foot, and was on foot when Hector prepared to throw at him. But Cœranus, charioteer of Meriones, observing his danger, drove instantly to his aid. Idomeneus had just time to mount, and the spear designed for him, struck Cœranus. —For a right understanding of this very intricate and difficult passage, I am altogether indebted to the Scholiast as quoted by Villoisson.

For when he left, that day, the gallant barks
Idomeneus had sought the field on foot,
And triumph proud, full sure, to Ilium's host
Had yielded now, but that with rapid haste
Cœranus drove to his relief, from him
The fate averting which himself incurr'd
Victim of Hector's homicidal arm.
Him Hector smiting between ear and jaw,
Push'd from their sockets with the lance's point
His firm-set teeth, and sever'd sheer his tongue.
Dismounted down he fell, and from his hand
Let slide the flowing reins, which, to the earth
Stooping, Meriones in haste resumed,
And briefly thus Idomeneus address'd.
Now drive, and cease not, to the fleet of Greece!
Thyself see'st victory no longer ours.
He said; Idomeneus whom, now, dismay
Seized also, with his lash plying severe
The coursers ample-maned, flew to the fleet.
Nor Ajax, dauntless hero, not perceived,
Nor Menelaus, by the sway of Jove
The victory inclining fast to Troy,
And thus the Telamonian Chief began.
Ah! who can be so blind as not to see
The eternal Father, now, with his own hand
Awarding glory to the Trojan host,
Whose every spear flies, instant, to the mark
Sent forth by brave or base? Jove guides them all;
While, ineffectual, ours fall to the ground.
But haste, devise we of ourselves the means
How likeliest we may bear Patroclus hence,
And gladden, safe returning, all our friends,
Who, hither looking anxious, hope have none

That we shall longer check the unconquer'd force
Of hero-slaughtering Hector, but expect
[8] To see him soon amid the fleet of Greece.
Oh for some Greecian now to carry swift
The tidings to Achilles' ear, untaught,
As I conjecture, yet, the doleful news
Of his Patroclus slain! but no such Greek
May I discern, such universal gloom
Both men and steeds envelopes all around.
Father of heaven and earth! deliver thou
Achaia's host from darkness; clear the skies;
Give day; and (since thy sovereign will is such)
Destruction with it—but oh give us day!
He spake, whose tears Jove saw with pity moved,
And chased the untimely shades; bright beam'd the sun
And the whole battle was display'd. Then spake
The hero thus to Atreus' mighty son.
Now noble Menelaus! looking forth,
See if Antilochus be yet alive,
Brave son of Nestor, whom exhort to fly
With tidings to Achilles, of the friend
Whom most he loved, of his Patroclus slain.
He ceased, nor Menelaus, dauntless Chief,
That task refused, but went; yet neither swift
Nor willing. As a lion leaves the stalls
Wearied himself with harassing the guard,
Who, interdicting him his purposed prey,
Watch all the night; he famish'd, yet again

[8] The Translator here follows the interpretation preferred by the Scholiast. The original expression is ambiguous, and may signify, either, that *we shall perish in the fleet ourselves*, or *that Hector* will soon be in the midst of it. Vide Villoisson *in loco*.

Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof
By spears from daring hands dismiss'd, but more
By flash of torches which, though fierce, he dreads,
Till at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;
So from Patroclus Menelaus went
Heroic Chief! reluctant; for he fear'd
Lest the Achaians should resign the dead,
Through consternation, to the host of Troy.
Departing, therefore, he admonish'd oft
Meriones and the Ajaces, thus.

Ye two brave leaders of the Argive host,
And thou, Meriones! now recollect
The gentle manners of Patroclus fallen
Hapless in battle, who by carriage mild
Well understood, while yet he lived, to engage
All hearts, though prisoner now of death and fate.

So saying, the Hero amber-hair'd his steps
Turn'd thence, the field exploring with an eye
Sharp as the eagle's, of all fowls beneath
The azure heavens for keenest sight renown'd,
Whom, though he soar sublime, the leveret
By broadest leaves conceal'd 'scapes not, but swift
Descending, even her he makes his prey;
So, noble Menelaus! were thine eyes
Turn'd into every quarter of the host
In search of Nestor's son, if still he lived.
Him, soon, encouraging his band to fight,
He noticed on the left of all the field,
And sudden standing at his side, began.

Antilochus! oh hear me, noble friend!
And thou shalt learn tidings of such a deed
As best had never been. Thou know'st, I judge,

And hast already seen, how Jove exalts
To victory the Trojan host, and rolls
Distress on ours; but ah! Patroclus lies,
Our chief Achaian, slain, whose loss the Greeks
Fills with regret. Haste, therefore, to the fleet,
Inform Achilles; bid him haste to save,
If save he can, the body of his friend;
He can no more, for Hector hath his arms.
He ceased. Antilochus with horror heard
Those tidings; mute long time he stood, his eyes
Swam tearful, and his voice, sonorous erst,
Found utterance none. Yet even so distress'd,
He not the more neglected the command
Of Menelaus. Setting forth to run,
He gave his armour to his noble friend
Laodocus, who thither turn'd his steeds,
And, weeping as he went, on rapid feet
Sped to Achilles with that tale of woe.
Nor could the noble Menelaus stay
To give the weary Pylian band, bereft
Of their beloved Antilochus, his aid,
But leaving them to Thrasymedes' care,
He flew to Menœtiades again,
And the Ajaces, thus, instant bespake.
He goes. I have dispatch'd him to the fleet
To seek Achilles; but his coming nought
Expect I now, although with rage he burn
Against illustrious Hector; for what fight
Can he, unarm'd, against the Trojans wage?
Deliberating, therefore, frame we means
How best to save Patroclus, and to 'scape
Ourselves unslain from this disastrous field.

Whom answer'd the vast son of Telamon.
Most noble Menelaus! good is all
Which thou hast spoken. Lift ye from the earth
Thou and Meriones, at once, and bear
The dead Patroclus from the bloody field.
To cope meantime with Hector and his host
Shall be our task, who, one in name, nor less
In spirit one, already have the brunt
Of much sharp conflict, side by side, sustain'd.
He ended; they enfolding in their arms
The dead, upbore him high above the ground
With force united; after whom the host
Of Troy, seeing the body borne away,
Shouted, and with impetuous onset all
Follow'd them. As the hounds, urged from behind
By youthful hunters, on the wounded boar
Make fierce assault; awhile at utmost speed
They stretch toward him, hungering for the prey,
But oft as, turning sudden, the stout brawn
Faces them, scatter'd on all sides escape;
The Trojans so, thick thronging in the rear,
Ceaseless with faulchions and spears double-edged
Annoy'd them sore, but oft as in retreat
The dauntless Heroes, the Ajaces turn'd
To face them, deadly wan grew every cheek,
And not a Trojan dared with onset rude
Molest them more in conflict for the dead.
Thus they, laborious, forth from battle bore
Patroclus to the fleet, tempestuous war
Their steps attending, rapid as the flames
Which, kindled suddenly, some city waste;
Consumed amid the blaze house after house

Sinks, and the wind, meantime, roars through the fire;
So them a deafening tumult as they went
Pursued, of horses and of men spear-arm'd.
And as two mules with strength for toil endued,
Draw through rough ways down from the distant hills
Huge timber, beam or mast; sweating they go,
And overlabour'd to faint weariness;
So they the body bore, while, turning oft,
The Ajaces check'd the Trojans. As a mound
Planted with trees and stretch'd athwart the mead
Repels an overflow; the torrents loud
Baffling, it sends them far away to float
The level land, nor can they with the force
Of all their waters burst a passage through;
So the Ajaces, constant, in the rear
Repress'd the Trojans; but the Trojans them
Attended still, of whom Æneas most
Troubled them, and the glorious Chief of Troy.
They as a cloud of starlings or of daws
Fly screaming shrill, warn'd timely of the kite
Or hawk, devourers of the smaller kinds,
So they shrill-clamouring toward the fleet,
Hasted before Æneas and the might
Of Hector, nor the battle heeded more.
Much radiant armour round about the foss
Fell of the flying Greecians, or within
Lay scatter'd, and no pause of war they found.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

Achilles, by command of Juno, shows himself to the Trojans, who fly at his appearance; Vulcan, at the instance of Thetis, forges for him a suit of armour.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

THUS burn'd the battle like devouring fire.
Meantime, Antilochus with rapid steps
Came to Achilles. Him he found before
His lofty barks, occupied, as he stood,
With boding fears of all that had befall'n.
He groan'd, and to his noble self he said,
Ah! woe is me—why falls Achaia's host,
With such disorder foul, back on the fleet?
I tremble lest the Gods my anxious thoughts
Accomplish and my mother's words, who erst
Hath warn'd me, that the bravest and the best
Of all my Myrmidons, while yet I live,
Slain under Troy, must view the sun no more.
Brave Menœtiades is, doubtless, slain.
Unhappy friend! I bade thee oft, our barks
Deliver'd once from hostile fires, not seek
To cope in arms with Hector, but return.
While musing thus he stood, the son approach'd
Of noble Nestor, and with tears his cheeks
Bedewing copious, his sad message told.
Oh son of warlike Peleus! thou shalt hear
Tidings of deeds which best had never been.

Patroclus is no more. The Greecians fight
For his bare corse, and Hector hath his arms.
Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son,
And, grasping with both hands the ashes, down
He pour'd them on his head, his graceful brows
Dishonouring, and thick the sooty shower
Descending settled on his fragrant vest.
Then, stretch'd in ashes, at the vast extent
Of his whole length he lay, disordering wild
With his own hands, and rending off his hair.
The maidens, captived by himself in war
And by Patroclus, shrieking from the tent
Ran forth, and hemm'd the glorious Chief around.
All smote their bosoms, and all, fainting, fell.
On the other side, Antilochus the hands
Held of Achilles, mourning and deep groans
Uttering from his noble heart, through fear
Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd.
Loud groan'd the Hero, whose loud groans within
The gulfs of ocean, where she sat beside
Her ancient Sire, his Goddess-mother heard,
And hearing shriek'd; around, her at the voice
Assembled all the Nereids of the Deep.
Cymodoce, Thalia, Glauca came,
Nisæa, Spio, Thoa, and with eyes
Protuberant beauteous Halia; came with these
Cymothöe, and Actæa, and the nymph
Of marshes, Limnorea, nor delay'd
Agave, nor Amphithöe the swift,
Iæra, Doto, Melita, nor thence
Was absent Proto or Dynamene,
Callianira, Doris, Panope,

Pherusa or Amphinome, or fair
Dexamene, or Galatea praised
For matchless form divine; Nemertes pure
Came also, with Apseudes chrystal-bright,
Callianassa, Mæra, Clymene,
Janeira and Janassa, sister pair,
And Orithya, and with azure locks
Luxuriant, Amathea; nor alone
Came these, but every ocean-nymph beside.
The silver cave was fill'd; each smote her breast,
And Thetis, loud lamenting, thus began.
Ye sister Nereids, hear! that ye may all
From my own lips my boundless sorrow learn.
Ah me forlorn! ah me, parent in vain
Of an illustrious birth! who, having borne
A noble son magnanimous, the chief
Of Heroes, saw him like a thriving plant
Shoot vigorous under my maternal care,
And sent him early in his gallant fleet
Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy.
But him from fight return'd I shall receive
Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more;
And while he lives, and on the sun his eyes
Opens, he mourns, nor, going, can I aught
Assist him; yet I go, that I may see
My darling son, and from his lips be taught
What grief hath now befallen him, who close
Abiding in his tent shares not the war.
So saying she left the cave, whom all her nymphs
Attended weeping, and where'er they pass'd
The breaking billows open'd wide a way.
At fruitful Troy arrived, in order fair

They climb'd the beach, where by his numerous barks
Encompass'd, swift Achilles sighing lay.
Then, drawing nigh to her afflicted son,
The Goddess-mother press'd between her palms
His temples, and in accents wing'd enquired.
Why weeps my son? what sorrow wrings thy soul?
Speak, hide it not. Jove hath fulfill'd the prayer
Which erst with lifted hands thou didst prefer,
That all Achaia's host, wanting thy aid,
Might be compell'd into the fleet, and foul
Disgrace incur, there prison'd for thy sake.
To whom Achilles, groaning deep, replied.
My mother! it is true; Olympian Jove
That prayer fulfils; but thence, what joy to me,
Patroclus slain? the friend of all my friends
Whom most I loved, dear to me as my life—
Him I have lost. Slain and despoil'd he lies
By Hector of his glorious armour bright
The wonder of all eyes, a matchless gift
Given by the Gods to Peleus on that day
When thee they doom'd into a mortal's arms.
Oh that with these thy deathless ocean-nymphs
Dwelling content, thou hadst my father left
To espouse a mortal bride, so hadst thou 'scaped
Pangs numberless which thou must now endure
For thy son's death, whom thou shalt never meet
From Troy return'd, in Peleus' mansion more!
For life I covet not, nor longer wish
To mix with human kind, unless my spear
May find out Hector, and atonement take
By slaying Him, for my Patroclus slain.
To whom, with streaming tears, Thetis replied.

Swift comes thy destiny as thou hast said,
For after Hector's death thine next ensues.
Then answer, thus, indignant he return'd.
Death seize me now! since when my friend was slain,
My doom was, not to succour him. He died
From home remote, and wanting me to save him.
Now, therefore, since I neither visit more
My native land, nor, present here, have aught
Avail'd Patroclus or my many friends
Whom noble Hector hath in battle slain,
But here I sit unprofitable grown,
Earth's burden, though of such heroic note,
If not in council foremost (for I yield
That prize to others) yet in feats of arms,
Such as none other in Achaia's host,
May fierce contention from among the Gods
Perish, and from among the human race,
With wrath, which sets the wisest hearts on fire;
Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,
But in the bosom of mankind, a smoke!
Such was my wrath which Agamemnon roused,
The king of men. But since the past is fled
Irrevocable, howsoe'er distress'd,
Renounce we now vain musings on the past,
Content through sad necessity. I go
In quest of noble Hector, who hath slain
My loved Patroclus, and such death will take,
As Jove ordains me and the Powers of Heaven
At their own season, send it when they may.
For neither might the force of Hercules,
Although high-favour'd of Saturnian Jove,
From death escape, but Fate and the revenge
Restless of Juno vanquish'd even Him.

I also, if a destiny like his
Await me, shall, like him, find rest in death;
But glory calls me now; now will I make
Some Trojan wife or Dardan with both hands
Wipe her soft cheeks, and utter many a groan.
Long time have I been absent from the field,
And they shall know it. Love me as thou may'st,
Yet thwart me not, for I am fixt to go.
Whom Thetis answer'd, Goddess of the Deep.
Thou hast well said, my son! it is no blame
To save from threaten'd death our suffering friends.
But thy magnificent and dazzling arms
Are now in Trojan hands; them Hector wears
Exulting, but ordain'd not long to exult,
So habited; his death is also nigh.
But thou with yonder warring multitudes
Mix not, till thou behold me here again;
For with the rising sun I will return
To-morrow, and will bring thee glorious arms,
By Vulcan forged himself, the King of fire.
She said, and turning from her son aside,
The sisterhood of Ocean thus address'd.
Plunge ye again into the briny Deep,
And to the hoary Sovereign of the floods
Report as ye have heard. I to the heights
Olympian haste, that I may there obtain
From Vulcan, glorious artist of the skies,
Arms of excelling beauty for my son.
She said; they plunged into the waves again,
And silver-footed Thetis, to the heights
Olympian soaring swiftly to obtain
Arms for renown'd Achilles, disappear'd.
Meantime, with infinite uproar the Greeks

From Hector's hero-slaying arm had fled
Home to their galleys station'd on the banks
Of Hellespont. Nor yet Achaia's sons
Had borne the body of Patroclus clear
From flight of darts away, but still again
The multitude of warriors and of steeds
Came on, by Priameian Hector led
Rapid as fire. Thrice, noble Hector seized
His ancles from behind, ardent to drag
Patroclus, calling to his host the while;
But thrice, the two Ajaces, clothed with might,
Shock'd and repulsed him reeling. He with force
Fill'd indefatigable, through his ranks
Issuing, by turns assail'd them, and by turns
Stood clamouring, yet not a step retired;
But as the hinds deter not from his prey
A tawny lion by keen hunger urged,
So could not both Ajaces, warriors bold,
Intimidate and from the body drive
Hector; and he had dragg'd him thence and won
Immortal glory, but that Iris, sent
Unseen by Jove and by the Powers of heaven,
From Juno, to Achilles brought command
That he should show himself. Full near she drew,
And in wing'd accents thus the Chief address'd.
Hero! most terrible of men, arise!
Protect Patroclus, for whose sake the war
Stands at the fleet of Greece. Mutual prevails
The slaughter, these the dead defending, those
Resolute hence to drag him to the gates
Of wind-swept Ilium. But beyond them all
Illustrious Hector, obstinate is bent

To win him, purposing to lop his head,
And to exhibit it impaled on high.
Thou then arise, nor longer on the ground
Lie stretch'd inactive; let the thought with shame
Touch thee, of thy Patroclus made the sport
Of Trojan dogs, whose corse, if it return
Dishonour'd home, brings with it thy reproach.
To whom Achilles matchless in the race.
Iris divine! of all the Gods who sent thee?
Then, thus, the swift ambassadress of heaven.
By Juno sent I come, consort of Jove.
Nor knows Saturnian Jove high-throned, himself,
My flight, or any of the Immortal Powers,
Tenants of the Olympian heights snow-crown'd.
Her answer'd then Pelides, glorious Chief.
How shall I seek the fight? they have my arms.
My mother charged me also to abstain
From battle, till she bring me armour new
Which she hath promised me from Vulcan's hand.
Meantime, whose armour else might serve my need
I know not, save perhaps alone the shield
Of Telamonian Ajax, whom I deem
Himself now busied in the stormy van,
Slaying the Trojans in my friend's defence.
To whom the swift-wing'd messenger of heaven.
Full well we know thine armour Hector's prize.
Yet, issuing to the margin of the foss,
Show thyself only. Panic-seized, perchance,
The Trojans shall from fight desist, and yield
To the o'ertoil'd though dauntless sons of Greece
Short respite; it is all that war allows.
So saying, the storm-wing'd Iris disappear'd.

Then rose at once Achilles dear to Jove,
Athwart whose shoulders broad Minerva cast
Her Ægis fringed terrific, and his brows
Encircled with a golden cloud that shot
Fires insupportable to sight abroad.
As when some island, situate afar
On the wide waves, invested all the day
By cruel foes from their own city pour'd,
Upsends a smoke to heaven, and torches shows
On all her turrets at the close of eve
Which flash against the clouds, kindled in hope
Of aid from neighbour maritime allies,
So from Achilles' head light flash'd to heaven.
Issuing through the wall, beside the foss
He stood, but mix'd not with Achaia's host,
Obedient to his mother's wise command.
He stood and shouted; Pallas also raised
A dreadful shout, and tumult infinite
Excited throughout all the host of Troy.
Clear as the trumpet's note when it proclaims
A numerous host approaching to invest
Some city close around, so clear the voice
Rang of Æacides, and tumult-toss'd
Was every soul that heard the brazen tone.
With swift recoil the long-maned coursers thrust
The chariots back, all boding woe at hand,
And every charioteer astonish'd saw
Fires, that fail'd not, illumining the brows
Of Peleus' son, by Pallas kindled there.
Thrice, o'er the trench Achilles sent his voice
Sonorous, and confusion at the sound
Thrice seized the Trojans, and their famed allies.

Twelve, in that moment of their noblest died
By their own spears and chariots, and with joy
The Greecians from beneath an hill of darts
Dragging Patroclus, placed him on his bier.
Around him throng'd his fellow-warriors bold,
All weeping, after whom Achilles went
Fast-weeping also at the doleful sight
Of his true friend on his funereal bed
Extended, gash'd with many a mortal wound,
Whom he had sent into the fight with steeds
And chariot, but received him thence no more.
And now majestic Juno sent the sun,
Unwearied minister of light, although
Reluctant, down into the Ocean stream.
So the sun sank, and the Achaians ceased
From the all-wasting labours of the war.
On the other side, the Trojans, from the fight
Retiring, loosed their steeds, but ere they took
Thought of refreshment, in full council met.
It was a council at which no man sat,
Or dared; all stood; such terrour had on all
Fallen, for that Achilles had appear'd,
After long pause from battle's arduous toil.
First rose Polydamas the prudent son
Of Panthus, above all the Trojans skill'd
Both in futurity and in the past.
He was the friend of Hector, and one night
Gave birth to both. In council one excell'd,
And one still more in feats of high renown.
Thus then, admonishing them, he began.
My friends! weigh well the occasion. Back to Troy
By my advice, nor wait the sacred morn

Here, on the plain, from Ilium's walls remote.
So long as yet the anger of this Chief
'Gainst noble Agamemnon burn'd, so long
We found the Greeks less formidable foes,
And I rejoiced, myself, spending the night
Beside their oary barks, for that I hoped
To seize them; but I now tremble at thought
Of Peleus' rapid son again in arms.
A spirit proud as his will scorn to fight
Here, on the plain, where Greeks and Trojans take
Their common share of danger and of toil,
And will at once strike at your citadel,
Impatient till he make your wives his prey.
Haste—let us home—else thus shall it befall;
Night's balmy influence in his tent detains
Achilles now, but rushing arm'd abroad
To-morrow, should he find us lingering here,
None shall mistake him then; happy the man
Who soonest, then, shall 'scape to sacred Troy!
Then, dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh
Plenteous repast. Oh spare mine ears the tale!
But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive
My counsel, thus assembled we will keep
Strict guard to-night; meantime, her gates and towers
With all their mass of solid timbers, smooth
And cramp'd with bolts of steel, will keep the town.
But early on the morrow we will stand
All arm'd on Ilium's towers. Then, if he chuse,
His galleys left, to compass Troy about,
He shall be task'd enough; his lofty steeds
Shall have their fill of coursing to and fro
Beneath, and gladly shall to camp return.

But waste the town he shall not, nor attempt
With all the utmost valour that he boasts
To force a pass; dogs shall devour him first.
To whom brave Hector louring, and in wrath.
Polydamas, I like not thy advice
Who bidd'st us in our city skulk, again
Imprison'd there. Are ye not yet content?
Wish ye for durance still in your own towers?
Time was, when in all regions under heaven
Men praised the wealth of Priam's city stored
With gold and brass; but all our houses now
Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare.
Jove in his wrath hath scatter'd them; our wealth
Is marketted, and Phrygia hath a part
Purchased, and part Mæonia's lovely land.
But since the son of wily Saturn old
Hath given me glory now, and to inclose
The Greecians in their fleet hemm'd by the sea,
Fool! taint not with such talk the public mind.
For not a Trojan here will thy advice
Follow, or shall; it hath not my consent.
But thus I counsel. Let us, band by band,
Throughout the host take supper, and let each,
Guarded against nocturnal danger, watch.
And if a Trojan here be rack'd in mind
Lest his possessions perish, let him cast
His golden heaps into the public maw [1],
Far better so consumed than by the Greeks.
Then, with the morrow's dawn, all fair array'd
In battle, we will give them at their fleet
Sharp onset, and if Peleus' noble son

[1] Καταδημοβορῆσαι.

Have risen indeed to conflict for the ships,
The worse for him. I shall not for his sake
Avoid the deep-toned battle, but will firm
Oppose his utmost. Either he shall gain
Or I, great glory. Mars his favours deals
Impartial, and the slayer oft is slain.
So counsell'd Hector, whom with shouts of praise
The Trojans answer'd:—fools, and by the power
Of Pallas of all sober thought bereft!
For all applauded Hector, who had given
Advice pernicious, and Polydamas,
Whose counsel was discrete and wholesome, none.
So then they took repast. But all night long
The Greecians o'er Patroclus wept aloud,
While, standing in the midst, Pelides led
The lamentation, heaving many a groan,
And on the bosom of his breathless friend
Imposing, sad, his homicidal hands.
As the grim lion, from whose gloomy lair
Among thick trees the hunter hath his whelps
Purloin'd, too late returning mourns his loss,
Then, up and down, the length of many a vale
Courses, exploring fierce the robber's foot,
Incensed as he, and with a sigh deep-drawn
Thus to his Myrmidons Achilles spake.
How vain, alas! my word spoken that day
At random, when to soothe the Hero's fears
Menœtius, then our guest, I promised him
His noble son at Opoeis again,
Living and laden with the spoils of Troy!
But Jove performs not all the thoughts of man,
For we were both destined to tinge the soil
Of Ilium with our blood, nor I shall see,

Myself, my father in his mansion more
Or Thetis, but must find my burial here.
Yet, my Patroclus! since the earth expects
Me next, I will not thy funereal rites
Finish, till I shall bring both head and arms
Of that bold Chief who slew thee, to my tent.
I also will smite off, before thy pile,
The heads of twelve illustrious sons of Troy,
Resentful of thy death. Meantime, among
My lofty galleys thou shalt lie, with tears
Mourn'd day and night by Trojan captives fair
And Dardan compassing thy bier around,
Whom we, at price of labour hard, ourselves
With massy spears toiling in battle took
From many an opulent city, now no more.
So saying, he bade his train surround with fire
A tripod huge, that they might quickly cleanse
Patroclus from all stain of clotted gore.
They on the blazing hearth a tripod placed
Capacious, fill'd with water its wide womb,
And thrust dry wood beneath, till, fierce, the flames
Embraced it round, and warm'd the flood within.
Soon as the water in the singing brass
Simmer'd, they bathed him, and with limpid oil
Anointed; filling, next, his ruddy wounds
With unguent mellow'd by nine circling years,
They stretch'd him on his bed, then cover'd him
From head to feet with linen texture light,
And with a wide unsullied mantle, last.
All night the Myrmidons around the swift
Achilles stood, deploring loud his friend,
And Jove his spouse and sister thus bespake
So then, Imperial Juno! not in vain

Thou hast the swift Achilles sought to rouse
Again to battle; the Achaians, sure,
Are thy own children, thou hast borne them all.
To whom the aweful Goddess ample-eyed.
What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove, most severe?
A man, though mortal merely, and to me
Inferior in device, might have atchieved
That labour easily. Can I who boast
Myself the Chief of Goddesses, and such
Not by birth only, but as thine espoused,
Who art thyself Sovereign of all the Gods,
Can I with anger burn against the house
Of Priam, and want means of just revenge?
Thus they in heaven their mutual conference held.
Meantime, the silver-footed Thetis reach'd
The starr'd abode eternal, brazen-wall'd
Of Vulcan, by the builder lame himself
Uprear'd, a wonder even in eyes divine.
She found him sweating, at his bellows huge
Toiling industrious; tripods bright he form'd
Twenty at once, his palace-wall to grace
Ranged in harmonious order. Under each
Two golden wheels he set, on which (a sight
Marvellous!) into council they should roll
Self-moved, and to his house, self-moved, return.
Thus far the work was finish'd, but not yet
Their ears of exquisite design affixt,
For them he stood fashioning, and prepared
The rivets. While he thus his matchless skill
Employ'd laborious, to his palace-gate
The silver-footed Thetis now advanced,
Whom Charis, Vulcan's well-attired spouse,

Beholding from the palace portal, flew
To seize the Goddess' hand, and thus enquired.
  Why, Thetis! worthy of all reverence
And of all love, comest thou to our abode,
Unfrequent here? But enter, and accept
Such welcome as to such a guest is due.
  So saying, she introduced and to a seat
Led her with argent studs border'd around
And foot-stool'd sumptuously; then, calling forth
Her spouse, the glorious artist, thus she said.
  Haste, Vulcan! Thetis wants thee; linger not.
To whom the artist of the skies replied.
  A Goddess then, whom with much cause I love
And venerate is here, who when I fell
Saved me, what time my shameless mother sought
To cast me, because lame, out of all sight;
Then had I been indeed forlorn, had not
Eurynome the daughter of the Deep
And Thetis in their laps received me fallen.
Nine years with them residing, for their use
I form'd nice trinkets, clasps, rings, pipes, and chains,
While loud around our hollow cavern roar'd
The surge of the vast Deep, nor God nor man,
Save Thetis and Eurynome, my life's
Preservers, knew where I was kept conceal'd.
Since, therefore, she is come, I cannot less
Than recompense to Thetis amber-hair'd
With readiness the boon of life preserved.
Haste, then, and hospitably spread the board
For her regale, while with my best dispatch
I lay my bellows and my tools aside.
  He spake, and vast in bulk and hot with toil

Rose limping from beside his anvil-stock
Upborne with pain on legs tortuous and weak.
First, from the forge dislodged he thrust apart
His bellows, and his tools collecting all
Bestow'd them, careful, in a silver chest,
Then all around with a wet sponge he wiped
His visage, and his arms and brawny neck
Purified, and his shaggy breast from smutch;
Last, putting on his vest, he took in hand
His sturdy staff, and shuffled through the door.
Beside the King of fire two golden forms
Majestic moved, that served him in the place
Of handmaids; young they seem'd, and seem'd alive,
Nor want they intellect, or speech, or force,
Or prompt dexterity by the Gods inspired.
These his supporters were, and at his side
Attended diligent, while He, with gait
Uncouth, approaching Thetis where she sat
On a bright throne, seized fast her hand and said.
Why, Thetis! worthy as thou art of love
And of all reverence, hast thou arrived,
Unfrequent here? Speak—tell me thy desire,
Nor doubt my services, if thou demand
Things possible, and possible to me.
Then Thetis, weeping plenteously, replied.
Oh Vulcan! Is there on Olympus' heights
A Goddess with such load of sorrow oppress'd
As, in peculiar, Jove assigns to me?
Me only, of all ocean-nymphs, he made
Spouse to a man, Peleus Æacides,
Whose bed, although reluctant and perforce,
I yet endured to share. He now, the prey
Of cheerless age, decrepid lies, and Jove

Still other woes heaps on my wretched head.
He gave me to bring forth, gave me to rear
A son illustrious, valiant, and the chief
Of heroes; he, like a luxuriant plant
Upran[2] to manhood, while his lusty growth
I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine
Set in a fruitful field, and being grown
I sent him early in his gallant fleet
Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy;
But him from fight return'd I shall receive,
Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,
And while he lives and on the sun his eyes
Opens, affliction is his certain doom,
Nor aid resides or remedy in me.
The virgin, his own portion of the spoils,
Allotted to him by the Greecians—Her
Atrides, King of men, resumed, and grief
Devour'd Achilles' spirit for her sake.
Meantime, the Trojans shutting close within
Their camp the Greecians, have forbidden them
All egress, and the senators of Greece
Have sought with splendid gifts to soothe my son.
He, indisposed to rescue them himself
From ruin, sent, instead, Patroclus forth
Clad in his own resplendent armour, Chief
Of the whole host of Myrmidons. Before
The Scæan gate from morn to eve they fought,
And on that self-same day had Ilium fallen,
But that Apollo, to advance the fame
Of Hector, slew Menœtius' noble son
Full-flush'd with victory. Therefore at thy knees
Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine art

[2] Ἀνέδραμε.

A shield and helmet, greaves of shapely form
With clasps secured, and corslet for my son.
For those, once his, his faithful friend hath lost,
Slain by the Trojans, and Achilles lies,
Himself, extended mournful on the ground.
Her answer'd then the artist of the skies.
Courage! Perplex not with these cares thy soul.
I would that when his fatal hour shall come,
I could as sure secrete him from the stroke
Of destiny, as he shall soon have arms
Illustrious, such as each particular man
Of thousands, seeing them, shall wish his own.
He said, and to his bellows quick repair'd,
Which turning to the fire he bade them heave.
Full twenty bellows working all at once
Breathed on the furnace, blowing easy and free
The managed winds, now forcible, as best
Suited dispatch, now gentle, if the will
Of Vulcan and his labour so required.
Impenetrable brass, tin, silver, gold,
He cast into the forge, then, settling firm
His ponderous anvil on the block, one hand
With his huge hammer fill'd, one with the tongs.
He fashion'd first a shield massy and broad
Of labour exquisite, for which he form'd
A triple border beauteous, dazzling bright,
And loop'd it with a silver brace behind.
The shield itself with five strong folds he forged,
And with devices multiform the disk
Capacious charged, toiling with skill divine.
There he described the earth, the heaven, the sea,
The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orb'd.
There also, all the stars which round about

As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies,
The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might
Of huge Orion, with Him Ursa call'd,
Known also by his popular name, the Wain,
That spins around the pole looking toward
Orion, only star of these denied
To slake his beams in Ocean's briny baths.
Two splendid cities also there he form'd
Such as men build. In one were to be seen
Rites matrimonial solemnized with pomp
Of sumptuous banquets; from their chambers forth
Leading the brides they usher'd them along
With torches through the streets, and sweet was heard
The voice around of Hymenæal song.
Here striplings danced in circles to the sound
Of pipe and harp, while in the portals stood
Women, admiring, all, the gallant show.
Elsewhere was to be seen in council met
The close-throng'd multitude. There strife arose.
Two citizens contended for a mulct
The price of blood. This man affirm'd the fine
All paid, haranguing vehement the crowd,
That man denied that he had aught received,
And to the judges each made his appeal
Eager for their award. Meantime the people,
As favour sway'd them, clamour'd loud for each.
The heralds quell'd the tumult; reverend sat
On polish'd stones the Elders in a ring,
Each with an herald's sceptre in his hand,
Which holding they arose, and all in turn
Gave sentence. In the midst two talents lay
Of gold, his destined recompense whose voice
Decisive should pronounce the best award.

The other city by two glittering hosts
Invested stood, and a dispute arose
Between the hosts, whether to burn the town
And lay all waste, or to divide the spoil.
Meantime, the citizens, still undismay'd,
Surrender'd not the town, but taking arms
Secretly, set the ambush in array,
And on the walls their wives and children kept
Vigilant guard, with all the antient men.
They sallied; at their head Pallas and Mars
Both golden and in golden vests attired
Advanced, proportion each showing divine,
Large, prominent, and such as Gods beseem'd.
Not such the people, but of humbler size.
Arriving at the spot for ambush chosen,
A river's side, where cattle of each kind
Drank, down they sat, all arm'd in dazzling brass.
Apart from all the rest sat also down
Two spies, both looking for the flocks and herds.
Soon they appear'd, and at their side were seen
Two shepherd swains, each playing on his pipe
Careless, and of the danger nought apprized.
Swift ran the spies, perceiving their approach,
And intercepting suddenly the herds
And flocks of silver fleece, slew also those
Who fed them. The besiegers, at that time
In council, by the sound alarm'd, their steeds
Mounted, and hasted, instant, to the place;
Then, standing on the river's brink they fought
And push'd each other with the brazen lance.
There Discord raged, there Tumult, and the force
Of ruthless Destiny; she now a Chief
Seized newly wounded, and now captive held.

Another yet unhurt, and now a third
Dragg'd breathless through the battle by his feet,
And all her garb was dappled thick with blood.
Like living men they traversed and they strove,
And dragg'd by turns the bodies of the slain.
He also graved on it a fallow field
Rich, spacious, and well-till'd. Ploughers not few,
There driving to and fro their sturdy teams,
Labour'd the land; and oft as in their course
They came to the field's bourn, so oft a man
Met them, who in their hands a goblet placed
Charged with delicious wine. They, turning, wrought
Each his own furrow, and impatient seem'd
To reach the border of the tilth, which black
Appear'd behind them as a glebe new-turn'd,
Though golden. Sight to be admired by all!
There too he form'd the likeness of a field
Crowded with corn, in which the reapers toil'd
Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand.
Along the furrow here, the harvest fell
In frequent handfulls, there, they bound the sheaves.
Three binders of the sheaves their sultry task
All plied industrious, and behind them boys
Attended, filling with the corn their arms
And offering still their bundles to be bound.
Amid them, staff in hand, the master stood
Silent exulting, while beneath an oak
Apart, his heralds busily prepared
The banquet, dressing a well-thriven ox
New slain, and the attendant maidens mix'd
Large supper for the hinds of whitest flour.
There also, laden with its fruit he form'd
A vineyard all of gold; purple he made

The clusters, and the vines supported stood
By poles of silver set in even rows.
The trench he colour'd sable, and around
Fenced it with tin. One only path it show'd
By which the gatherers when they stripp'd the vines
Pass'd and repass'd. There, youths and maidens blithe
In frails of wicker bore the luscious fruit,
While, in the midst, a boy on his shrill harp
Harmonious play'd, still as he struck the chord
Carolling to it with a slender voice.
They smote the ground together, and with song
And sprightly reed came dancing on behind.
There too an herd he fashion'd of tall beeves
Part gold, part tin. They, lowing, from the stalls
Rush'd forth to pasture by a river-side
Rapid, sonorous, fringed with whispering reeds.
Four golden herdsmen drove the kine a-field
By nine swift dogs attended. Dreadful sprang
Two lions forth, and of the foremost herd
Seized fast a bull. Him bellowing they dragg'd,
While dogs and peasants all flew to his aid.
The lions tore the hide of the huge prey
And lapped his entrails and his blood. Meantime
The herdsmen, troubling them in vain, their hounds
Encouraged; but no tooth for lions' flesh
Found they, and, therefore stood aside and bark'd.
There also, the illustrious smith divine
Amidst a pleasant grove a pasture form'd
Spacious, and sprinkled o'er with silver sheep
Numerous, and stalls and huts and shepherds' tents.
To these the glorious Artist added next,
With various skill delineated exact,
A labyrinth for the dance, such as of old

In Crete's broad island Dædalus composed
For bright-hair'd Ariadne. There the youths
And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,
Danced jocund, every maiden, neat-attired
In finest linen, and the youths in vests
Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.
These all wore garlands, and bright faulchions, those,
Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung:—
They with well-tutor'd step, now, nimbly ran
The circle, swift, as when, before his wheel
Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands
For trial of its speed, now, crossing quick
They pass'd at once into each other's place.
On either side spectators numerous stood
Delighted, and two tumblers roll'd themselves
Between the dancers, singing as they roll'd.
  Last, with the might of Ocean's boundless flood
He fill'd the border of the wonderous shield.
  When thus the massy shield magnificent
He had accomplish'd, for the hero next
He forged, more ardent than the blaze of fire,
A corslet; then, a ponderous helmet bright
Well fitted to his brows, crested with gold,
And with laborious art divine adorn'd.
He also made him greaves of molten tin.
  The armour finish'd, bearing in his hand
The whole, he set it down at Thetis' feet.
She, like a falcon, from the snowy top
Stoop'd of Olympus, bearing to the earth
The dazzling wonder fresh from Vulcan's hand.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and cloathed in new armour forged by Vulcan, leads out the Myrmidons to battle.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

Now rose the morn in saffron vest attired
From Ocean, with new day for Gods and men,
When Thetis at the fleet of Greece arrived,
Bearing that gift divine. She found her son
All tears, and close enfolding in his arms
Patroclus, while his Myrmidons around
Wept also; she amid them, graceful, stood,
And seizing fast his hand, him thus bespake.
Although our loss be great, yet, oh my son!
Leave we Patroclus lying on the bier
To which the Gods ordain'd him from the first.
Receive from Vulcan's hands these glorious arms,
Such as no mortal shoulders ever bore.
So saying, she placed the armour on the ground
Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang.
A tremor shook the Myrmidons; none dared
Look on it, but all fled. Not so himself.
In him fresh vengeance kindled at the view,
And, while he gazed, a splendour as of fire
Flash'd from his eyes. Delighted, in his hand

He held the glorious bounty of the God,
And, wondering at those strokes of art divine,
His eager speech thus to his mother turn'd.
  The God, my mother! hath bestow'd in truth
Such armour on me as demanded skill
Like his, surpassing far all power of man.
Now, therefore, I will arm. But anxious fears
Trouble me, lest intrusive flies, meantime,
Breed worms within the spear-inflicted wounds
Of Menœtiades, and fill with taint
Of putrefaction his whole breathless form.
  But him the silver-footed Goddess fair
Thus answer'd. Oh, my son! chase from thy mind
All such concern. I will, myself, essay
To drive the noisome swarms which on the slain
In battle feed voracious. Should he lie
The year complete, his flesh shall yet be found
Untainted, and, it may be, fragrant too.
But thou the Heroes of Achaia's host
Convening, in their ears thy wrath renounce
Against the King of men, then, instant, arm
For battle, and put on thy glorious might.
  So saying, the Goddess raised his courage high.
Then, through the nostrils of the dead she pour'd
Ambrosia, and the ruddy juice divine
Of nectar, antidotes against decay.
  And now forth went Achilles by the side
Of Ocean, calling with a dreadful shout
To council all the Heroes of the host.
Then, even they who in the fleet before
Constant abode, helmsmen and those who held

In stewardship the food and public stores,
All flock'd to council, for that now at length
After long abstinence from dread exploits
Of war, Achilles had once more appear'd.
Two went together, halting on the spear,
(For still they felt the anguish of their wounds)
Noble Ulysses and brave Diomede,
And took an early seat; whom follow'd last
The King of men, by Coön in the field
Of furious battle wounded with a lance.
The Greecians all assembled, in the midst
Upstood the swift Achilles, and began.
Atrides! we had doubtless better sped
Both thou and I, thus doing, when at first
With cruel rage we burn'd, a girl the cause.
I would that Dian's shaft had in the fleet
Slain her that self-same day when I destroy'd
Lyrnessus, and by conquest made her mine!
Then had not many a Greecian, lifeless now,
Clench'd with his teeth the ground, victim, alas!
Of my revenge; whence triumph hath accrued
To Hector and his host, while ours have cause
For long remembrance of our mutual strife.
But evils past let pass, yielding perforce
To sad necessity. My wrath shall cease
Now; I resign it; it hath burn'd too long.
Thou therefore summon forth the host to fight,
That I may learn meeting them in the field,
If still the Trojans purpose at our fleet
To watch us this night also. But I judge
That driven by my spear to rapid flight,

They shall escape with weary limbs[1] at least.
He ended, and the Greecians brazen-greaved
Rejoiced that Peleus' mighty son had cast
His wrath aside. Then not into the midst
Proceeding, but at his own seat, upstood
King Agamemnon, and them thus bespake.
Friends! Greecian Heroes! Ministers of Mars!
Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear;
All interruption wrongs him, and distracts,
Howe'er expert the speaker. Who can hear
Amid the roar of tumult, or who speak?
The clearest voice, best utterance, both are vain.
I shall address Achilles. Hear my speech
Ye Argives, and with understanding mark.
I hear not now the voice of your reproach[2]
First; ye have oft condemn'd me. Yet the blame
Rests not with me; Jove, Destiny, and she
Who roams the shades, Erynnis, caused the offence.
She fill'd my soul with fury on that day
In council, when I seized Achilles' prize.
For what could I? All things obey the Gods.
Ate, pernicious Power, daughter of Jove,
By whom all suffer, challenges from all
Reverence and fear. Delicate are her feet
Which scorn the ground, and over human heads
She glides, injurious to the race of man,

[1] *Ασπασιως γονυ καμψειν*—Shall be glad to bend their knee, i. e. to sit and repose themselves.

[2] *Τυτον μυθον.*—He seems to intend the reproaches sounded in his ear from all quarters, and which he had repeatedly heard before.

Of Two who strive, at least entangling One.
She injured, on a day, dread Jove himself
Most excellent of all in earth or heaven,
When Juno, although female, him deceived,
What time Alcmena should have brought to light
In bulwark'd Thebes the force of Hercules.
Then Jove, among the gods glorying, spake.
Hear all! both Gods and Goddesses, attend!
That I may make my purpose known. This day
Birth-pang-dispensing Ilithya brings
An Hero forth to light, who, sprung from those
That sprang from me, his empire shall extend
Over all kingdoms bordering on his own.
To whom, designing fraud, Juno replied.
Thou wilt be found false, and this word of thine
Shall want performance. But Olympian Jove!
Swear now the inviolable oath, that He
Who shall, this day, fall from between the feet
Of woman, drawing his descent from thee,
Shall rule all kingdoms bordering on his own.
She said, and Jove, suspecting nought her wiles,
The great oath swore, to his own grief and wrong.
At once from the Olympian summit flew
Juno, and to Achaian Argos borne,
There sought the noble wife[3] of Sthenelus,
Offspring of Perseus. Pregnant with a son
Six months, she now the seventh saw at hand,
But him the Goddess premature produced,
And check'd Alcmena's pangs already due.

[3] By some call'd Antibia, by others, Nicippe.

Then joyful to have so prevail'd, she bore
Herself the tidings to Saturnian Jove.
Lord of the candent lightnings! Sire of all!
I bring thee tidings. The great prince, ordain'd
To rule the Argive race, this day is born,
Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son
Of Perseus; therefore he derives from thee,
Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his birth.
She spake; then anguish stung the heart of Jove
Deeply, and seizing by her glossy locks
The Goddess Ate, in his wrath he swore
That never to the starry skies again
And the Olympian heights he would permit
The universal mischief to return.
Then, whirling her around, he cast her down
To earth. She, mingling with all works of men,
Caused many a pang to Jove, who saw his son
Laborious tasks servile, and of his birth
Unworthy, at Eurystheus' will enjoin'd.
So when the Hero Hector at our ships
Slew us, I then regretted my offence
Which Ate first impell'd me to commit.
But since, infatuated by the Gods
I err'd, behold me ready to appease
With gifts of price immense whom I have wrong'd.
Thou, then, arise to battle, and the host
Rouse also. Not a promise yesternight
Was made thee by Ulysses in thy tent
On my behalf, but shall be well perform'd.
Or if it please thee, though impatient, wait
Short season, and my train shall bring the gifts

Even now; that thou may'st understand and know
That my peace-offerings are indeed sincere
To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
Atrides! Agamemnon! passing all
In glory! King of men! recompense just
By gifts to make me, or to make me none,
That rests with thee. But let us to the fight
Incontinent. It is no time to play
The game of rhetoric, and to waste the hours
In speeches. Much remains yet unperform'd.
Achilles must go forth. He must be seen
Once more in front of battle, wasting wide
With brazen spear, the crowded ranks of Troy.
Mark Him—and as He fights, fight also ye.
To whom Ulysses ever-wise replied.
Nay—Urge not, valiant as thou art thyself,
Achaia's sons up to the battlements
Of Ilium, by repast yet unrefresh'd,
Godlike Achilles!—For when phalanx once
Shall clash with phalanx, and the Gods with rage
Both hosts inspire, the contest shall not then
Prove short. Bid rather the Achaians take
Both food and wine, for they are strength and might.
To stand all day till sunset to a foe
Opposed in battle, fasting, were a task
Might foil the best; for though his will be prompt
To combat, yet the power must by degrees
Forsake him; thirst and hunger he must feel,
And his limbs failing him at every step.
But he who hath his vigour to the full
Fed with due nourishment, although he fight

All day, yet feels his courage unimpair'd,
Nor weariness perceives till all retire.
Come then—dismiss the people with command
That each prepare replenishment. Meantime
Let Agamemnon, King of men, his gifts
In presence here of the assembled Greeks
Produce, that all may view them, and that thou
May'st feel thine own heart gladden'd at the sight.
Let the King also, standing in the midst,
Swear to thee, that he renders back the maid
A virgin still, and strange to his embrace,
And let thy own composure prove, the while,
That thou art satisfied. Last, let him spread
A princely banquet for thee in his tent,
That thou may'st want no part of just amends.
Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prove
More just to others; for himself, a King,
Stoops not too low, soothing whom he hath wrong'd.
  Him Agamemnon answer'd King of men.
Thou hast arranged wisely the whole concern,
O Laertiades, and I have heard
Thy speech, both words and method with delight.
Willing I am, yea more, I wish to swear
As thou hast said, for by the Gods I can
Most truly. Let Achilles, though of pause
Impatient, suffer yet a short delay
With all assembled here, till from my tent
The gifts arrive, and oaths of peace be sworn.
To thee I give it in peculiar charge
That chusing forth the most illustrious youths
Of all Achaia, thou produce the gifts

From my own ship, all those which yesternight
We promised, nor the women leave behind.
And let Talthybius throughout all the camp
Of the Achaians, instant, seek a boar
For sacrifice to Jove and to the Sun.
  Then thus Achilles matchless in the race.
Atrides! most illustrious! King of men!
Expedience bids us to these cares attend
Hereafter, when some pause, perchance, of fight
Shall happen, and the martial rage which fires
My bosom now, shall somewhat less be felt.
Our friends by Priameian Hector slain,
Now strew the field mangled, for him hath Jove
Exalted high, and given him great renown.
But haste, now take refreshment; though, in truth,
Might I direct, the host should by all means
Unfed to battle, and at set of sun
All sup together, this affront revenged.
But as for me, no drop shall pass my lips
Or morsel, whose companion lies with feet
Turn'd to the vestibule, pierced by the spear,
And compass'd by my weeping train around.
No want of food feel I. My wishes call
For carnage, blood, and agonies and groans.
  But Him, excelling in all wisdom, thus
Ulysses answer'd. Oh Achilles! son
Of Peleus! bravest far of all our host!
Me, in no scanty measure, thou excell'st
Wielding the spear, and thee in prudence, I
Not less. For I am elder, and have learn'd
What thou hast yet to learn. Bid then thine heart

Endure with patience to be taught by me.
Men, satiate soon with battle, loath the field
On which the most abundant harvest falls,
Reap'd by the sword; and when the hand of Jove,
Dispenser of the great events of war,
Turns once the scale, then, farewell every hope
Of more than scanty gleanings. Shall the Greeks
Abstain from sustenance for all who die?
That were indeed severe, since day by day
No few expire, and respite could be none.
The dead, die whoso may, should be inhumed.
This, duty bids, but bids us also deem
One day sufficient for our sighs and tears.
Ourselves, all we who still survive the war,
Have need of sustenance, that we may bear
The lengthen'd conflict with recruited might,
Cased in enduring brass.—Ye all have heard
Your call to battle; let none lingering stand
In expectation of a farther call,
Which if it sound, shall thunder prove to him
Who lurks among the ships. No. Rush we all
Together forth, for contest sharp, prepared,
And persevering with the host of Troy.
So saying, the sons of Nestor, glorious Chief,
He chose, with Meges Phyleus' noble son,
Thoas, Meriones, and Melanippus
And Lycomedes. These, together, sought
The tent of Agamemnon, King of men.
They ask'd, and they received. Soon they produced
The seven promised tripods from the tent,
Twice ten bright cauldrons, twelve high-mettled steeds,

Seven lovely captives skill'd alike in arts
Domestic, of unblemish'd beauty rare,
And last, Briseïs with the blooming cheeks.
Before them went Ulysses, bearing weigh'd
Ten golden talents, whom the chosen Greeks
Attended laden with the remnant gifts.
Full in the midst they placed them. Then arose
King Agamemnon, and Talthybius
The herald, clear in utterance as a God,
Beside him stood, holding the victim boar.
Atrides, drawing forth his dagger bright,
Appendant ever to his sword's huge sheath,
Sever'd the bristly forelock of the boar,
A previous offering. Next, with lifted hands
To Jove he pray'd, while, all around, the Greeks
Sat listening silent to the Sovereign's voice.
He look'd to the wide heaven, and thus he pray'd.
First, Jove be witness! of all Powers above
Best and supreme; Earth next, and next the Sun!
And last, who under earth the guilt avenge
Of oaths sworn falsely, let the Furies hear!
For no respect of amorous desire
Or other purpose, have I laid mine hand
On fair Briseïs, but within my tent
Untouch'd, immaculate she hath remain'd.
And if I falsely swear, then may the Gods
The many woes with which they mark the crime
Of men forsworn, pour also down on me!
So saying, he pierced the victim in his throat,
And, whirling him around, Talthybius, next,
Cast him into the ocean, fishes' food.

Then, in the centre of Achaia's sons
Uprose Achilles, and thus spake again.
  Jove! Father! dire calamities, effects
Of thy appointment, fall on human-kind.
Never had Agamemnon in my breast
Such anger kindled, never had he seized,
Blinded by wrath, and torn my prize away,
But that the slaughter of our numerous friends
Which thence ensued, thou hadst, thyself, ordain'd.
Now go, ye Greecians, eat, and then to battle.
  So saying, Achilles suddenly dissolved
The hasty council, and all flew dispersed
To their own ships. Then took the Myrmidons
Those splendid gifts which in the tent they lodged
Of swift Achilles, and the damsels led
Each to a seat, while others of his train
Drove forth the steeds to pasture with his herd.
But when Brisëis, bright as Venus, saw
Patroclus lying mangled by the spear,
Enfolding him around, she shriek'd and tore
Her bosom, her smooth neck and beauteous cheeks.
Then thus, divinely fair, with tears she said.
  Ah, my Patroclus! dearest friend of all
To hapless me, departing from this tent
I left thee living, and now, generous Chief!
Restored to it again, here find thee dead.
How rapid in succession are my woes!
I saw, myself, the valiant prince to whom
My parents had betroth'd me, slain before
Our city walls; and my three brothers, sons
Of my own mother, whom with long regret

I mourn, fell also in that dreadful field.
But when the swift Achilles slew the prince
Design'd my spouse, and the fair city sack'd
Of noble Mynes, thou by every art
Of tender friendship didst forbid my tears,
Promising oft that thou would'st make me bride
Of Peleus' godlike son, that thy own ship
Should waft me hence to Phthia, and that thyself
Would'st furnish forth among the Myrmidons
Our nuptial feast. Therefore thy death I mourn
Ceaseless, for thou wast ever kind to me.
She spake, and all her fellow-captives heaved
Responsive sighs, deploring each, in show,
The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself.
Then the Achaian Chiefs gather'd around
Achilles, wooing him to eat, but He
Groan'd, and still resolute, their suit refused—
If I have here a friend on whom by prayers
I may prevail, I pray that ye desist,
Nor longer press me, mourner as I am,
To eat or drink, for till the sun go down
I am inflexible, and *will* abstain.
So saying, the other princes he dismiss'd
Impatient, but the sons of Atreus both,
Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus,
With Phœnix, hoary warrior, in his tent
Abiding still, with cheerful converse kind
Essay'd to soothe him, whose afflicted soul
All soothing scorn'd till he should once again
Rush on the ravening edge of bloody war.
Then, mindful of his friend, groaning he said.

Time was, unhappiest, dearest of my friends!
When even thou, with diligent dispatch,
Thyself, hast spread a table in my tent,
The hour of battle drawing nigh between
The Greeks and warlike Trojans. But there lies
Thy body now, gored by the ruthless steel,
And for thy sake I neither eat nor drink,
Though dearth be none, conscious that other woe
Surpassing this I can have none to fear.
No, not if tidings of my father's death
Should reach me, who, this moment, weeps, perhaps,
In Phthia tears of tenderest regret
For such a son; while I, remote from home,
Fight for detested Helen under Troy.
Nor even were *He* dead, whom, if he live,
I rear in Scyros, my own darling son,
My Neoptolemus of form divine.
For still this hope I cherish'd in my breast
Till now, that, of us two, myself alone
Should fall at Ilium, and that thou, restored
To Phthia, should'st have wafted o'er the waves
My son from Scyros to his native home,
That thou might'st show him all his heritage,
My train of menials, and my fair abode.
For either dead already I account
Peleus, or doubt not that his residue
Of miserable life shall soon be spent,
Through stress of age and expectation sad
That tidings of my death shall, next, arrive.
So spake Achilles weeping, around whom
The Chiefs all sigh'd, each with remembrance pain'd

Of some loved object left at home. Meantime
Jove, with compassion moved, their sorrow saw,
And in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.
Daughter! thou hast abandon'd, as it seems,
Yon virtuous Chief for ever; shall no care
Thy mind engage of brave Achilles more?
Before his gallant fleet mourning he sits
His friend, disconsolate; the other Greeks
Eat and are satisfied; he only fasts.
Go, then—instil nectar into his breast,
And sweets ambrosial, that he hunger not.
So saying, he urged Minerva prompt before.
In form a shrill-voiced harpy of long wing
Through ether down she darted, while the Greeks
In all their camp for instant battle arm'd.
Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd
Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss
Of strength through abstinence, then soar'd again
To her great Sire's unperishing abode.
And now the Greecians from their gallant fleet
All pour'd themselves abroad. As when thick snow
From Jove descends, driven by impetuous gusts
Of the cloud-scattering North, so frequent shone
Issuing from the fleet the dazzling casques,
Boss'd bucklers, hauberks strong, and ashen spears.
Upwent the flash to heaven; wide all around
The champain laugh'd with beamy brass illumed,
And tramplings of the warriors on all sides
Resounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd.
He gnash'd his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart

And fury against Troy, while he put on
His glorious arms, the labour of a God.
First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd
Studded with silver, then his corslet bright
Braced to his bosom, his huge sword of brass
Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield
Uplifted last, luminous as the moon.
Such as to mariners a fire appears,
Kindled by shepherds on the distant top
Of some lone hill; they, driven by stormy winds,
Reluctant roam far off the fishy Deep,
Such from Achilles' burning shield divine
A lustre struck the skies; his ponderous helm
He lifted to his brows; starlike it shone,
And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,
By Vulcan taught to wave profuse around.
So clad, godlike Achilles trial made
If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope
To his proportion'd limbs; buoyant they proved
As wings, and high upbore his airy tread.
He drew his father's spear forth from its case,
Heavy and huge and long. That spear, of all
Achaia's sons, none else had power to wield;
Achilles only could the Pelian spear
Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn
From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave.
His coursers, then, Automedon prepared
And Alcimus, adjusting diligent
The fair caparisons; they thrust the bits
Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat
Extended and made fast the reins behind.

The splendid scourge commodious to the grasp
Seizing, at once Automedon upsprang
Into his place; behind him, arm'd complete
Achilles mounted, as the orient sun
All dazzling, and with aweful tone his speech
Directed to the coursers of his Sire.
Xanthus, and Balius of Podarges' blood
Illustrious! see ye that, the battle done,
Ye bring whom now ye bear back to the host
Of the Achaians in far other sort,
Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead.
Him then his steed unconquer'd in the race,
Xanthus, thus answer'd from beneath his yoke,
But, hanging low his head, and with his mane
Dishevell'd all, and streaming to the ground.
Him Juno vocal made, Goddess white-arm'd.
And doubtless so we will. This day at least
We bear thee safe from battle, stormy Chief!
But thee the hour of thy destruction swift
Approaches, hasten'd by no fault of ours,
But by the force of fate and power divine.
For not through sloth or tardiness on us
Aught chargeable, have Ilium's sons thine arms
Stript from Patroclus' shoulders, but a God
Matchless in battle, offspring of bright-hair'd
Latona, him contending in the van
Slew, for the glory of the Chief of Troy.
We, Zephyrus himself, though by report
Swiftest of all the winds of heaven, in speed
Could equal, but the Fates thee also doom
By human hands to fall, and hands divine.

The interposing Furies at that word
Suppress'd his utterance, and indignant, thus,
Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied.
Why, Xanthus, propheciest thou my death?
It ill beseems thee. I already know
That from my parents far remote my doom
Appoints me here to die; yet not the more
Cease I from feats of arms, till Ilium's host
Shall have received, at length, their fill of war.
He said, and with a shout drove forth to battle.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

By permission of Jupiter the Gods descend into the battle, and range themselves on either side respectively. Neptune rescues Æneas from death by the hand of Achilles, from whom Apollo, soon after, rescues Hector. Achilles slays many Trojans.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

THE Greecians, thus, before their lofty ships
Stood arm'd around Achilles, glorious Chief
Insatiable with war, and opposite
The Trojans on the rising-ground appear'd.
Meantime, Jove order'd Themis, from the head
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian to convene
The Gods in council. She to every part
Proceeding, bade them to the courts of Jove.
Nor of the Floods was any absent thence
Oceanus except, or of the Nymphs
Who haunt the pleasant groves, or dwell beside
Stream-feeding fountains, or in meadows green.
Within the courts of cloud-assembler Jove
Arrived, on pillar'd thrones radiant they sat,
With ingenuity divine contrived
By Vulcan for the mighty Sire of all.
Thus they within the Thunderer's palace sat
Assembled; nor was Neptune slow to hear
The voice of Themis, but (the billows left)
Came also; in the midst his seat he took,
And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove.

King of the lightnings! wherefore hast thou call'd
The Gods to council? Hast thou aught at heart

Important to the hosts of Greece and Troy?
For on the battle's fiery edge they stand.
  To whom replied Jove, Sovereign of the storms.
Thou know'st my counsel, Shaker of the shores!
And wherefore ye are call'd. Although ordain'd
So soon to die, they interest me still.
Myself, here seated on Olympus' top,
With contemplation will my mind indulge
Of yon great spectacle; but ye, the rest,
Descend into the field, Trojan or Greek
Each to assist, as each shall most incline.
For should Achilles in the field no foe
Find save the Trojans, quickly should they fly
Before the rapid force of Peleus' son.
They trembled ever at his look, and since
Such fury for his friend hath fired his heart,
I fear lest he anticipate the will
Of Fate, and Ilium perish premature.
  So spake the son of Saturn kindling war
Inevitable, and the Gods to fight
'Gan move with minds discordant. Juno sought
And Pallas, with the earth-encircling Power
Neptune, the Greecian fleet, with whom were join'd
Mercury, teacher of all useful arts,
And Vulcan, rolling on all sides his eyes
Tremendous, but on disproportion'd legs,
Not without labour hard, halting uncouth.
Mars, warrior-God, on Ilium's part appear'd
With Phœbus never-shorn, Dian shaft-arm'd,
Xanthus, Latona, and the Queen of smiles,
Venus. So long as the Immortal Gods
Mix'd not with either host, Achaia's sons

Exulted, seeing, after tedious pause,
Achilles in the field, and terrour shook
The knees of every Trojan, at the sight
Of swift Achilles like another Mars
Panting for blood, and bright in arms again.
But when the Olympian Powers had enter'd once
The multitude, then Discord, at whose voice
The million maddens, vehement arose;
Then, Pallas at the trench without the wall
By turns stood shouting, and by turns a shout
Sent terrible along the sounding shore,
While, gloomy as a tempest, opposite,
Mars from the lofty citadel of Troy
Now yell'd aloud, now running o'er the hill
Callicolone, on the Simois' side.
Thus the Immortals, ever-blest, impell'd
Both hosts to battle, and dire inroad caused
Of strife among them. Sudden from on high
The Sire of Gods and men thunder'd; meantime,
Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook;
Through all her base and to her topmost peak
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.
Upstarted from his throne, appall'd, the King
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears
Through hell proclaim'd, lest Neptune, o'er his head
Shattering the vaulted earth, should wide disclose
To mortal and immortal eyes his realm
Terrible, squalid, to the Gods themselves
A dreaded spectacle; with such a sound
The Powers eternal into battle rush'd.
Opposed to Neptune, King of the vast Deep,

Apollo stood with his wing'd arrows arm'd;
Pallas to Mars; Diana shaft-expert,
Sister of Phœbus, in her golden bow
Rejoicing, with whose shouts the forests ring,
To Juno; Mercury, for useful arts
Famed, to Latona; and to Vulcan's force
The eddied River broad by mortal men
Scamander call'd, but Xanthus by the Gods.
So Gods encounter'd Gods. But most desire
Achilles felt, breaking the ranks, to rush
On Priameian Hector, with whose blood
Chiefly his fury prompted him to sate
The indefatigable God of war.
But, the encourager of Ilium's host
Apollo, urged Æneas to assail
The son of Peleus, with heroic might
Inspiring his bold heart. He feign'd the voice
Of Priam's son Lycaon, and his form
Assuming, thus the Trojan Chief address'd.
Æneas! Trojan leader! where are now
Thy vaunts, which, banquetting erewhile among
Our princes, o'er thy brimming cups thou mad'st,
That thou would'st fight, thyself, with Peleus' son?
To whom Æneas answer thus returned.
Offspring of Priam! why enjoin'st thou me
Not so inclined, that arduous task, to cope
With the unmatch'd Achilles? I have proved
His force already, when he chased me down
From Ida with his spear, what time he made
Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy'd
Pedasus and Lyrnessus; but I 'scaped
Unslain, by Jove himself empower'd to fly.

Else had I fallen by Achilles' hand,
And by the hand of Pallas, who his steps
Conducted, and exhorted him to slay
Us and the Leleges. Vain, therefore, proves
All mortal force to Peleus' son opposed;
For one, at least, of the Immortals stands
Ever beside him, guardian of his life,
And, of himself, he hath an arm that sends
His rapid spear unerring to the mark.
Yet, would the Gods more equal sway the scales
Of battle, not with ease should he subdue
Me, though he boast a panoply of brass.
Him, then, Apollo answer'd, son of Jove.
Hero! prefer to the Immortal Gods
Thy prayer, for thee men rumour Venus' son,
Daughter of Jove, and Peleus' son his birth
Drew from a Goddess of inferior note.
Thy mother is from Jove; the offspring, his,
Less noble of the hoary Ocean old.
Go, therefore, and thy conquering spear uplift
Against him, nor let aught his sounding words
Appall thee, or his threats turn thee away.
So saying, with martial force the Chief he fill'd,
Who through the foremost combatants advanced
Radiant in arms. Nor pass'd Anchises' son
Unseen of Juno, through the crowded ranks
Seeking Achilles, but the Powers of heaven
Convened by her command, she thus address'd.
Neptune, and thou, Minerva! with mature
Deliberation, ponder the event.
Yon Chief, Æneas, dazzling bright in arms,
Goes to withstand Achilles, and he goes

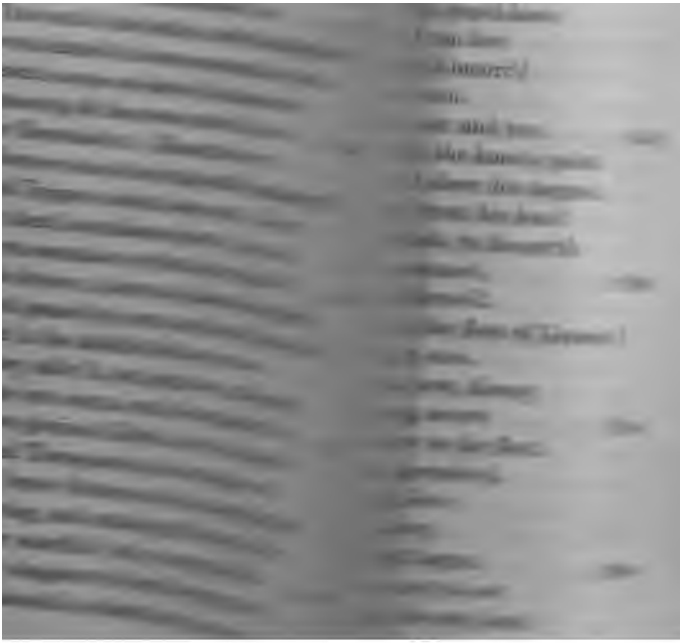
Sent by Apollo; in despight of whom
Be it our task to give him quick repulse,
Or, of ourselves, let some propitious Power
Strengthen Achilles with a mind exempt
From terrour, and with force invincible.
So shall he know that of the Gods above
The mightiest are his friends, with whom compared
The favourers of Ilium in time past,
Who stood her guardians in the bloody strife,
Are empty boasters all, and nothing worth.
For therefore came we down, that we may share
This fight, and that Achilles suffer nought
Fatal to-day, though suffer all he must
Hereafter, with his thread of life entwined
By Destiny, the day when he was born.
But should Achilles unapprized remain
Of such advantage by a voice divine,
When he shall meet some Deity in the field,
Fear then will seize him, for celestial forms
Unveil'd are terrible to mortal eyes.
  To whom replied the Shaker of the shores.
Juno! thy hot impatience needs controul;
It ill befits thee. No desire I feel
To force into contention with ourselves
Gods, our inferiors. No. Let us, retired
To yonder hill, distant from all resort,
There sit, while these the battle wage alone.
But if Apollo, or if Mars the fight
Entering, begin, themselves, to interfere
Against Achilles, then will we at once
To battle also; and, I much misdeem,
Or glad they shall be soon to mix again

Among the Gods on the Olympian heights,
By strong coercion of our arms subdued.
So saying, the God of Ocean azure-hair'd
Moved foremost to the lofty mound earth-built
Of noble Hercules, by Pallas raised
And by the Trojans for his safe escape,
What time the monster of the Deep pursued
The Hero from the sea-bank o'er the plain.
There Neptune sat, and his confederate Gods,
Their shoulders with impenetrable clouds
O'ermantled, while the city-spoiler Mars
Sat with Apollo opposite on the hill
Callicolone, with their aids divine.
So, Gods to Gods in opposite aspect
Sat ruminating, and alike the work
All fearing to begin of arduous war,
While from his seat sublime Jove urged them on.
The champain all was fill'd, and with the blaze
Illumined wide of men and steeds brass-arm'd,
And the incumber'd earth jarr'd under foot
Of the encountering hosts. Then, two, the rest
Surpassing far, into the midst advanced
Impatient for the fight, Anchises' son
Æneas, and Achilles, glorious Chief!
Æneas first, under his ponderous casque
Nodding and menacing, advanced; before
His breast he held the well-conducted orb
Of his broad shield, and shook his brazen spear.
On the other side, Achilles to the fight
Flew like a ravening lion, on whose death
Resolved the peasants from all quarters meet;
He, viewing with disdain the foremost, stalks

Right on, but smitten by some dauntless youth
Writhes himself, and discloses his huge fangs
Hung with white foam; then, growling for revenge,
Lashes himself to battle with his tail,
Till with a burning eye and a bold heart
He springs to slaughter, or himself is slain;
So, by his valour and his noble mind
Impell'd, renown'd Achilles moved toward
Æneas, and, small interval between,
Thus spake the Hero matchless in the race.
Why stand'st thou here, Æneas! thy own band
Left at such distance? Is it that thine heart
Glows with ambition to contend with me
In hope of Priam's honours, and to fill
His throne hereafter in Troy steed-renown'd?
But shouldst thou slay me, not for that exploit
Would Priam such large recompense bestow,
For he hath sons, and hath, beside, a mind
And disposition not so lightly changed.
Or have the Trojans of their richest soil
For vineyard apt or plough assign'd thee part
If thou shalt slay me? Difficult, I hope,
At least, thou shalt experience that emprize.
For, as I think, I have already chased
Thee with my spear. Forgettest thou the day
When, finding thee alone, I drove thee down
Headlong from Ida, and, thy cattle left
Afar, thou didst not dare in all thy flight
Turn once, till at Lyrnessus safe arrived,
Which city by Jove's aid and by the aid
Of Pallas I destroy'd, and captive led
Their women? Thee, indeed, the Gods preserved,

But they shall not preserve thee, as thou dream'st,
Now also. Back into thy host again;
Hence, I command thee, nor oppose in fight
My force, lest evil find thee. To be taught
By sufferings only is the part of fools.
To whom Æneas answer thus return'd.
Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,
With words to scare me. I have also taunts
At my command, and could be sharp as thou.
By such report as from the lips of men
We oft have heard, each other's birth we know
And parents; but my parents to behold
Was ne'er thy lot, nor have I thine beheld.
Thee men proclaim from noble Peleus sprung
And Thetis, bright-hair'd Goddess of the Deep;
I boast myself of lovely Venus born
To brave Anchises, and his son this day
In battle slain thy Sire shall mourn, or mine;
For I expect not that we shall depart
Like children, satisfied with words alone.
But if it please thee more at large to learn
My lineage (thousands can attest it true)
Know this. Jove, Sovereign of the storms, begat
Dardanus, and ere yet the sacred walls
Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain,
He built Dardania; for at Ida's foot
Dwelt our progenitors in ancient days.
Dardanus was the father of a son,
King Ericthonius, wealthiest of mankind.
Three thousand mares of his the marish grazed,
Each suckling with delight her tender foal.
Boreas, enamour'd of no few of these,
The pasture sought, and cover'd them in form

[illegible] the Danai direct.
Nor let them, safe at least and unannoy'd,
Bear [illegible] Patroclus' body to the fleet.
He spake, and starting far into the van
Stood [illegible] remost forth; they, wheeling, faced
Them, spear in hand. Æneas smote the frie
Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,
Son of Arisbas. Lycomedes saw
Compassionate his death, and drawing nigh
First stood, then hurling his resplendent la
Right through the liver Apisaon pierced
Offspring of Hippasus, his chest beneath.
And, lifeless, instant, on the field he fell.
He from Pæonia the deep-soil'd to Troy
Came forth, Asteropæus sole except,
Bravest of all Pæonia's band in arms.
Asteropæus saw, and to the van
Sprang forth for furious combat well prepar
But room for fight found none, so thick a f
Of shields and ported spears fronted secure
The phalanx guarding Menœtiades.



Of a steed azure-maned. They, pregnant thence,
Twelve foals produced, and all so light of foot,
That when they wanton'd in the fruitful field
They swept, and snapp'd it not, the golden ear,
And when they wanton'd on the boundless Deep,
They skimm'd the green wave's frothy ridge, secure.
From Ericthonius sprang Tros, King of Troy,
And Tros was father of three famous sons,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede
Loveliest of human-kind, whom for his charms
The Gods caught up to heaven, there to abide
With the Immortals, cup-bearer of Jove.
Ilus begat Laomedon, and he
Five sons, Tithonus, Priam, Clytius,
Lampus, and Hicetaon, branch of Mars.
Assaracus a son begat, by name
Capys, and Capys in due time his son
Warlike Anchises, and Anchises me.
But Priam is the noble Hector's sire.
Such is my lineage, and such blood I boast;
But valour is from Jove; He, as he wills,
Increases or reduces it in man,
For He is Lord of all. Therefore enough—
Too long like children we have stood, the time
Consuming here, while battle roars around.
Reproach is cheap. Easily might we cast
Gibes at each other, till a ship that asks
An hundred oars should sink beneath the load.
The tongue of man is voluble, hath words
For every theme, nor wants wide field and long,
And as he speaks so shall he hear again.
But we—why should we wrangle, and with taunts
Assail each other, as the practice is

Of women, who with heart-devouring strife
On fire, start forth into the public way
To mock each other, uttering, as may chance,
Much truth, much falsehood, as their anger bids?
The ardour of my courage will not slack
For all thy speeches; we must combat first;
Now, therefore, without more delay, begin,
That we may taste each other's force in arms.
So spake Æneas, and his brazen lance
Hurl'd with full force against the dreadful shield.
Loud roar'd its ample concave at the blow.
Not unalarm'd Pelides his broad disk
Thrust farther from him, deeming that the force
Of such an arm should pierce his guard with ease.
Vain fear! he recollected not that arms
Glorious as his, gifts of the Immortal Gods,
Yield not so quickly to the force of man.
The stormy spear by brave Æneas sent,
No passage found; the golden plate divine
Repress'd its vehemence; two folds it pierced,
But three were still behind, for with five folds
Vulcan had fortified it; two were brass;
The two interior, tin; the midmost, gold;
And at the golden one the weapon stood[1].

[1] Some commentators, supposing the golden plate the outermost as the most ornamental, have perplexed themselves much with this passage, for how, say they, could two folds be pierced and the spear be stopped by the gold, if the gold lay on the surface? But to avoid the difficulty, we need only suppose that the gold was inserted between the two plates of brass and the two of tin, Vulcan, in this particular, having attended less to ornament than to security.

See the Scholiast in Villoisson, who argues at large in favour of this opinion.

Achilles, next, hurl'd his long shadow'd spear,
And struck Æneas on the utmost verge
Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay the brass,
And thinnest the ox-hide. The Pelian ash
Started right through the buckler, and it rang.
Æneas crouch'd terrified, and his shield
Thrust farther from him; but the rapid beam
Bursting both borders of the ample disk,
Glanced o'er his back, and plunged into the soil.
He 'scaped it, and he stood; but, as he stood,
With horror infinite the weapon saw
Planted so near him. Then, Achilles drew
His faulchion keen, and with a deafening shout
Sprang on him; but Æneas seized a stone
Heavy and huge, a weight to overcharge
Two men (such men as are accounted strong
Now) but He wielded it with ease, alone.
Then had Æneas, as Achilles came
Impetuous on, smitten, although in vain,
His helmet or his shield, and Peleus' son
Had with his faulchion him stretch'd at his feet,
But that the God of Ocean quick perceived
His peril, and the Immortals thus bespake.
  I pity brave Æneas, who shall soon,
Slain by Achilles, see the realms below,
By smooth suggestions of Apollo lured
To danger, such as He can ne'er avert.
But wherefore should the Chief, guiltless himself,
Die for the fault of others? at no time
His gifts have fail'd, grateful to all in heaven.
Come, therefore, and let us from death ourselves
Rescue him, lest if by Achilles' arm
This Hero perish, Jove himself be wroth;

For he is destined to survive, lest all
The house of Dardanus (whom Jove beyond
All others loved, his sons of woman born)
Fail with Æneas, and be found no more.
Saturnian Jove hath hated now long time
The family of Priam, and henceforth
Æneas and his son, and his sons' sons,
Shall sway the sceptre o'er the race of Troy.
To whom, majestic thus the spouse of Jove.
Neptune! deliberate thyself, and chuse
Whether to save Æneas, or to leave
The Hero victim of Achilles' ire.
For Pallas and myself oftimes have sworn
In full assembly of the Gods, to aid
Troy never, never to avert the day
Of her distress, not even when the flames
Kindled by the heroic sons of Greece,
Shall climb with fury to her topmost towers.
She spake; then Neptune, instant, through the throng
Of battle flying, and the clash of spears,
Came where Achilles and Æneas fought.
At once with shadows dim he blurr'd the sight
Of Peleus' son, and from the shield, himself,
Of brave Æneas the bright-pointed ash
Retracting, placed it at Achilles' feet.
Then, lifting high Æneas from the ground,
He heaved him far remote; o'er many a rank
Of Heroes and of bounding steeds he flew,
Launch'd into air from the expanded palm
Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear
Of all the battle where the Caucons stood.
Neptune approach'd him there, and at his side
Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus bespake,

What God, Æneas! tempted thee to cope
Thus inconsiderately with the son
Of Peleus, both more excellent in fight
Than thou, and more the favourite of the skies?
From him retire hereafter, or expect
A premature descent into the shades.
But when Achilles shall have once fulfill'd
His destiny, in battle slain, then fight
Fearless, for thou canst fall by none beside.
So saying, he left the well-admonish'd Chief,
And from Achilles' eyes scatter'd the gloom
Shed o'er them by himself. The Hero saw
Clearly, and with his noble heart, incensed
By disappointment, thus conferring, said.
Gods! I behold a prodigy. My spear
Lies at my foot, and He at whom I cast
The weapon with such deadly force, is gone!
Æneas therefore, as it seems, himself
Interests the Immortal Gods, although
I deem'd his boast of their protection vain.
I reck not. Let him go. So gladly 'scaped
From slaughter now, he shall not soon again
Feel an ambition to contend with me.
Now will I rouse the Danaï, and prove
The force in fight of many a Trojan more.
He said, and sprang to battle with loud voice,
Calling the Greecians after him.—Ye sons
Of the Achaians! stand not now aloof,
My noble friends! but foot to foot let each
Fall on courageous, and desire the fight.
The task were difficult for me alone,
Brave as I boast myself, to chase a foe
So numerous, and to combat with them all.

Not Mars himself, immortal though he be,
Nor Pallas, could with all the ranks contend
Of this vast multitude, and drive the whole.
With hands, with feet, with spirit and with might,
All that I can I will; right through I go,
And not a Trojan who shall chance within
Spear's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice.
Thus he the Greeks exhorted. Opposite,
Meantime, illustrious Hector to his host
Vociferated, his design to oppose
Achilles publishing in every ear.
Fear not, ye valiant men of Troy! fear not
The son of Peleus. In a war of words
I could, myself, cope even with the Gods;
But not with spears; there they excel us all.
Nor shall Achilles full performance give
To all his vaunts, but, if he some fulfil,
Shall others leave mutilate in the midst.
I will encounter him, though his hands be fire,
Though fire his hands, and his heart hammer'd steel.
So spake he them exhorting. At his word
Uprose the Trojan spears, thick intermixt
The battle join'd, and clamour loud began.
Then thus, approaching Hector, Phœbus spake.
Henceforth, advance not Hector! in the front
Seeking Achilles, but retired within
The stormy multitude his coming wait,
Lest his spear reach thee, or his glittering sword.
He said, and Hector far into his host
Withdrew, admonish'd by the voice divine.
Then, shouting terrible, and clothed with might,
Achilles sprang to battle. First, he slew

The valiant Chief Iphition, whom a band
Numerous obey'd. Otrynteus was his Sire.
Him to Otrynteus, city-waster Chief,
A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore
In fruitful Hyda. Right into his front
As he advanced, Achilles drove his spear,
And rived his skull; with thundering sound he fell,
And thus the conqueror gloried in his fall.
  Ah Otryntides! thou art slain. Here lies
The terrible in arms, who born beside
The broad Gygæan lake, where Hyllus flows
And Hermus, call'd the fertile soil his own.
  Thus gloried he. Meantime the shades of death
Cover'd Iphition, and Achaian wheels
And horses ground his body in the van.
Demoleon next, Antenŏr's son, a brave
Defender of the walls of Troy, he slew.
Into his temples through his brazen casque
He thrust the Pelian ash, nor could the brass
Such force resist, but the huge weapon drove
The shatter'd bone into his inmost brain,
And his fierce onset at a stroke repress'd.
Hippodamas his weapon next received
Within his spine, while with a leap he left
His steeds and fled. He, panting forth his life,
Moan'd like a bull, by consecrated youths
Dragg'd round the Heliconian King[2], who views
That victim with delight. So, with loud moans
The noble warrior sigh'd his soul away.

[2] Neptune. So called, either because he was worshipped on Helicon, a mountain of Bœotia, or from Helice, an island of Achaia, where he had a temple.

Then, spear in hand, against the godlike son
Of Priam, Polydorus, he advanced.
Not yet his father had to him indulged
A warrior's place, for that of all his sons
He was the youngest-born, his hoary Sire's
Chief darling, and in speed surpass'd them all.
Then also, in the vanity of youth,
For show of nimbleness, he started oft
Into the vaward, till at last he fell.
Him gliding swiftly by, swifter than he
Achilles with a javelin reach'd; he struck
His belt behind him, where the golden clasps
Met, and the double hauberk interposed.
The point transpierced his bowels, and sprang through
His navel; screaming, on his knees he fell,
Death-shadows dimm'd his eyes, and with both hands,
Stooping, he press'd his gather'd bowels back.
But noble Hector, soon as he beheld
His brother Polydorus to the earth
Inclined, and with his bowels in his hands,
Sightless well-nigh with anguish could endure
No longer to remain aloof; flame-like
He burst abroad, and shaking his sharp spear,
Advanced to meet Achilles, whose approach
Seeing, Achilles bounded with delight,
And thus, exulting, to himself he said.

Ah! he approaches, who hath stung my soul
Deepest, the slayer of whom most I loved!
Behold, we meet! Caution is at an end,
And timid skulking in the walks of war.

He ceased, and with a brow knit into frowns,

Call'd to illustrious Hector. Haste, approach,
That I may quick dispatch thee to the shades.
  Whom answer'd warlike Hector nought appall'd.
Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,
With words to scare me. I have also taunts
At my command, and can be sharp as thou.
I know thee valiant, and myself I know
Inferior far; yet, whether thou shalt slay
Me, or, inferior as I am, be slain
By me, is at the pleasure of the Gods,
For I wield also not a pointless beam.
  He said, and, brandishing it, hurl'd his spear,
Which Pallas, breathing softly, wafted back
From the renown'd Achilles, and it fell
Successless at illustrious Hector's feet.
Then, all on fire to slay him, with a shout
That rent the air Achilles rapid flew
Toward him; but him wrapt in clouds opaque
Apollo caught with ease divine away.
Thrice, swift Achilles sprang to the assault
Impetuous, thrice the pitchy cloud he smote,
And at his fourth assault, godlike in act,
And terrible in utterance, thus exclaim'd.
  Dog! thou art safe, and hast escaped again;
But narrowly, and by the aid once more
Of Phœbus, without previous suit to whom
Thou venturest never where the javelin sings.
But when we next encounter, then expect,
If one of all in heaven aid also me,
To close thy proud career. Meantime I seek
Some other, and assail e'en whom I may.

So saying, he pierced the neck of Dryops through,
And at his feet he fell. Him there he left,
And turning on a valiant warrior huge,
Philetor's son, Demuchus, in the knee
Pierced, and detain'd him by the planted spear,
Till with his sword he smote him, and he died.
Laogonus and Dardanus he next
Assaulted, sons of Bias; to the ground
Dismounting both, one with his spear he slew,
The other with his faulchion at a blow.
Tros too, Alastor's son—He suppliant clasp'd
Achilles' knees, and for his pity sued,
Pleading equality of years, in hope
That he would spare, and send him thence alive.
Ah dreamer! ignorant how much in vain
That suit he urged; for not of milky mind,
Or placable in temper was the Chief
To whom he sued, but fiery. With both hands
His knees he clasp'd importunate, and he
Fast by the liver gash'd him with his sword.
His liver falling forth, with sable blood
His bosom fill'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Then, drawing close to Mulius, in his ear
He set the pointed brass, and at a thrust
Sent it, next moment, through his ear beyond.
Then, through the forehead of Agenor's son
Echechlus, his huge-hafted blade he drove,
And death and fate for ever veil'd his eyes.
Next, where the tendons of the elbow meet,
Striking Deucalion, through his wrist he urged
The brazen point; he all defenceless stood,
Expecting death; down came Achilles' blade

Full on his neck; away went head and casque
Together; from his spine the marrow sprang,
And at his length outstretch'd he press'd the plain.
From him to Rhigmus, Pireus' noble son,
He flew, a warrior from the fields of Thrace.
Him through the loins he pierced, and with the beam
Fixt in his bowels, to the earth he fell;
Then piercing, as he turn'd to flight, the spine
Of Areithöus his charioteer,
He thrust him from his seat; wild with dismay
Back flew the fiery coursers at his fall.
As a devouring fire within the glens
Of some dry mountain ravages the trees,
While, blown around, the flames roll to all sides,
So, on all sides, terrible as a God,
Achilles drove the death-devoted host
Of Ilium, and the champain ran with blood.
As when the peasant his yoked steers employs
To tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair
With ponderous hoofs trample it out with ease,
So, by magnanimous Achilles driven,
His coursers solid-hoof'd stamp'd as they ran
The shields, at once, and bodies of the slain;
Blood spatter'd all his axle, and with blood
From the horse-hoofs and from the fellied wheels
His chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst
For glory, his unconquerable hands
Defiled with mingled carnage, sweat, and dust.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

Achilles having separated the Trojans, and driven one part of them to the city and the other into the Scamander, takes twelve young men alive, his intended victims to the manes of Patroclus. The river overflowing his banks with purpose to overwhelm him, is opposed by Vulcan, and gladly relinquishes the attempt. The battle of the Gods ensues. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, decoys Achilles from the town, which in the mean time the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

But when they came, at length, where Xanthus winds
His stream vortiginous from Jove derived,
There, separating Ilium's host, he drove
Part o'er the plain to Troy in the same road
By which the Greecians had so lately fled
The fury of illustrious Hector's arm.
That way they fled pouring themselves along
Flood-like, and Juno, to retard them, threw
Darkness as night before them. Other part,
Push'd down the sides of Xanthus, headlong plunged
With dashing sound into his dizzy stream,
And all his banks re-echoed loud the roar.
They, struggling, shriek'd in silver eddies whirl'd.
As when, by violence of fire expell'd,
Locusts uplifted on the wing escape
To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze
Pursues them, they, astonish'd, strew the flood,
So, by Achilles driven, a mingled throng
Of horses and of warriors overspread
Xanthus, and glutted all his sounding course.
He, chief of heroes, leaving on the bank
His spear against a tamarisk reclined
Plunged like a God, with faulchion arm'd alone,
But fill'd with thoughts of havoc. On all sides

Down came his edge; groans follow'd dread to hear
Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all
The waters as they ran redden'd with blood.
As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit
Of some huge dolphin, terrified, the creeks
And secret hollows of a haven fill,
For none of all that he can seize he spares,
So lurk'd the trembling Trojans in the caves
Of Xanthus' awful flood. But He (his hands
Wearied at length with slaughter) from the rest
Twelve youths selected whom to death he doom'd,
In vengeance for his loved Patroclus slain.
Them stupified with dread like fawns he drove
Forth from the river, manacling their hands
Behind them fast with their own tunic-strings,
And gave them to his warrior train in charge.
Then, ardent still for blood, rushing again
Toward the stream, Dardanian Priam's son
He met, Lycaon, as he climb'd the bank.
Him erst by night, in his own father's field
Finding him, he had led captive away.
Lycaon was employ'd cutting green shoots
Of the wild-fig for chariot-rings, when lo!
Terrible, unforeseen, Achilles came.
He seized and sent him in a ship afar
To Lemnos; there the son of Jason pay'd
His price, and, at great cost, Eëtion
The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,
Sent him to fair Arisba; but he 'scaped
Thence also, and regain'd his father's house.
Eleven days, at his return, he gave
To recreation joyous with his friends,
And on the twelfth his fate cast him again

Into Achilles' hands, who to the shades
Now doom'd him, howsoever loth to go.
Soon as Achilles swiftest of the swift
Him naked saw (for neither spear had he
Nor shield nor helmet, but, when he emerged,
Weary and faint had cast them all away)
Indignant to his mighty self he said.
Gods! I behold a miracle! Ere long
The valiant Trojans whom myself have slain
Shall rise from Erebus, for he is here,
The self-same warrior whom I lately sold
At Lemnos, free, and in the field again.
The hoary Deep is prison strong enough
For most, but not for him. Now shall he taste
The point of this my spear, that I may learn
By sure experience, whether hell itself
That holds the strongest fast, can him detain,
Or whether he shall thence also escape.
While musing thus he stood, stunn'd with dismay
The youth approach'd, eager to clasp his knees,
For vehement he felt the dread of death
Working within him; with his Pelian ash
Uplifted high noble Achilles stood
Ardent to smite him; he with body bent
Ran under it, and to his knees adhered;
The weapon, missing him, implanted stood
Close at his back, when, seizing with one hand
Achilles' knees, he with the other grasp'd
The dreadful beam, resolute through despair,
And in wing'd accents suppliant thus began.
Oh spare me! pity me! Behold I clasp
Thy knees, Achilles! Ah, illustrious Chief!
Reject not with disdain a suppliant's prayer.

I am thy guest also, who at thy own board
Have eaten bread, and did partake the gift
Of Ceres with thee on the very day
When thou didst send me in yon field surprised
For sale to sacred Lemnos, far remote,
And for my price receiv'dst an hundred beeves.
Loose me, and I will yield thee now that sum
Thrice told. Alas! this morn is but the twelfth
Since, after numerous hardships, I arrived
Once more in Troy, and now my ruthless lot
Hath given me into thy hands again.
Jove cannot less than hate me, who hath twice
Made me thy prisoner, and my doom was death,
Death in my prime, the day when I was born
Son of Laothöe from Alta sprung,
From Alta, whom the Leleges obey
On Satnio's banks in lofty Pedasus.
His daughter to his other numerous wives
King Priam added, and two sons she bore
Only to be deprived by thee of both.
My brother hath already died, in front
Of Ilium's infantry, by thy bright spear,
The godlike Polydorus; and like doom
Shall now be mine, for I despair to escape
Thine hands, to which the Gods yield me again.
But hear and mark me well. My birth was not
From the same womb as Hector's, who hath slain
Thy valiant friend for clemency renown'd.
  Such supplication the illustrious son
Of Priam made, but answer harsh received.
  Fool! speak'st of ransom? Name it not to me.
For till my friend his miserable fate
Accomplish'd, I was somewhat given to spare,

And numerous, whom I seized alive, I sold.
But now, of all the Trojans whom the Gods
Deliver to me, none shall death escape,
'Specially of the house of Priam, none.
Die, therefore, even thou, my friend! What mean
Thy tears unreasonably shed and vain?
Died not Patroclus, braver far than thou?
And look on me,—see'st not to what an height
My stature towers, and what a bulk I boast?
A King begat me, and a Goddess bore.
What then! A death by violence awaits
Me also, and at morn, or eve, or noon,
I perish, whensoe'er the destined spear
Shall reach me, or the arrow from the nerve.
He ceased, and where the suppliant kneel'd, he died.
Quitting the spear, with both hands spread abroad
He sat, but swift Achilles with his sword
'Twixt neck and key-bone smote him, and his blade
Of double edge sank all into the wound.
He prone extended on the champain lay
Bedewing with his sable blood the glebe,
Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far
Into the stream, and, as he floated down,
Thus in wing'd accents, glorying, exclaim'd.
Lie there, and feed the fishes, which shall lick
Thy blood secure. Thy mother ne'er shall place
Thee on thy bier, nor on thy body weep,
But swift Scamander on his giddy tide
Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea.
There, many a fish shall through the crystal flood
Ascending to the rippled surface, find
Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare.
Die Trojans! till we reach your city, you

Fleeing, and slaughtering, I. This pleasant stream
Of dimpling silver which ye worship oft
With victim bulls, and sate with living steeds
His rapid whirlpools, shall avail you nought,
But ye shall die, die terribly, till all
Shall have requited me with just amends
For my Patroclus, and for other Greeks
Slain at the ships while I declined the war.
He ended, at whose words still more incensed
Scamander means devised, thenceforth to check
Achilles, and avert the doom of Troy.
Meantime the son of Peleus, his huge spear
Grasping, assail'd Asteropæus son
Of Pelegon, on fire to take his life.
Fair Peribœa, daughter eldest-born
Of Acessamenus, his father bore
To broad-stream'd Axius, who had clasp'd the nymph
In his embrace. On him Achilles sprang.
He newly risen from the river, stood
Arm'd with two lances opposite, for him
Xanthus embolden'd, at the deaths incensed
Of many a youth whom, mercy none vouchsafed,
Achilles had in all his current slain.
And now small distance interposed, they faced
Each other, when Achilles thus began.
Who art and whence, who dar'st encounter me?
Hapless the sires whose sons my force defy.
To whom the noble son of Pelegon.
Pelides, mighty Chief! Why hast thou ask'd
My derivation? From the land I come
Of mellow-soil'd Pœonia far remote,
Chief leader of Pœonia's host spear-arm'd;
This day hath also the eleventh risen

Since I at Troy arrived. For my descent,
It is from Axius river wide-diffused,
From Axius, fairest stream that waters earth,
Sire of bold Pelegon whom men report
My sire. Let this suffice. Now fight, Achilles!
So spake he threatening, and Achilles raised
Dauntless the Pelian ash. At once two spears
The hero bold, Asteropæus threw,
With both hands apt for battle. One his shield
Struck but pierced not, impeded by the gold,
Gift of a God; the other as it flew
Grazed his right elbow; sprang the sable blood;
But, overflying him, the spear in earth
Stood planted deep, still hungering for the prey.
Then, full at the Pœonian Peleus' son
Hurl'd forth his weapon with unsparing force
But vain; he struck the sloping river-bank,
And mid-length deep stood plunged the ashen beam.
Then, with his faulchion drawn, Achilles flew
To smite him; he in vain, meantime, essay'd
To pluck the rooted spear forth from the bank;
Thrice with full force he shook the beam, and thrice,
Although reluctant, left it; at his fourth
Last effort, bending it he sought to break
The ashen spear-beam of Æacides,
But perish'd by his keen-edged faulchion first;
For on the belly at his navel's side
He smote him; to the ground effused fell all
His bowels, death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes.
Achilles ardent on his bosom fix'd
His foot, despoil'd him, and exulting cried.
Lie there; though River-sprung thou find'st it hard
To cope with sons of Jove omnipotent.

Thou said'st, a mighty River is my sire—
But my descent from mightier Jove I boast;
My father, whom the Myrmidons obey,
Is son of Æacus, and he of Jove.
As Jove all streams excels that seek the sea,
So, Jove's descendents nobler are than theirs.
Behold a River at thy side—Let Him
Afford thee, if he can, some succour—No—
He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.
Therefore, not kingly Acheloïus,
Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,
Although from Him all rivers and all seas
All fountains and all wells proceed, may boast
Comparison with Jove, but even He
Astonish'd trembles at his fiery bolt,
And his dread thunders rattling in the sky.
He said, and drawing from the bank his spear,
Asteropæus left stretch'd on the sands,
Where, while the clear wave dash'd him, eels his flanks
And ravening fishes numerous nibbled bare.
The horsed Pœonians next he fierce assail'd,
Who seeing their brave Chief slain by the sword
And forceful arm of Peleus' son, beside
The eddy-whirling stream fled all dispersed.
Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,
Thrasius, Astypylus and Ophelestes,
Ænius and Mnesus; nor had these sufficed
Achilles, but Pœonians more had fallen,
Had not the angry River from within
His circling gulfs in semblance of a man
Call'd to him, interrupting thus his rage.
Oh both in courage and injurious deeds
Unmatch'd, Achilles! whom themselves the Gods

Cease not to aid, if Saturn's son have doom'd
All Ilium's race to perish by thine arm,
Expel them, first, from me, ere thou atchieve
That dread exploit; for, cumber'd as I am
With bodies, I can pour my pleasant stream
No longer down into the sacred Deep;
All vanish where thou comest. But oh desist
Dread Chief! Amazement fills me at thy deeds.
To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
River divine! hereafter be it so.
But not from slaughter of this faithless host
I cease, till I shall shut them fast in Troy
And trial make of Hector, if his arm
In single fight shall strongest prove, or mine.
He said, and like a God, furious, again
Assail'd the Trojans; then the circling Flood
To Phœbus thus his loud complaint address'd.
Ah son of Jove, God of the silver bow!
The mandate of the son of Saturn ill
Hast thou perform'd, who, earnest, bade thee aid
The Trojans, till (the sun sunk in the West)
Night's shadow dim should veil the fruitful field.
He ended, and Achilles spear-renown'd
Plunged from the bank into the middle stream.
Then, turbulent, the River all his tide
Stirr'd from the bottom, landward heaving off
The numerous bodies that his current choak'd
Slain by Achilles; them, as with the roar
Of bulls, he cast aground, but deep within
His oozy gulfs the living safe conceal'd.
Terrible all around Achilles stood
The curling wave, then, falling on his shield
Dash'd him, nor found his footsteps where to rest.

An elm of massy trunk he seized and branch
Luxuriant, but it fell torn from the root
And drew the whole bank after it; immersed
It damm'd the current with its ample boughs,
And join'd as with a bridge the distant shores.
Upsprang Achilles from the gulf and turn'd
His feet, now wing'd for flight, into the plain
Astonish'd; but the God, not so appeased,
Arose against him with a darker curl[1],
That he might quell him and deliver Troy.
Back flew Achilles with a bound, the length
Of a spear's cast, for such a spring he own'd
As bears the black-plumed eagle on her prey
Strongest and swiftest of the fowls of air.
Like Her he sprang, and dreadful on his chest
Clang'd his bright armour. Then, with course oblique
He fled his fierce pursuer, but the flood,
Fly where he might, came thundering in his rear.
As when the peasant with his spade a rill
Conducts from some pure fountain through his grove
Or garden, clearing the obstructed course,
The pebbles, as it runs, all ring beneath,
And, as the slope still deepens, swifter still
It runs, and, murmuring, outstrips the guide,
So Him, though swift, the River always reach'd
Still swifter; who can cope with power divine?
Oft as the noble Chief, turning, essay'd
Resistance, and to learn if all the Gods
Alike rush'd after him, so oft the flood,
Jove's offspring, laved his shoulders. Upward then
He sprang distress'd, but with a sidelong sweep

[1] *Ἀκροκελαινιόων.*—The beauty and force of this word are *wonderful*; I have in vain endeavoured to do it justice.

Assailing him, and from beneath his steps
Wasting the soil, the Stream his force subdued.
Then looking to the skies, aloud he mourn'd.
Eternal Sire! forsaken by the Gods
I sink, none deigns to save me from the flood,
From which once saved, I would no death decline.
Yet blame I none of all the Powers of heaven
As Thetis; she with falsehood sooth'd my soul,
She promised me a death by Phœbus' shafts
Swift-wing'd, beneath the battlements of Troy.
I would that Hector, noblest of his race,
Had slain me, I had then bravely expired
And a brave man had stripp'd me of my arms.
But Fate now dooms me to a death abhorr'd
Whelm'd in deep waters, like a swine-herd's boy
Drown'd in wet weather while he fords a brook.
So spake Achilles; then, in human form,
Minerva stood and Neptune at his side;
Each seized his hand confirming him, and thus
The mighty Shaker of the shores began.
Achilles! moderate thy dismay, fear nought.
In us behold, in Pallas and in me,
Effectual aids, and with consent of Jove;
For to be vanquish'd by a River's force
Is not thy doom. This foe shall soon be quell'd;
Thine eyes shall see it. Let our counsel rule
Thy deed, and all is well. Cease not from war
Till fast within proud Ilium's walls her host
Again be prison'd, all who shall escape;
Then (Hector slain) to the Achaian fleet
Return; we make the glorious victory thine.
So they, and both departing sought the skies.

Then, animated by the voice divine,
He moved toward the plain now all o'erspread
By the vast flood on which the bodies swam
And shields of many a youth in battle slain.
He leap'd, he waded, and the current stemm'd
Right onward, by the flood in vain opposed,
With such might Pallas fill'd him. Nor his rage
Scamander aught repress'd, but still the more
Incensed against Achilles, curl'd aloft
His waters, and on Simoïs call'd aloud.
  Brother! oh let us with united force
Check, if we may, this warrior; he shall else
Soon lay the lofty towers of Priam low,
Whose host, appall'd, defend them now no more.
Haste—succour me—Thy channel fill with streams
From all thy fountains; call thy torrents down;
Lift high the waters; mingle trees and stones
With uproar wild, that we may quell the force
Of this dread Chief triumphant now, and fill'd
With projects that might more beseem a God.
But vain shall be his strength, his beauty nought
Shall profit him or his resplendent arms,
For I will bury them in slime and ooze,
And I will overwhelm himself with soil,
Sands heaping o'er him and around him sands
Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones
For ever, in my bottom deep immersed.
There shall his tomb be piled, nor other earth,
At his last rites, his friends shall need for Him.
  He said, and lifting high his angry tide
Vortiginous, against Achilles hurl'd,
Roaring, the foam, the bodies, and the blood;

Then all his sable waves divine again
Accumulating, bore him swift along.
Shriek'd Juno at that sight, terrified lest
Achilles in the whirling deluge sunk
Should perish, and to Vulcan quick exclaim'd.
Vulcan, my son, arise; for we account
Xanthus well able to contend with thee.
Give instant succour; show forth all thy fires.
Myself will haste to call the rapid South
And Zephyrus, that tempests from the sea
Blowing, thou may'st both arms and dead consume
With hideous conflagration. Burn along
The banks of Xanthus, fire his trees and Him
Seize also. Let him by no specious guile
Of flattery sooth thee, or by threats appall,
Nor slack thy furious fires 'till with a shout
I give command, then bid them cease to blaze.
She spake, and Vulcan at her word his fires
Shot dreadful forth; first, kindling on the field,
He burn'd the bodies strew'd numerous around
Slain by Achilles; arid grew the earth
And the flood ceased. As when a sprightly breeze
Autumnal blowing from the North, at once
Dries the new-water'd garden, [2]gladdening him
Who tills the soil, so was the champain dried;
The dead consumed, against the River, next,
He turn'd the fierceness of his glittering fires.
Willows and tamarisks and elms he burn'd,
Burn'd lotus, rushes, reeds; all plants and herbs
That clothed profuse the margin of his flood.

[2] The reason given in the Scholium is, that the surface being hardened by the wind the moisture remains unexhaled from beneath, and has time to saturate the roots.—See Villoison.

His eels and fishes, whether wont to dwell
In gulfs beneath, or tumble in the stream,
All languish'd while the Artist of the skies
Breath'd on them; even Xanthus lost, himself,
All force, and, suppliant, Vulcan thus address'd.
Oh Vulcan! none in heaven itself may cope
With thee. I yield to thy consuming fires.
Cease, cease. I reck not if Achilles drive
Her citizens, this moment, forth from Troy,
For what are war and war's concerns to me?
So spake he scorch'd, and all his waters boil'd.
As some huge cauldron hisses urged by force
Of circling fires and fill'd with melted lard,
The unctuous fluid overbubbling[3] streams
On all sides, while the dry wood flames beneath,
So Xanthus bubbled and his pleasant flood
Hiss'd in the fire, nor could he longer flow
But check'd his current, with hot steams annoy'd
By Vulcan raised. His supplication, then,
Importunate to Juno thus he turn'd.
Ah Juno! why assails thy son my streams,
Hostile to me alone? Of all who aid
The Trojans I am surely least to blame,
Yet even I desist if thou command;
And let thy son cease also; for I swear
That never will I from the Trojans turn
Their evil day, not even when the host
Of Greece shall set all Ilium in a blaze.
He said, and by his oath pacified, thus
The white-arm'd Deity to Vulcan spake.
Peace, glorious son! we may not in behalf
Of mortal man thus longer vex a God.

[3] Ἀμβολάδην.

Then Vulcan his tremendous fires repress'd,
And down into his gulfy channel rush'd
The refluent flood; for when the force was once
Subdued of Xanthus, Juno interposed,
Although incensed, herself to quell the strife.
But contest vehement the other Gods
Now waged, each breathing discord; loud they rush'd
And fierce to battle, while the boundless earth
Quaked under them, and, all around, the heavens
Sang them together with a trumpet's voice.
Jove listening, on the Olympian summit sat
Well-pleased, and, in his heart laughing for joy,
Beheld the Powers of heaven in battle join'd.
Not long aloof they stood. Shield-piercer Mars
His brazen spear grasp'd, and began the fight
Rushing on Pallas, whom he thus reproach'd.
Wasp! front of impudence, and past all bounds
Audacious! Why impellest thou the Gods
To fight? Thy own proud spirit is the cause.
Remember'st not, how, urged by thee, the son
Of Tydeus, Diomede, myself assail'd,
When thou, the radiant spear with thy own hand
Guiding, didst rend my body? Now, I ween,
The hour is come in which I shall exact
Vengeance for all thy malice shown to me.
So saying, her shield he smote tassell'd around
Terrific, proof against the bolts of Jove;
That shield gore-tainted Mars with fury smote.
But she, retiring, with strong grasp upheaved
A rugged stone, black, ponderous, from the plain,
A land-mark fixt by men of ancient times,
Which hurling at the neck of stormy Mars
She *smote* him. Down he fell. Seven acres, stretch'd,

He overspread, his ringlets in the dust
Polluted lay, and dreadful rang his arms.
The Goddess laugh'd, and thus in accents wing'd
With exultation, as he lay, exclaim'd.
Fool! Art thou still to learn how far my force
Surpasses thine, and darest thou cope with me?
Now feel the furies of thy mother's ire
Who hates thee for thy treachery to the Greeks,
And for thy succour given to faithless Troy.
She said, and turn'd from Mars her glorious eyes.
But him deep-groaning and his torpid powers
Recovering slow, Venus conducted thence
Daughter of Jove, whom soon as Juno mark'd,
In accents wing'd to Pallas thus she spake.
Daughter invincible of glorious Jove!
Haste—follow her—Ah shameless! how she leads
Gore-tainted Mars through all the host of heaven.
So she, whom Pallas with delight obey'd;
To Venus swift she flew, and on the breast
With such force smote her that of sense bereft
The fainting Goddess fell. There Venus lay
And Mars extended on the fruitful glebe,
And Pallas thus in accents wing'd exclaim'd.
I would that all who on the part of Troy
Oppose in fight Achaia's valiant sons,
Were firm and bold as Venus in defence
Of Mars, for whom she dared my power defy!
So had dissention (Ilium overthrown
And desolated) ceased long since in heaven.
So Pallas, and approving Juno smiled.
Then the Imperial Shaker of the shores
Thus to Apollo. Phœbus! wherefore stand
We thus aloof? Since others have begun,

Begin we also; shame it were to both
Should we, no combat waged, ascend again
Olympus and the brass-built hall of Jove.
Begin, for thou art younger; me, whose years
Alike and knowledge thine surpass so far,
It suits not. Oh stupidity! how gross
Art thou and senseless! Are no traces left
In thy remembrance of our numerous wrongs
Sustain'd at Ilium, when, of all the Gods
Ourselves alone, by Jove's commandment, served
For stipulated hire, a year complete,
Our task-master the proud Laomedon?
Myself a bulwark'd town, spacious, secure
Against assault, and beautiful as strong
Built for the Trojans, and thine office was
To feed for King Laomedon his herds
Among the groves of Ida many-valed.
But when the gladsome hours the season brought
Of payment, then the unjust King of Troy
Dismiss'd us of our whole reward amerced
By violence, and added threats beside.
Thee into distant isles, bound hand and foot,
To sell he threaten'd, and to amputate
The ears of both; we, therefore, hasted thence
Resenting deep our promised hire withheld.
Aid'st thou for this the Trojans? Canst thou less
Than seek, with us, to exterminate the whole
Perfidious race, wives, children, husbands, all?
To whom the King of radiant shafts Apollo.
Me, Neptune, thou wouldst deem, thyself, unwise
Contending for the sake of mortal men
With thee; a wretched race, who like the leaves
Now flourish rank, by fruits of earth sustain'd,

Now sapless fall. Here, therefore, us between
Let all strife cease, far better left to Them.
He said, and turn'd away, fearing to lift
His hand against the brother of his sire.
But him Diana of the woods with sharp
Rebuke, his huntress sister, thus reproved.
Fly'st thou, Apollo! and to Neptune yield'st
An unearn'd victory, the prize of fame
Resigning patient and with no dispute?
Fool! wherefore bearest thou the bow in vain?
Ah, let me never in my father's courts
Hear thee among the Immortals vaunting more
That thou would'st Neptune's self confront in arms.
So she, to whom Apollo nought replied.
But thus the consort of the Thunderer, fired
With wrath, reproved the Archeress of heaven.
How hast thou dared, impudent, to oppose
My will? Bow-practised as thou art, the task
To match my force were difficult to thee.
Is it, because by ordinance of Jove
Thou art a lioness to womankind,
Killing them at thy pleasure? Ah beware,—
Far easier is it, on the mountain-heights
To slay wild beasts and chase the roving hind,
Than to conflict with mightier than ourselves.
But, if thou wish a lesson on that theme,
Approach—Thou shalt be taught with good effect
How far my force in combat passes thine.
She said, and with her left hand seizing both
Diana's wrists, snatch'd suddenly the bow
Suspended on her shoulder with the right,
And, smiling, smote her with it on the ears.
She, writhing oft and struggling, to the ground

Shook forth her rapid shafts, then, weeping, fled
As to her cavern in some hollow rock
The dove, not destined to his talons, flies
The hawk's pursuit, and left her arms behind.
Then, messenger of heaven, the Argicide
Address'd Latona. Combat none with thee,
Latona, will I wage. Unsafe it were
To cope in battle with a spouse of Jove.
Go, therefore, loudly as thou wilt, proclaim
To all the Gods that thou hast vanquish'd me.
Collecting, then, the bow and arrows fallen
In wild disorder on the dusty plain,
Latona with the sacred charge withdrew
Following her daughter; she, in the abode
Brass-built arriving of Olympian Jove,
Sat on his knees, weeping till all her robe
Ambrosial shook. The mighty Father smiled,
And to his bosom straining her, enquired.
Daughter beloved! who, which of all the Gods
Hath raised his hand, presumptuous, against Thee,
As if convicted of some open wrong?
To whom the clear-voiced Huntress crescent-crown'd.
My Father! Juno, thy own consort fair
My sorrow caused, from whom dispute and strife
Perpetual, threaten the Immortal Powers.
Thus they in heaven mutual conferr'd. Meantime
Apollo into sacred Troy return'd
Mindful to guard her bulwarks, lest the Greeks
Too soon for Fate should desolate the town.
The other Gods, some angry, some elate
With victory, the Olympian heights regain'd,
And sat beside the Thunderer. But the son

Of Peleus—He both Trojans slew and steeds.
As when in volumes slow smoke climbs the skies
From some great city which the Gods have fired
Vindictive, sorrow thence to many ensues
With mischief, and to all labour severe,
So caused Achilles labour, on that day,
Severe, and mischief to the men of Troy.
But ancient Priam from a sacred tower
Stood looking forth, whence soon he noticed vast
Achilles, before whom the Trojans fled
All courage lost. Descending from the tower
With mournful cries and hasting to the wall
He thus enjoin'd the keepers of the gates.
Hold wide the portals till the flying host
Re-enter, for himself is nigh, himself
Achilles drives them home. Now, woe to Troy!
But soon as safe within the walls received
They breathe again, shut fast the ponderous gates
At once, lest that destroyer also pass.
He said; they, shooting back the bars, threw wide
The gates and saved the people, whom to aid
Apollo also sprang into the field.
They, parch'd with drought and whiten'd all with dust,
Flew right toward the town, while, spear in hand,
Achilles press'd them, vengeance in his heart
And all on fire for glory. Then, full sure,
Ilium, the city of lofty gates, had fallen
Won by the Greecians, had not Phœbus roused
Antenor's valiant son, the noble Chief
Agenor; him with dauntless might he fill'd,
And shielding him against the stroke of fate
Beside him stood himself, by the broad beech

Cover'd and wrapt in clouds. Agenor, then,
Seeing the city-waster hero nigh
Achilles, stood, but standing, felt his mind
Troubled with doubts; he groan'd, and thus he mused.
Alas! if following the tumultuous flight
Of these, I shun Achilles, swifter far
He soon will lop my ignominious head.
But if, these leaving to be thus dispersed
Before him, from the city-wall I fly
Across the plain of Troy into the groves
Of Ida, and in Ida's thickets lurk,
I may, at evening, to the town return
Bathed and refresh'd. But whither tend my thoughts?
Should he my flight into the plain observe
And swift pursuing seize me, then, farewell
All hope to 'scape a miserable death,
For he hath strength passing the strength of man.
How then—shall I withstand him here before
The city? He hath also flesh to steel
Pervious, within it but a single life,
And men report him mortal, howsoe'er
Saturnian Jove lift him to glory now.
So saying, he turn'd and stood, his dauntless heart
Beating for battle. As the pard springs forth
To meet the hunter from her gloomy lair,
Nor, hearing loud the hounds, fears or retires,
But whether from afar or nigh at hand
He pierce her first, although transfixt, the fight
Still tries, and combats desperate till she fall,
So, brave Antenor's son fled not, or shrank,
Till he had proved Achilles, but his breast
O'ershadowing with his buckler, and his spear
Aiming well-poised against him, loud exclaim'd.

Renown'd Achilles! Thou art high in hope
Doubtless, that thou shalt this day overthrow
The city of the glorious sons of Troy.
Fool! ye must labour yet ere she be won,
For numerous are her citizens and bold,
And we will guard her for our parents' sake
Our wives and little ones. But here thou diest
Terrible Chief and dauntless as thou art.
He said, and with full force hurling his lance
Smote, and err'd not, his greave beneath the knee.
The glittering tin, forged newly, at the stroke
Tremendous rang, but quick recoil'd and vain
The weapon, weak against that guard divine.
Then sprang Achilles in his turn to assail
Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took
That glory from him, snatching wrapt in clouds
Agenor thence, whom calm he sent away.
Then Phœbus from pursuit of Ilium's host
By art averted Peleus' son; the form
Assuming of Agenor, swift he fled
Before him, and Achilles swift pursued.
While Him Apollo thus lured to the chase
Wide o'er the fruitful plain, inclining still
Toward Scamander's dizzy stream his course
Nor flying far before, but with false hope
Always beguiling him, the scatter'd host
Meantime, in joyful throngs, regain'd the town.
They fill'd and shut it fast, nor dared to wait
Each other in the field, or to enquire
Who lived and who had fallen, but all, whom flight
Had rescued, like a flood pour'd into Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

Achilles slays Hector.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

THUS they, throughout all Troy, like hunted fawns
Dispersed, their trickling limbs at leisure cool'd,
And, drinking, slaked their fiery thirst, reclined
Against the battlements. Meantime, the Greeks
Sloping their shields, approach'd the walls of Troy,
And Hector, by his adverse fate ensnared,
Still stood exposed before the Scæan gate.
Then spake Apollo thus to Peleus' son.
Wherefore, thyself mortal, pursuest thou me
Immortal? oh Achilles! blind with rage,
Thou know'st not yet, that thou pursuest a God.
Unmindful of thy proper task, to press
The flying Trojans, thou hast hither turn'd
Devious, and they are all now safe in Troy;
Yet hope not me to slay; I cannot die.
To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift,
Indignant. Oh, of all the Powers above
To me most adverse, Archer of the skies!
Thou hast beguiled me, leading me away
From Ilium far, whence intercepted, else,
No few had at this moment gnaw'd the glebe.
Thou hast defrauded me of great renown,
And, safe thyself, hast rescued *them* with ease.
Ah—had I power, I would requite thee well.

So saying, incensed he turned toward the town
His rapid course, like some victorious steed
That whirls, at stretch, a chariot to the goal.
Such seem'd Achilles, coursing light the field.
Him, first, the ancient King of Troy perceived
Scouring the plain, resplendent as the star
Autumnal, of all stars in dead of night
Conspicuous most, and named Orion's dog;
Brightest it shines, but ominous, and dire
Disease portends to miserable man;
So beam'd Achilles' armour as he flew.
Loud wail'd the hoary King; with lifted hands
His head he smote, and, uttering doleful cries
Of supplication, sued to his own son.
He, fixt before the gate, desirous stood
Of combat with Achilles, when his Sire
With arms outstretch'd toward him, thus began.
My Hector! wait not, oh my son! the approach
Of this dread Chief, alone, lest premature
Thou die, this moment by Achilles slain,
For he is strongest far. Oh that the Gods
Him loved as I! then, soon should vultures rend
And dogs his carcase, and my grief should cease.
He hath unchilded me of many a son,
All valiant youths, whom he hath slain or sold
To distant isles, and even now, I miss
Two sons, whom since the shutting of the gates
I find not, Polydorus and Lycaon,
My children by Laothöe the fair.
If they survive prisoners in yonder camp,
I will redeem them with the gold and brass
By noble Eltes to his daughter given,
Large store, and still reserved. But should they both,

Already slain, have journey'd to the shades,
We, then, from whom they sprang have cause to mourn
And mourn them long, but shorter shall the grief
Of Ilium prove, if thou escape and live.
Come then, my son! enter the city-gate
That thou may'st save us all, nor in thy bloom
Of life cut off, enhance Achilles' fame.
Commiserate also thy unhappy Sire
Ere yet distracted, whom Saturnian Jove
Ordains to a sad death, and ere I die
To woes innumerable; to behold
Sons slaughter'd, daughters ravish'd, torn and stripp'd
The matrimonial chamber, infants dash'd
Against the ground in dire hostility,
And matrons dragg'd by ruthless Greecian hands.
Me; haply, last of all, dogs shall devour
In my own vestibule, when once the spear
Or faulchion of some Greek hath laid me low.
The very dogs fed at my table-side,
My portal-guards, drinking their master's blood
To drunkenness, shall wallow in my courts.
Fair falls the warlike youth in battle slain,
And when he lies torn by the pointed steel,
His death becomes him well; he is secure,
Though dead, from shame, whatever next befalls:
But when the silver locks and silver beard
Of an old man slain by the sword, from dogs
Receive dishonour, of all ills that wait
On miserable man, that sure is worst.
So spake the ancient King, and his grey hairs
Pluck'd with both hands, but Hector firm endured.
On the other side all tears his mother stood,

And lamentation; with one hand she bared,
And with the other hand produced her breast,
Then in wing'd accents, weeping, him bespake.
My Hector! reverence This, and pity me.
If ever, drawing forth this breast, thy griefs
Of infancy I soothed, oh now, my son!
Acknowledge it, and from within the walls
Repulse this enemy; stand not abroad
To cope with *Him*, for he is savage-fierce,
And should he slay thee, neither shall myself
Who bore thee, nor thy noble spouse weep o'er
Thy body, but, where we can never come,
Dogs shall devour it in the fleet of Greece.
So they with prayers importuned, and with tears
Their son, but him sway'd not; unmoved he stood,
Expecting vast Achilles now at hand.
As some fell serpent in his cave expects
The traveller's approach, batten'd with herbs
Of baneful juice to fury, forth he looks
Hideous, and lies coil'd all around his den,
So Hector, fill'd with confidence untamed,
Fled not, but placing his bright shield against
A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd.
Alas for me! should I repass the gate,
Polydamas would be the first to heap
Reproaches on me, for he bade me lead
The Trojans back this last calamitous night
In which Achilles rose to arms again.
But I refused, although to have complied,
Had proved more profitable far; since then
By rash resolves of mine I have destroy'd
The people, how can I escape the blame

Of all in Troy? The meanest there will say—
By his self-will he hath destroy'd us all.
So shall they speak, and then shall I regret
That I return'd ere I had slain in fight
Achilles, or that, by Achilles slain,
I died not nobly in defence of Troy.
But shall I thus? Lay down my bossy shield,
Put off my helmet, and my spear recline
Against the city wall, then go myself
To meet the brave Achilles, and at once
Promise him Helen, for whose sake we strive,
With all the wealth that Paris in his fleet
Brought home, to be restored to Atreus' sons,
And to distribute to the Greeks at large
All hidden treasures of the town, an oath
Taking beside from every senator,
That he will nought conceal, but will produce
And share in just equality what stores
Soever our fair city still includes?
Ah airy speculations, questions vain!
I may not sue to Him; compassion none
Will he vouchsafe me, or my suit respect,
But, seeing me unarm'd, will sate at once
His rage, and womanlike I shall be slain.
It is no time from oak or hollow rock
With Him to parley, as a nymph and swain,
A nymph and swain[1] soft parley mutual hold,
But rather to engage in combat fierce

[1] The repetition follows the Original, and the Scholiast is of opinion that Homer uses it here that he may express more emphatically the length to which such conferences are apt to proceed.—Δια την πολυλογιαν τῳ ἀναληψει ἐχρησατο.

Incontinent; so shall we soonest learn
Whom Jove will make victorious, Him or me.
  Thus pondering he stood; meantime approach'd
Achilles, terrible as fiery Mars,
Crest-tossing God, and brandish'd as he came
O'er his right shoulder high the Pelian spear.
Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun
Ascending, beam'd his armour. At that sight
Trembled the Trojan Chief, nor dared expect
His nearer step, but flying left the gates
Far distant, and Achilles swift pursued.
As in the mountains, fleetest fowl of air,
The hawk darts eager at the dove; she scuds
Aslant, he, screaming, springs and springs again
To seize her, all impatient for the prey,
So flew Achilles constant to the track
Of Hector, who with dreadful haste beneath
The Trojan bulwarks plied his agile limbs.
Passing the prospect-mount where high in air
The wild-fig waved[2], they rush'd along the road,
Declining never from the wall of Troy.
And now they reach'd the running rivulets clear,
Where from Scamander's dizzy flood arise
Two fountains, tepid one, from which a smoke
Issues voluminous as from a fire,
The other, even in summer heats, like hail
For cold, or snow, or chrystal-stream frost-bound.
Beside them may be seen the broad canals
Of marble scoop'd, in which the wives of Troy
And all her daughters fair were wont to lave
Their costly raiment, while the land had rest,

[2] It grew near to the tomb of Ilus.

And ere the warlike sons of Greece arrived.
By these they ran, one fleeing, one in chase.
Valiant was he who fled, but valiant far
Beyond him He who urged the swift pursuit;
Nor ran they for a vulgar prize, a beast
For sacrifice, or for the hide of such,
The swift foot-racer's customary meed,
But for the noble Hector's life they ran.
As when two steeds, oft conquerors, trim the goal
For some illustrious prize, a tripod bright
Or beauteous virgin, at a funeral game,
So they with nimble feet the city thrice
Of Priam compass'd. All the Gods look'd on,
And thus the Sire of Gods and men began.
Ah—I behold a warrior dear to me
Around the walls of Ilium driven, and grieve
For Hector, who the thighs of fatted bulls
On yonder heights of Ida many-valed
Burn'd oft to me, and in the heights of Troy:
But Him Achilles, glorious Chief, around
The city-walls of Priam now pursues.
Consider this, ye Gods! weigh the event.
Shall we from death save Hector? or, at length,
Leave him, although in battle high-renown'd,
To perish by the might of Peleus' son?
Whom answer'd thus Pallas cœrulean-eyed.
Dread Sovereign of the storms! what hast thou said?
Wouldst thou deliver from the stroke of fate
A mortal man death-destined from of old?
Do it; but small thy praise shall be in heaven.
Then answer thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.
Fear not, Tritonia, daughter dear! that word

Spake not my purpose; me thou shalt perceive
Always to thee indulgent. What thou wilt
That execute, and use thou no delay.
So roused he Pallas of herself prepared,
And from the heights Olympian down she flew.
With unremitting speed Achilles still
Urged Hector. As among the mountain-heights
The hound pursues, roused newly from her lair
The flying fawn through many a vale and grove;
And though she trembling skulk the shrubs beneath,
Tracks her continual, till he find the prey,
So 'scaped not Hector, Peleus' rapid son.
Oft as toward the Dardan gates he sprang
Direct, and to the bulwarks firm of Troy,
Hoping some aid by volleys from the wall,
So oft, outstripping him, Achilles thence
Enforced him to the field, who, as he might,
Still ever stretch'd toward the walls again.
As, in a dream[3], pursuit hesitates oft,
This hath no power to fly, that to pursue,
So these—One fled, and one pursued in vain.
How, then, had Hector his impending fate
Eluded, had not Phœbus, at his last,
Last effort meeting him, his strength restored,
And wing'd for flight his agile limbs anew?
The son of Peleus, as he ran, his brows
Shaking, forbad the people to dismiss
A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand
Piercing him, should usurp the foremost praise.
But when the fourth time to those rivulets

[3] The numbers in the original are so constructed as to express the painful struggle that characterizes such a dream.

They came, then lifting high his golden scales,
Two lots the everlasting Father placed
Within them, for Achilles one, and one
For Hector, balancing the doom of both.
Grasping it in the midst, he raised the beam.
Down went the fatal day of Hector, down
To Ades, and Apollo left his side.
Then blue-eyed Pallas hasting to the son
Of Peleus, in wing'd accents him address'd.
Now, dear to Jove, Achilles famed in arms!
I hope that, fierce in combat though he be,
We shall, at last, slay Hector, and return
Crown'd with great glory to the fleet of Greece.
No fear of his deliverance now remains,
Not even should the King of radiant shafts
Apollo toil in supplication, roll'd
And roll'd again[4] before the Thunderer's feet.
But stand, recover breath; myself, the while,
Shall urge him to oppose thee face to face.
So Pallas spake, whom joyful he obey'd,
And on his spear brass-pointed lean'd. But she,
(Achilles left) to noble Hector pass'd,
And in the form, and with the voice loud-toned
Approaching of Deiphobus, his ear
In accents, as of pity, thus address'd.
Ah brother! thou art overtask'd, around
The walls of Troy by swift Achilles driven;
But stand, that we may chase him in his turn.
To whom crest-tossing Hector huge replied.
Deiphobus! of all my father's sons
Brought forth by Hecuba, I ever loved

[4] προπροκυλινδόμενος.

Thee most, but more than ever love thee now,
Who hast not fear'd, seeing me, for my sake
To quit the town, where others rest content.
To whom the Goddess, thus, cœrulean-eyed.
Brother! our parents with much earnest suit
Clasping my knees, and all my friends implored me
To stay in Troy, (such fear hath seized on all)
But grief for thee prey'd on my inmost soul.
Come—fight we bravely—spare we now our spears
No longer; now for proof if Peleus' son
Slaying us both, shall bear into the fleet
Our arms gore-stain'd, or perish slain by thee.
So saying, the wily Goddess led the way.
They soon, approaching each the other, stood
Opposite, and huge Hector thus began.
Pelides! I will fly thee now no more.
Thrice I have compass'd Priam's spacious walls
A fugitive, and have not dared abide
Thy onset, but my heart now bids me stand
Dauntless, and I will slay, or will be slain.
But come. We will attest the Gods; for they
Are fittest both to witness and to guard
Our covenant. If Jove to me vouchsafe
The hard-earn'd victory, and to take thy life,
I will not with dishonour foul insult
Thy body, but, thine armour stripp'd, will give
Thee to thy friends, as thou shalt me to mine.
To whom Achilles, louring dark, replied.
Hector! my bitterest foe! speak not to me
Of covenants! as concord can be none
Lions and men between, nor wolves and lambs
Can be unanimous, but hate perforce

Each other by a law not to be changed,
So cannot amity subsist between
Thee and myself; nor league make I with thee
Or compact, till thy blood in battle shed
Or mine, shall gratify the fiery Mars.
Rouse all thy virtue; thou hast utmost need
Of valour now, and of address in arms.
Escape me more thou canst not; Pallas' hand
By mine subdues thee; now will I avenge
At once the agonies of every Greek
In thy unsparing fury slain by thee.
He said, and, brandishing the Pelian ash,
Dismiss'd it; but illustrious Hector warn'd,
Couch'd low, and, overflying him, it pierced
The soil beyond, whence Pallas plucking it
Unseen, restored it to Achilles' hand,
And Hector to his godlike foe replied.
Godlike Achilles! thou hast err'd, nor know'st
At all my doom from Jove, as thou pretend'st,
But seek'st, by subtlety and wind of words,
All empty sounds, to rob me of my might.
Yet stand I firm. Think not to pierce my back.
Behold my bosom! if the Gods permit,
Meet me advancing, and transpierce me there.
Meantime avoid my glittering spear, but oh
May'st thou receive it all! since lighter far
To Ilium should the toils of battle prove,
Wert thou once slain, the fiercest of her foes.
He said, and hurling his long spear with aim
Unerring, smote the centre of the shield
Of Peleus' son, but his spear glanced away.
He, angry to have sent it forth in vain,

(For he had other none) with eyes downcast
Stood motionless awhile, then with loud voice
Sought from Deiphobus, white-shielded Chief,
A second; but Deiphobus was gone.
Then Hector understood his doom, and said.
Ah, it is plain; this is mine hour to die.
I thought Deiphobus at hand, but me
Pallas beguiled, and he is still in Troy.
A bitter death threatens me, it is nigh,
And there is no escape; Jove, and Jove's son
Apollo, from the first, although awhile
My prompt deliverers, chose this lot for me,
And now it finds me. But I will not fall
Inglorious; I will act some great exploit
That shall be celebrated ages hence.
So saying, his keen faulchion from his side
He drew, well-temper'd, ponderous, and rush'd
At once to combat. As the eagle darts
Right downward through a sullen cloud to seize
Weak lamb or timorous hare, so brandishing
His splendid faulchion, Hector rush'd to fight.
Achilles, opposite, with fellest ire
Full-fraught came on; his shield with various art
Celestial form'd, o'erspread his ample chest,
And on his radiant casque terrific waved
The bushy gold of his resplendent crest,
By Vulcan spun, and pour'd profuse around.
Bright as, among the stars, the star of all
Most radiant, Hesperus, at midnight moves,
So, in the right-hand of Achilles beam'd
His brandish'd spear, while, meditating woe
To Hector, he explored his noble form,

Seeking where he was vulnerable most.
But every part, his dazzling armour torn
From brave Patroclus' body, well secured,
Save where the circling key-bone from the neck
Disjoins the shoulder; there his throat appear'd,
Whence injured life with swiftest flight escapes;
Achilles, plunging in that part his spear,
Impell'd it through the yielding flesh beyond.
The ashen beam his power of utterance left
Still unimpair'd, but in the dust he fell,
And the exulting conqueror exclaim'd.

But Hector! thou hadst once far other hopes,
And, stripping slain Patroclus, thought'st thee safe,
Nor caredst for absent me. Fond dream and vain!
I was not distant far; in yonder fleet
He left one able to avenge his death,
And he hath slain thee. Thee the dogs shall rend
Dishonourably, and the fowls of air,
But all Achaia's host shall him entomb.

To whom the Trojan Chief languid replied.
By thy own life, by theirs who gave thee birth,
And by thy knees[5], oh let not Greecian dogs
Rend and devour me, but in gold accept
And brass a ransom at my father's hands,
And at my mother's, an illustrious price;
Send home my body, grant me burial rites
Among the daughters and the sons of Troy.

To whom with aspect stern Achilles thus.
Dog! neither knees nor parents name to me.
I would my fierceness of revenge were such,

[5] The knees of the conqueror were a kind of sanctuary to which the vanquished fled for refuge.

That I could carve and eat thee, to whose arms
Such griefs I owe; so true it is and sure,
That none shall save thy carcase from the dogs.
No, trust me, would thy parents bring me weigh'd
Ten—twenty ransoms, and engage on oath
To add still more; would thy Dardanian Sire
Priam, redeem thee with thy weight in gold,
Not even at that price would I consent
That she who bare should place thee on thy bier
With lamentation; dogs and ravening fowls
Shall rend thy body while a scrap remains.

Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied.
Full well I knew before, how suit of mine
Should speed preferr'd to thee. Thy heart is steel.
But oh, while yet thou livest, think, lest the Gods
Requite thee on that day, when pierced thyself
By Paris and Apollo, thou shalt fall,
Brave as thou art, before the Scæan gate.

He ceased, and death involved him dark around.
His spirit, from his limbs dismiss'd, the house
Of Ades sought, mourning in her descent
Youth's prime and vigour lost, disastrous doom!
But Him though dead, Achilles thus bespake.

Die thou. My death shall find me at what hour
Jove gives commandment, and the Gods above.

He spake, and from the dead drawing away
His brazen spear, placed it apart, then stripp'd
His arms gore-stain'd. Meantime the other sons
Of the Achaians, gathering fast around,
The bulk admired, and the proportion just
Of Hector, neither stood a Greecian there
Who pierced him not, and thus the soldier spake.

Ye Gods! how far more patient of the touch
Is Hector now, than when he fired the fleet!
Thus would they speak, then give him each a stab.
And now, the body stripp'd, their noble Chief
The swift Achilles standing in the midst,
The Greecians in wing'd accents thus address'd.
Friends, Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host!
Since, by the will of heaven, this man is slain
Who harm'd us more than all our foes beside,
Essay we next the city, so to learn
The Trojan purpose, whether (Hector slain)
They will forsake the citadel, or still
Defend it, even though of Him deprived.
But wherefore speak I thus? still undeplored,
Unburied in my fleet Patroclus lies;
Him never, while alive myself, I mix
With living men and move, will I forget.
In Ades, haply, they forget the dead,
Yet will not I Patroclus, even there.
Now chaunting pæans, ye Achaian youths!
Return we to the fleet with this our prize;
We have atchieved great glory[6], we have slain
Illustrious Hector, him whom Ilium praised
In all her gates, and as a God revered.
He said; then purposing dishonour foul
To noble Hector, both his feet he bored
From heel to ancle, and, inserting thongs,
Them tied behind his chariot, but his head
Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground.

[6] The lines of which these three are a translation, are supposed by some to have been designed for the Επινικιον, or song of victory sung by the whole army.

Ascending next, the armour at his side
He placed, then lash'd the steeds; they willing flew.
Thick dust around the body dragg'd arose,
His sable locks all swept the plain, and all
His head, so graceful once, now track'd the dust,
For Jove had given it into hostile hands
That they might shame it in his native soil.
Thus, whelm'd in dust, it went. The mother Queen
Her son beholding, pluck'd her hair away,
Cast far aside her lucid veil, and fill'd
With shrieks the air. His father wept aloud,
And, all around, long long complaints, were heard
And lamentations in the streets of Troy,
Not fewer or less piercing, than if flames
Had wrapt all Ilium to her topmost towers.
His people scarce detain'd the antient King
Grief-stung, and resolute to issue forth
Through the Dardanian gates; to all he kneel'd
In turn, then roll'd himself in dust, and each
By name solicited to give him way.
  Stand off, my fellow mourners! I would pass
The gates, would seek, alone, the Greecian fleet.
I go to supplicate the bloody man,
Yon ravager; he may respect, perchance,
My years, may feel some pity of my age;
For, such as I am, his own father is,
Peleus, who rear'd him for a curse to Troy,
But chiefly rear'd him to myself a curse,
So numerous have my sons in prime of youth
Fall'n by his hand, all whom I less deplore
(Though mourning all) than one; my agonies
For Hector, soon shall send me to the shades.

Oh had he but within these arms expired,
The hapless Queen who bore him, and myself
Had wept him, then, till sorrow could no more!
So spake he weeping, and the citizens
All sigh'd around; next, Hecuba began
Amid the women, thus, her sad complaint.
Ah wherefore, oh my son! wretch that I am,
Breathe I forlorn of thee? Thou, night and day,
My glory wast in Ilium, thee her sons
And daughters, both, hail'd as their guardian God,
Conscious of benefits from thee received,
Whose life prolong'd should have advanced them all
To high renown. Vain boast! thou art no more.
So mourn'd the Queen. But fair Andromache
Nought yet had heard, nor knew by sure report
Hector's delay without the city-gates.
She in a closet of her palace sat,
A twofold web weaving magnificent,
With sprinkled flowers inwrought of various hues,
And to her maidens had commandment given
Through all her house, that compassing with fire
An ample tripod, they should warm a bath
For noble Hector from the fight return'd.
Tenderness ill-inform'd! she little knew
That in the field, from such refreshments far,
Pallas had slain him by Achilles' hand.
She heard a cry of sorrow from the tower;
Her limbs shook under her, her shuttle fell,
And to her bright-hair'd train, alarm'd, she cried.
Attend me two of you, that I may learn
What hath befallen. I have heard the voice
Of the Queen-mother; my rebounding heart,
Choaks me, and I seem fetter'd by a frost.

Some mischief sure o'er Priam's sons impends.
Far be such tidings from me! but I fear
Horribly, lest Achilles, cutting off
My dauntless Hector from the gates alone,
Enforce him to the field, and quell perhaps
The might, this moment, of that dreadful arm
His hinderance long; for Hector ne'er was wont
To seek his safety in the ranks, but flew
First into battle, yielding place to none.
So saying, she rush'd with palpitating heart
And frantic air abroad, by her two maids
Attended; soon arriving at the tower,
And at the throng of men, awhile she stood
Down-looking wistful from the city-wall,
And, seeing him in front of Ilium, dragg'd
So cruelly toward the fleet of Greece,
O'erwhelm'd with sudden darkness at the view
Fell backward, with a sigh heard all around.
Far distant flew dispersed her head-attire,
Twist, frontlet, diadem, and even the veil
By golden Venus given her on the day
When Hector led her from Eëtion's house
Enrich'd with nuptial presents to his home.
Around her throng'd her sisters of the house
Of Priam, numerous, who within their arms
Fast held her[7] loathing life; but she, her breath
At length and sense recovering, her complaint
Broken with sighs amid them thus began.
Hector! I am undone; we both were born

[7] It is an observation of the Scholiast, that two more affecting spectacles cannot be imagined, than Priam struggling to escape into the field, and Andromache to cast herself from the wall; for so he understands ἀτυζομένην ἀπολέσθαι.

To misery, thou in Priam's house in Troy,
And I in Hypoplacian Thebes wood-crown'd
Beneath Eëtion's roof. He, doom'd himself
To sorrow, me more sorrowfully doom'd,
Sustain'd in helpless infancy, whom oh
That he had ne'er begotten! thou descend'st
To Pluto's subterraneous dwelling drear,
Leaving myself destitute, and thy boy,
Fruit of our hapless loves, an infant yet,
Never to be hereafter thy delight,
Nor love of thine to share or kindness more.
For should he safe survive this cruel war,
With the Achaians penury and toil
Must be his lot, since strangers will remove
At will his landmarks, and possess his fields.
Thee lost, he loses all, of father, both,
And equal playmate in one day deprived,
To sad looks doom'd, and never-ceasing tears.
He seeks, necessitous his father's friends,
One by his mantle pulls, one by his vest,
Whose utmost pity yields to his parch'd lips
A thirst-provoking drop, and grudges more;
Some happier child, as yet untaught to mourn
A parent's loss, shoves rudely from the board
My son, and, smiting him, reproachful cries—
Away—Thy father is no guest of ours—
Then, weeping, to his widow'd mother comes
Astyanax, who on his father's lap
Ate marrow only, once, and fat of lambs,
And when sleep took him, and his crying fit
Had ceased, slept ever on the softest bed,
Warm in his nurse's arms, fed to his fill

With delicacies, and his heart at rest.
But now, Astyanax (so named in Troy
For thy sake, guardian of her gates and towers)
His father lost, must many a pang endure.
And as for thee, cast naked forth among
Yon galleys, where no parent's eye of thine
Shall find thee, when the dogs have torn thee once
Till they are sated, worms shall eat thee next.
Meantime, thy graceful raiment rich, prepared
By our own maidens, in thy palace lies;
But I will burn it, burn it all, because
Useless to thee, who never, so adorn'd,
Shalt slumber more; yet every eye in Troy
Shall see, how glorious once was thy attire.
So, weeping, she; to whom the multitude
Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

The body of Patroclus is burned, and the funeral games ensue.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

SUCH mourning was in Troy; meantime the Greeks
Their galleys and the shores of Hellespont
Regaining, each to his own ship retired.
But not the Myrmidons; Achilles them
Close rank'd in martial order still detain'd,
And thus his fellow-warriors brave address'd.
  Ye swift-horsed Myrmidons, associates dear!
Release not from your chariots yet your steeds
Firm-hoof'd, but, steeds and chariots driving near,
Bewail Patroclus, as the rites demand
Of burial; then, satiate with grief and tears,
We will release our steeds, and take repast.
  He ended, and, himself leading the way,
His numerous band all mourn'd at once the dead.
Around the body thrice their glossy steeds,
Mourning they drove, while Thetis in their hearts
The thirst of sorrow kindled; they with tears
The sands bedew'd, with tears their radiant arms,
Such deep regret of one so brave they felt.
Then, placing on the bosom of his friend
His homicidal hands, Achilles thus
The shade of his Patroclus, sad, bespake.
  Hail, oh Patroclus, even in Ades hail!

For I will now accomplish to the full
My promise pledged to thee, that I would give
Hector dragg'd hither to be torn by dogs
Piecemeal, and would before thy funeral pile
The necks dissever of twelve Trojan youths
Of noblest rank, resentful of thy death.
He said, and meditating foul disgrace
To noble Hector, stretch'd him prone in dust
Beside the bier of Menœtiades.
Then all the Myrmidons their radiant arms
Put off, and their shrill-neighing steeds released.
A numerous band beside the bark they sat
Of swift Æacides, who furnish'd forth
Himself a feast funereal for them all.
Many a white ox under the ruthless steel
Lay bleeding, many a sheep and blatant goat,
With many a saginated boar bright-tusk'd,
Amid fierce flames Vulcanian stretch'd to roast.
Copious the blood ran all around the dead.
And now the Kings of Greece conducted thence
To Agamemnon's tent the royal son
Of Peleus, loth to go, and won at last
With difficulty, such his anger was
And deep resentment of his slaughter'd friend.
Soon then as Agamemnon's tent they reach'd,
The Sovereign bade his heralds kindle fire
Around an ample vase, with purpose kind
Moving Achilles from his limbs to cleanse
The stains of battle; but he firm refused
That suit, and bound refusal with an oath—
No; by the Highest and the best of all,
By Jove I will not. Never may it be

That brazen bath approach this head of mine,
Till I shall first Patroclus' body give
To his last fires, till I shall pile his tomb,
And sheer my locks in honour of my friend;
For, like to this, no second woe shall e'er
My heart invade, while vital breath I draw.
But, all unwelcome as it is, repast
Now calls us. Agamemnon, King of men!
Give thou command that at the dawn they bring
Wood hither, such large portion as beseems
The dead, descending to the shades, to share,
That hungry flames consuming out of sight
His body soon, the host may war again.
He spake; they, hearing, readily obey'd.
Then, each his food preparing with dispatch,
They ate, nor wanted any of the guests
Due portion, and their appetite sufficed
To food and wine, all to their tents repair'd
Seeking repose; but on the sands beside
The billowy deep Achilles groaning lay
Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found
With blood unstain'd beside the dashing wave.
There, soon as sleep, deliverer of the mind,
Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs
With chase of Hector round the battlements
Of wind-swept Ilium wearied were and spent)
The soul came to him of his hapless friend,
In bulk resembling, in expressive eyes
And voice Patroclus, and so clad as he.
Him, hovering o'er his head, the form address'd.
Sleep'st thou, Achilles! of thy friend become
Heedless? Him living thou didst not neglect

Whom thou neglectest dead. Give me a tomb
Instant, that I may pass the infernal gates.
For now, the shades and spirits of the dead
Drive me afar, denying me my wish
To mingle with them on the farthest shore,
And in wide-portal'd Ades sole I roam.
Give me thine hand, I pray thee, for the earth
I visit never more, once burnt with fire;
We never shall again close council hold
As we were wont, for me my fate severe,
Mine even from my birth, hath deep absorb'd.
And oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods!
Thou too predestined art beneath the wall
To perish of the high-born Trojan race.
But hear my last injunction! ah, my friend!
My bones sepulchre not from thine apart,
But as, together we were nourish'd both
Beneath thy roof, (what time from Opoëis
Menœtius led me to thy father's house,
Although a child, yet fugitive for blood,
Which, in a quarrel at the dice, I spilt,
Killing my playmate by a casual blow,
The offspring of Amphidamas, when, like
A father, Peleus with all tenderness
Received and cherish'd me, and call'd me thine)
So, let one vase inclose, at last, our bones,
The golden vase, thy Goddess mother's gift.
To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
Ah, loved and honour'd! wherefore hast thou come?
Why thus enjoin'd me? I will all perform
With diligence that thou hast now desired.
But nearer stand, that we may mutual clasp

Each other, though but with a short embrace,
And sad satiety of grief enjoy.
He said, and stretch'd his arms toward the shade,
But him seized not; shrill-clamouring and light
As smoke, the spirit pass'd into the earth.
Amazed, upsprang Achilles, clash'd aloud
His palms together, and thus, sad, exclaim'd.
Ah then, ye Gods! there doubtless are below
The soul and semblance both, but empty forms;
For all night long, mourning, disconsolate,
The soul of my Patroclus, hapless friend!
Hath hover'd o'er me, giving me in charge
His last requests, just image of himself.
So saying, he call'd anew their sorrow forth,
And rosy-palm'd Aurora found them all
Mourning afresh the pitiable dead.
Then royal Agamemnon call'd abroad
Mules and mule-drivers from the tents in haste
To gather wood. Uprose a valiant man,
Friend of the virtuous Chief Idomeneus,
Meriones, who led them to the task.
They, bearing each in hand his sharpen'd axe
And twisted cord, thence journey'd forth, the mules
Driving before them; much uneven space
They measured, hill and dale, right onward now,
And now circuitous; but at the groves
Arrived, at length, of Ida fountain-fed,
Their keen-edged axes to the towering oaks
Dispatchful they applied; down fell the trees
With crash sonorous. Splitting, next, the trunks,
They bound them on the mules; they, with firm hoofs
The hill-side stamping, through the thickets rush'd,

Desirous of the plain. Each man his log
(For so the armour-bearer of the King
Of Crete, Meriones, had them enjoin'd)
Bore after them, and each his burthen cast
Down on the beach regular, where a tomb
Of ample size Achilles for his friend
Patroclus had, and for himself, design'd.
Much fuel thrown together, side by side
There down they sat, and his command at once
Achilles issued to his warriors bold,
That all should gird their armour, and the steeds
Join to their chariots; undelaying each
Complied, and in bright arms stood soon array'd.
Then mounted combatants and charioteers.
First, moved the chariots, next, the infantry
Proceeded numerous, amid whom his friends,
Bearing the body of Patroclus, went.
They poll'd their heads, and cover'd him with hair
Shower'd over all his body, while behind
Noble Achilles march'd the Hero's head
Sustaining sorrowful, for to the realms
Of Ades a distinguish'd friend he sent.
And now, arriving on the ground erewhile
Mark'd by Achilles, setting down the dead,
They heap'd the fuel quick, a lofty pile.
But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,
Retiring from the funeral pile, shore off
His amber ringlets, whose exuberant growth
Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn,
And looking o'er the gloomy Deep, he said.
Sperchius! in vain Peleus my father vow'd
That, hence returning to my native land,

These ringlets shorn I should present to thee
With a whole hecatomb, and should, beside,
Rams offer fifty at thy fountain head
In thy own field, at thy own fragrant shrine.
So vow'd the hoary Chief, whose wishes thou
Leavest unperform'd. Since, therefore, never more
I see my native home, the Hero these
Patroclus takes down with him to the shades.
He said, and filling with his hair the hand
Of his dead friend, the sorrows of his train
Waken'd afresh. And now the lamp of day
Westering[1] apace, had left them still in tears,
Had not Achilles suddenly address'd
King Agamemnon, standing at his side.
Atrides! (for Achaia's sons thy word
Will readiest execute,) we may with grief
Satiate ourselves hereafter; but, the host
Dispersing from the pile, now give command
That they prepare repast; ourselves[2], to whom
These labours in peculiar appertain
Will finish them; but bid the Chiefs abide.
Which when imperial Agamemnon heard,
He scatter'd instant to their several ships
The people; but the burial-dressers thence
Went not; they, still abiding, heap'd the pile.
An hundred feet of breadth from side to side
They gave to it, and on the summit placed
With sorrowing hearts the body of the dead.
Many a fat sheep, with many an ox full-horn'd
They flay'd before the pile, busy their task

[1] Westering wheel. MILTON.
[2] Himself and the Myrmidons.

Administering, and Peleus' son the fat
Taking from every victim, overspread
Complete the body with it of his friend
Patroclus, and the flay'd beasts heap'd around.
Then, placing flagons on the pile, replete
With oil and honey, he inclined their mouths
Toward the bier, and slew and added next,
Deep-groaning and in haste, four martial steeds.
Nine dogs the Hero at his table fed,
Of which beheading two, their carcases
He added also. Last, twelve gallant sons
Of noble Trojans slaying, (for his heart
Teem'd with great vengeance,) he applied the force
Of hungry flames that should devour the whole,
Then, mourning loud, by name his friend invoked.
  Rejoice, Patroclus! even in the shades.
Behold my promise to thee all fulfill'd!
Twelve gallant sons of Trojans famed in arms,
Together with thyself, are all become
Food for these fires: but fire shall never feed
On Hector; him I destine to the dogs.
  So threaten'd he; but Him no dogs devour'd;
Them, day and night, Jove's daughter Venus chased
Afar, and smooth'd the Hero o'er with oils
Of rosy scent ambrosial, lest his corse,
Behind Achilles' chariot dragg'd along
So rudely, should be torn, and Phœbus hung
A veil of sable clouds from heaven to earth,
O'ershadowing broad the space where Hector lay,
Lest parching suns intense should stiffen him.
  But the pile kindled not. Then, Peleus' son
Seeking a place apart, two Winds in prayer

Boreas invoked and Zephyrus, to each
Vowing large sacrifice. With earnest suit
(Libation pouring from a golden cup)
Their coming he implored, that so the flames
Kindling, incontinent might burn the dead.
Iris, his supplications hearing, swift
Convey'd them to the Winds; they, in the hall
Banquetting of the heavy-blowing West,
Sat frequent. Iris, sudden at the gate
Appear'd; they, at the sight upstarting all,
Invited each the Goddess to himself.
But she refused a seat and thus she spake.
I sit not here. Borne over Ocean's stream
Again, to Æthiopia's land I go
Where hecatombs are offer'd to the Gods,
Which, with the rest, I also wish to share.
But Peleus' son, earnest, the aid implores
Of Boreas and of Zephyrus the loud,
Vowing large sacrifice if ye will fan
Briskly the pile on which Patroclus lies
By all Achaia's warriors deep deplored.
She said, and went. Then suddenly arose
The Winds, and, roaring, swept the clouds along.
First, on the sea they blew; big rose the waves
Beneath the blast. At fruitful Troy arrived
Vehement on the pile they fell, and dread
On all sides soon a crackling blaze ensued.
All night, together blowing shrill, they drove
The sheeted flames wide from the funeral pile,
And all night long, a goblet in his hand
From golden beakers fill'd, Achilles stood
With large libations soaking deep the soil,

And calling on the spirit of his friend.
As some fond father mourns, burning the bones
Of his own son, who, dying on the eve
Of his glad nuptials, hath his parents left
O'erwhelm'd with inconsolable distress,
So mourn'd Achilles, his companion's bones
Burning, and pacing to and fro the field
Beside the pile with many a sigh profound.
But when the star, day's harbinger, arose,
Soon after whom, in saffron vest attired
The morn her beams diffuses o'er the sea,
The pile, then wasted, ceased to flame, and then
Back flew the Winds over the Thracian deep
Rolling the flood before them as they pass'd.
And now Pelides lying down apart
From the funereal pile, slept, but not long,
Though weary; waken'd by the stir and din
Of Agamemnon's train. He sat erect,
And thus the leaders of the host address'd.
Atrides, and ye potentates who rule
The whole Achaian host! first quench the pile
Throughout with generous wine, where'er the fire
Hath seized it. We will then the bones collect
Of Menœtiades, which shall with ease
Be known, though many bones lie scatter'd near,
Since in the middle pile Patroclus lay,
But wide apart and on its verge we burn'd
The steeds and Trojans, a promiscuous heap.
Them so collected in a golden vase
We will dispose, lined with a double caul,
Till I shall, also, to my home below.
I wish not now a tomb of amplest bounds

But such as may suffice, which yet in height
The Greecians and in breadth shall much augment
Hereafter, who, survivors of my fate,
Shall still remain in the Achaian fleet.
So spake Pelides, and the Chiefs complied.
Where'er the pile had blazed, with generous wine
They quench'd it, and the hills of ashes sank.
Then, weeping, to a golden vase, with lard
Twice lined, they gave their gentle comrade's bones
Fire-bleach'd, and lodging safely in his tent
The relics, overspread them with a veil.
Designing, next, the compass of the tomb
They mark'd its boundary with stones, then fill'd
The wide enclosure hastily with earth,
And, having heap'd it to its height, return'd.
But all the people, by Achilles still
Detain'd, there sitting, form'd a spacious ring,
And he the destined prizes from his fleet
Produced, capacious cauldrons, tripods bright,
Steeds, mules, tall oxen, women at the breast
Close-cinctured elegant, and unwrought[3] iron.
First, to the chariot-drivers he proposed
A noble prize; a beauteous maiden versed
In arts domestic, with a tripod ear'd,
Of twenty and two measures. These he made
The conqueror's meed. The second should a mare
Obtain, unbroken yet, six years her age,
Pregnant, and bearing in her womb a mule.
A cauldron of four measures, never smirch'd
By smoke or flame, but fresh as from the forge
The third awaited; to the fourth he gave

[3] Such it appears to have been in the sequel.

Two golden talents, and, unsullied yet
By use, a twin-ear'd phial[4] to the fifth.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
Atrides, and ye Chiefs of all the host!
These prizes, in the circus placed, attend
The charioteers. Held we the present games
In honour of some other Greecian dead,
I would myself bear hence the foremost prize;
For ye are all witnesses well-inform'd
Of the superior virtue of my steeds.
They are immortal; Neptune on my sire
Peleus conferr'd them, and my sire on me.
But neither I this contest share myself,
Nor shall my steeds; for they would miss the force
And guidance of a charioteer so kind
As they have lost, who many a time hath cleansed
Their manes with water of the crystal brook,
And made them sleek, himself, with limpid oil.
Him, therefore, mourning, motionless they stand
With hair dishevell'd, streaming to the ground.
But ye, whoever of the host profess
Superior skill, and glory in your steeds
And well-built chariots, for the strife prepare!
So spake Pelides, and the charioteers,
For speed renown'd, arose. Long ere the rest
Eumelus, King of men, Admetus' son
Arose, accomplish'd in equestrian arts.
Next, Tydeus' son, brave Diomede, arose;
He yoked the Trojan coursers by himself

[4] Φιάλη—a vessel, as Athenæus describes it, made for the purpose of warming water. It was formed of brass, and expanded somewhat in the shape of a broad leaf.

In battle from Æneas won, what time
Apollo saved their master. Third, upstood
The son of Atreus with the golden locks,
Who to his chariot Agamemnon's mare
Swift Æthe and his own Podargus join'd.
Her Echepolus from Anchises sprung
To Agamemnon gave; she was the price
At which he purchased leave to dwell at home
Excused attendance on the King at Troy;
For, by the gift of Jove, he had acquired
Great riches, and in wide-spread Sicyon dwelt.
Her wing'd with ardour, Menelaus yoked.
Antilochus, arising fourth, his steeds
Bright-maned prepared, son of the valiant King
Of Pylus, Nestor Neleïades.
Of Pylian breed were they, and thus his sire,
With kind intent approaching to his side,
Advised him, of himself not uninform'd.
Antilochus! Thou art, I know, beloved
By Jove and Neptune both, from whom, though young,
Thou hast received knowledge of every art
Equestrian, and hast little need to learn.
Thou know'st already how to trim the goal
With nicest skill, yet wondrous slow of foot
Thy coursers are, whence evil may ensue.
But though their steeds be swifter, I account
Thee wise, at least, as they. Now is the time
For counsel, furnish now thy mind with all
Precaution, that the prize escape thee not.
The feller of huge trees by skill prevails
More than by strength; by skill the pilot guides
His flying bark rock'd by tempestuous winds,

And more by skill than speed the race is won.
But He who in his chariot and his steeds
Trusts only, wanders here and wanders there
Unsteady, while his coursers loosely rein'd
Roam wide the field; not so the charioteer
Of sound intelligence; he though he drive
Inferior steeds, looks ever to the goal
Which close he clips, not ignorant to check
His coursers at the first, but with tight rein
Ruling his own, and watching those before.
Now mark; I will describe so plain the goal
That thou shalt know it surely. A dry stump
Extant above the ground an ell in height
Stands yonder; either oak it is, or pine
More likely, which the weather least impairs.
Two stones, both white, flank it on either hand.
The way is narrow there, but smooth the course
On both sides. It is either, as I think,
A monument of one long since deceased,
Or was, perchance, in ancient days design'd,
As now by Peleus' mighty son, a goal.
That mark in view, thy steeds and chariot push
Near to it as thou may'st; then, in thy seat
Inclining gently to the left, prick smart
Thy right-hand horse challenging him aloud,
And give him rein; but let thy left-hand horse
Bear on the goal so closely, that the nave
And felly[5] of thy wheel may seem to meet.

[5] This could not happen unless the felly of the wheel were nearly horizontal to the eye of the spectator, in which case the chariot must be infallibly overturned.—There is an obscurity in the passage which none of the commentators explain. The

Yet fear to strike the stone, lest foul disgrace
Of broken chariot and of crippled steeds
Ensue, and thou become the public jest.
My boy beloved! use caution; for if once
Thou turn the goal at speed, no man thenceforth
Shall reach, or if he reach, shall pass thee by,
Although Arion in thy rear he drove
Adrastus' rapid horse of race divine,
Or those, Troy's boast, bred by Laomedon.
So Nestor spake, inculcating with care
On his son's mind these lessons in the art,
And to his place retiring, sat again.
Meriones his coursers glossy-maned
Made ready last. Then to his chariot-seat
Each mounted, and the lots were thrown; himself
Achilles shook them. First, forth leap'd the lot
Of Nestor's son Antilochus, after whom
The King Eumelus took his destined place.
The third was Menelaus spear-renown'd;
Meriones the fourth; and last of all
Bravest of all, heroic Diomede
The son of Tydeus took his lot to drive.
So ranged they stood; Achilles show'd the goal
Far on the champain, nigh to which he placed
The godlike Phœnix servant of his sire,
To mark the race and make a true report.
All raised the lash at once, and with the reins
At once all smote their steeds, urging them on
Vociferous; they, sudden, left the fleet
Far, far behind them, scouring swift the plain.

Scholiast, as quoted by Clarke, attempts an explanation, but, I think, not successfully.

Dark, like a stormy cloud, uprose the dust
Their chests beneath, and scatter'd in the wind
Their manes all floated; now the chariots swept
The low declivity unseen, and now
Emerging started into view; erect
The drivers stood; emulous, every heart
Beat double; each encouraged loud his steeds;
They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.
But when returning to the hoary deep
They ran their last career, then each display'd
Brightest his charioteership, and the race
Lay stretch'd, at once, into its utmost speed.
Then, soon the mares of Pheretiades[6]
Pass'd all, but Diomede behind him came,
Borne by his unemasculated steeds
Of Trojan pedigree; they not remote,
But close pursued him; and at every pace
Seem'd entering both, the chariot at their head;
For blowing warm into Eumelus' neck
Behind, and on his shoulders broad, they went,
And their chins rested on him as they flew.
Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made
Decision dubious, but Apollo struck,
Resentful[7], from his hand the glittering scourge.
Fast roll'd the tears indignant down his cheeks,
For he beheld the mares with double speed,
Flying, and of the spur deprived, his own
Retarded steeds continual thrown behind.
But not unnoticed by Minerva pass'd

[6] Eumelus.

[7] Resentful of the attack made on him by Diomede in the fifth Book.

The art by Phœbus practised to impede
The son of Tydeus, whom with winged haste
Following, she gave to him his scourge again,
And with new force his lagging steeds inspired.
Eumelus, next, the angry Goddess, swift
Pursuing, snapt his yoke; wide flew the mares
Asunder, and the pole fell to the ground.
Himself, roll'd from his seat, fast by the wheel
With lacerated elbows, nostrils, mouth,
And batter'd brows lay prone; sorrow his eyes
Deluged, and disappointment choak'd his voice.
Then, far outstripping all, Tydides push'd
His steeds beyond, which Pallas fill'd with power
That she might make the glorious prize his own.
Him follow'd Menelaus amber-hair'd,
The son of Atreus, and his father's steeds
Encouraging, thus spake Antilochus.
  Away—now stretch ye forward to the goal.
I bid you not to an unequal strife
With those of Diomede, for Pallas them
Quickens that he may conquer, and the Chief
So far advanced makes competition vain.
But reach the son of Atreus, fly to reach
His steeds, incontinent; ah, be not shamed
For ever, foil'd by Æthe, by a mare!
Why fall ye thus behind, my noblest steeds?
I tell you both, and ye shall prove me true,
No favour shall ye find at Nestor's hands,
My valiant Sire, but he will thrust his spear
Right through you, should we lose, for sloth of yours,
Or by your negligence, the nobler prize.
Haste then—pursue him—reach the royal Chief—

And how to pass him in yon narrow way
Shall be my care, and not my care in vain.
He ended; they, awhile, awed by his voice,
With more exertion ran, and Nestor's son
Now saw the hollow streight mark'd by his Sire.
It was a chasm abrupt, where winter-floods,
Wearing the soil, had gullied deep the way.
Thither Atrides, anxious to avoid
A clash of chariots drove, and thither drove
Also, but somewhat devious from his track,
Antilochus. Then Menelaus fear'd,
And with loud voice the son of Nestor hail'd.
Antilochus, at what a madman's rate
Drivest thou! stop—check thy steeds,—the way is here
Too streight, but widening soon, will give thee scope
To pass me by; beware, lest chariot close
To chariot driven, thou maim thyself and me.
He said; but still more rapid and the scourge
Plying continual, as he had not heard,
Antilochus came on. Far as the quoit
By some broad-shoulder'd youth for trial hurl'd
Of manhood flies, so far Antilochus
Shot forward; but the coursers fell behind
Of Atreus' son, who now abated much
By choice his driving, lest the steeds of both
Justling, should overturn with sudden shock
Both chariots, and themselves in dust be roll'd,
Through hot ambition of the foremost prize.
Him then the Hero golden-hair'd reproved.
Antilochus! the man lives not on earth
Like thee for love of mischief. Go, extoll'd
For wisdom falsely by the sons of Greece.

Yet, trust me, not without an oath, the prize
Thus foully sought shall even now be thine.
He said, and to his coursers call'd aloud.
Ah be not tardy; stand not sorrow-check'd;
Their feet will fail them sooner far than yours,
For years have pass'd since they had youth to boast.
So He; and springing at his voice, his steeds
Regain'd apace the vantage lost. Meantime
The Greecians, in full circus seated, mark'd
The steeds; they flying, fill'd with dust the air.
Then, ere the rest, Idomeneus discern'd
The foremost pair; for, on a rising ground
Exalted, he without the circus sat,
And hearing, though remote, the driver's voice
Chiding his steeds, knew it, and knew beside
The leader horse distinguish'd by his hue,
Chestnut throughout, save that his forehead bore
A splendid blazon white, round as the moon.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
Friends! Chiefs and senators of Argos' host!
Discern I sole the steeds, or also ye?
The horses, foremost now, to me appear
Other than erst, and I descry at hand
A different charioteer; the mares of late
Victorious, somewhere distant in the race
Are hurt; I plainly saw them at the first
Turning the goal, but see them now no more;
And yet with eyes inquisitive I range
From side to side the whole broad plain of Troy.
Either the charioteer hath slipp'd the reins,
Or rounded not successfully the goal
Through want of guidance. Thrown, as it should seem,

Forth from his seat, he hath his chariot maim'd,
And his ungovern'd steeds have roam'd away.
Arise and look ye forth yourselves, for I
With doubtful ken behold him; yet the man
Seems, in my view, Ætolian by descent,
A Chief of prime renown in Argos' host,
The Hero Tydeus' son, brave Diomede.
  But Ajax Oïliades the swift
Him sharp reproved. Why art thou always given
To prate, Idomeneus? thou seest the mares,
Remote indeed, but posting to the goal.
Thou art not youngest of the Argives here
So much, nor from beneath thy brows look forth
Quick-sighted more than ours, thine eyes abroad,
Yet still thou pratest, although silence more
Should suit thee, among wiser far than thou.
The mares which led, lead still, and he who drives
Eumelus is, the same who drove before.
  To whom the Cretan Chief, angry, replied.
Ajax! whom none in wrangling can excel
Or rudeness, though in all beside thou fall
Below the Argives, being boorish-rough,
Come now—a tripod let us wager each,
Or cauldron, and let Agamemnon judge
Whose horses lead, that, losing, thou may'st learn.
  He said; then sudden from his seat upsprang
Swift Ajax Oïliades, prepared
For harsh retort, nor had the contest ceased
Between them, but had grown from ill to worse,
Had not himself, Achilles, interposed.
  Ajax—Idomeneus—abstain ye both
From bitter speech offensive, and such terms

As ill become you. Ye would feel, yourselves,
Resentment, should another act as ye.
Survey the course, peaceable, from your seats;
The charioteers, by competition wing'd,
Will soon themselves arrive, then shall ye know
Distinctly, both who follows and who leads.
He scarce had said, when nigh at hand appear'd
Tydides, lashing, as he came, his steeds
Continual; they with hoofs uplifted high
Their yet remaining ground shorten'd apace,
Sprinkling with dusty drops at every stroke
Their charioteer, while close upon their heels
Radiant with tin and gold the chariot ran,
Scarce tracking light the dust, so swift they flew.
He stood in the mid-circus; there the sweat
Rain'd under them from neck and chest profuse,
And Diomede from his resplendent seat
Leaping, reclined his scourge against the yoke.
Nor was his friend brave Sthenelus remiss,
But, seizing with alacrity the prize,
Consign'd the tripod and the virgin, first,
To his own band in charge; then, loosed the steeds.
Next came, by stratagem, not speed advanced
To that distinction, Nestor's son, whom yet
The Hero Menelaus close pursued.
Near as the wheel runs to a courser's heels,
Drawing his master at full speed; his tail
With its extremest hairs the felly sweeps
That close attends him o'er the spacious plain,
So near had Menelaus now approach'd
Antilochus; for though at first he fell
A full quoit's cast behind, he soon retrieved

That loss, with such increasing speed the mare
Bright-maned of Agamemnon, Æthe, ran;
She, had the course few paces more to both
Afforded, should have clearly shot beyond
Antilochus, nor dubious left the prize.
But noble Menelaus threw behind
Meriones, companion in the field,
Of King Idomeneus, a lance's flight,
For slowest were his steeds, and he, to rule
The chariot in the race, least skill'd of all.
Last came Eumelus drawing to the goal,
Himself, his splendid chariot, and his mares
Driving before him. Peleus' rapid son
Beheld him with compassion, and, amid
The Argives, in wing'd accents thus he spake.
  Here comes the most expert, driving his steeds
Before him. Just it were that he received
The second prize; Tydides claims the first.
  He said, and all applauded the award.
Then had Achilles to Eumelus given
The mare (for such the pleasure seem'd of all)
Had not the son of mighty Nestor risen,
Antilochus, who pleaded thus his right.
  Achilles! acting as thou hast proposed,
Thou shalt offend me much, for thou shalt take
The prize from me, because the Gods, his steeds
And chariot-yoke disabling, render'd vain
His efforts, and no failure of his own.
It was his duty to have sought the Gods
In prayer, then had he not, following on foot
His coursers, hindmost of us all arrived.
But if thou pity him, and deem it good,

Thou hast much gold, much brass, and many sheep
In thy pavilion; thou hast maidens fair,
And coursers also. Of thy proper stores
Hereafter give to him a richer prize
Than this, or give it now, so shall the Greeks
Applaud thee; but this mare yield I to none;
Stand forth the Greecian who desires to win
That recompense, and let him fight with me.
He ended, and Achilles, godlike Chief,
Smiled on him, gratulating his success,
Whom much he loved; then, ardent, thus replied.
Antilochus! if thou wouldst wish me give
Eumelus of my own, even so I will.
I will present to him my corslet bright
Won from Asteropæus, edged around
With glittering tin; a precious gift, and rare.
So saying, he bade Automedon his friend
Produce it from the tent; he at his word
Departing, to Achilles brought the spoil,
Which at his hands Eumelus glad received.
Then, stung with grief, and with resentment fired
Immeasurable, Menelaus rose
To charge Antilochus. His herald gave
The sceptre to his hand, and (silence bidden
To all) the godlike Hero thus began.
Antilochus! oh heretofore discreet!
What hast thou done? Thou hast dishonour'd foul
My skill, and wrong'd my coursers, throwing thine,
Although inferior far, by fraud before them.
Ye Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host!
Impartial judge between us, lest, of these,

Some say hereafter, Menelaus bore
Antilochus by falsehood down, and led
The mare away, because, although his steeds
Were worse, his arm was mightier, and prevail'd.
Yet hold—myself will judge, and will to all
Contentment give, for I will judge aright.
Hither, Antilochus, illustrious youth!
And, as the law prescribes, standing before
Thy steeds and chariot, holding too the scourge
With which thou drovest, lay hand on both thy steeds,
And swear by Neptune, circler of the earth,
That neither wilfully, nor yet by fraud
Thou didst impede my chariot in its course.
  Then, prudent, thus Antilochus replied.
Oh royal Menelaus! patient bear
The fault of one thy junior far, in years
Alike unequal and in worth to thee.
Thou know'st how rash is youth, and how propense
To pass the bounds by decency prescribed,
Quick, but not wise. Lay, then, thy wrath aside;
The mare now given me I will myself
Deliver to thee, and if thou require
A larger recompense, will rather yield
A larger much than from thy favour fall
Deservedly for ever, mighty Prince!
And sin so heinously against the Gods.
  So saying, the son of valiant Nestor led
The mare, himself, to Menelaus' hand,
Who with heart-freshening joy the prize received.
As on the ears of growing corn the dews
Fall grateful, while the spiry grain erect

Bristles the fields, so, Menelaus, felt
Thy inmost soul a soothing pleasure sweet!
Then answer thus the Hero quick return'd.
Antilochus! exasperate though I were,
Now, such no longer, I relinquish glad
All strife with thee, for that at other times
Thou never inconsiderate wast or light,
Although by youthful heat misled to-day.
Yet safer is it not to over-reach
Superiors, for no other Greecian here
Had my extreme displeasure calm'd so soon;
But thou hast suffer'd much, and much hast toil'd,
As thy good father and thy brother have,
On my behalf; I, therefore, yield, subdued
By thy entreaties, and the mare, though mine,
Will also give thee, that these Greecians all
May know me neither proud nor hard to appease.
So saying, the mare he to Noëmon gave,
Friend of Antilochus, and, well-content,
The polish'd cauldron for *his* prize received.
The fourth awarded lot (for he had fourth
Arrived) Meriones asserted next,
The golden talents; but the phial still
Left unappropriated Achilles bore
Across the circus in his hand, a gift
To ancient Nestor, whom he thus bespake.
Thou also, oh my father! this accept,
Which, in remembrance of the funeral rites
Of my Patroclus, keep, for him thou seest
Among the Greeks no more. Receive a prize,
Thine by gratuity; for thou shalt wield
The cæstus, wrest

Or in the foot-race (fallen as thou art
Into the wane of life) never again.
He said, and placed it in his hands. He, glad,
Receiving it, in accents wing'd replied.
True, oh my son! is all which thou hast spoken.
These limbs, these hands, young friend! (their vigour lost)
No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring
At once to battle. Ah that I could grow
Young yet again, could feel again such force
Athletic, as when in Buprasium erst
The Epeans with sepulchral pomp entomb'd
King Amarynceus, where his sons ordain'd
Funereal games in honour of their Sire!
Epean none or even Pylian there
Could cope with me, or yet Ætolian bold.
Boxing, I vanquish'd Clytomedes, son
Of Enops; wrestling, the Pleuronian Chief
Ancæus; in the foot-race Iphiclus,
Though a fleet runner; and I over-pitch'd
Phyleus and Polydorus at the spear.
The sons of Actor in the chariot-race
Alone surpass'd me, being two for one,
And jealous both lest I should also win
That prize, for to the victor charioteer
They had assign'd the noblest prize of all.
They were twin-brothers, and one ruled the steeds,
The steeds one ruled[8], the other lash'd them on.
Such once was I; but now, these sports I leave
To younger; me submission most befits
To withering age, who then outshone the best.

[8] The repetition follows the Original.

But go. The funeral of thy friend with games
Proceed to celebrate; I accept thy gift
With pleasure; and my heart is also glad
That thou art mindful evermore of one
Who loves thee, and such honour in the sight
Yield'st me of all the Greeks, as is my due.
May the Gods bless thee for it more and more!
He spake, and Peleus' son, when he had heard
At large his commendation from the lips
Of Nestor, through the assembled Greeks return'd.
He next proposed, not lightly to be won,
The boxer's prize. He tether'd down a mule,
Untamed and hard to tame, but strong to toil,
And in her prime of vigour, in the midst;
A goblet to the vanquish'd he assign'd,
Then stood erect, and to the Greeks exclaim'd.
Atridæ! and ye Argives brazen-greaved!
I call for two bold combatants expert
To wage fierce strife for these, with lifted fists
Smiting each other. He, who by the aid
Of Phœbus shall o'ercome, and whom the Greeks
Shall all pronounce victorious, leads the mule
Hence to his tent; the vanquish'd takes the cup.
He spake, and at his word a Greek arose
Big, bold, and skilful in the boxer's art,
Epeüs, son of Panopeus; his hand
He on the mule imposed, and thus he said.
Approach the man ambitious of the cup!
For no Achaian here shall with his fist
Me foiling, win the mule. I boast myself
To all superior. May it not suffice
That I to no pre-eminence pretend

In battle? To attain to foremost praise
Alike in every art is not for one.
But this I promise, and will well perform—
My blows shall lay him open, split him, crush
His bones to splinters, and let all his friends,
Attendant on him, wait to bear him hence,
Vanquish'd by my superior force in fight.
He ended, and his speech found no reply.
One godlike Chief alone, Euryalus,
Son of the King Mecisteus, who, himself,
Sprang from Talaion, opposite arose.
He, on the death of Oedipus, at Thebes
Contending in the games held at his tomb,
Had overcome the whole Cadmean race.
Him Diomede spear-famed for fight prepared,
Giving him all encouragement, for much
He wish'd him victory. First then he threw[9]
His cincture to him; next, he gave him thongs[10]
Cut from the hide of a wild buffalo.
Both girt around, into the midst they moved.
Then, lifting high their brawny arms, and fists
Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell;
Dire was the crash of jaws, and the sweat stream'd
From every limb. Epeüs fierce advanced,
And while Euryalus with cautious eye
Watch'd his advantage, pash'd him on the cheek.
He stood no longer, but, his shapely limbs,
Unequal to his weight, sinking, he fell.
As by the rising North-wind driven ashore
An huge fish flounces on the weedy beach,

[9] παρακάββαλε.

[10] With which they bound on the cæstus.

Which soon the sable flood covers again,
So, beaten down, he bounded. But Epeüs,
Heroic Chief, upraised him by his hand,
And his own comrades from the circus forth
Led him, step dragging after step, the blood
Ejecting grumous, and at every pace
Rolling his head languid from side to side.
They placed him all unconscious on his seat
In his own band, then fetch'd his prize, the cup.
Still other prizes, then, Achilles placed
In view of all, the sturdy wrestler's meed.
A large hearth-tripod, valued by the Greeks
At twice six beeves, should pay the victor's toil;
But for the vanquish'd, in the midst he set
A damsel in variety expert
Of arts domestic, valued at four beeves.
He rose erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
Arise ye, now, who shall this prize dispute.
So spake the son of Peleus; then arose
Huge Telamonian Ajax, and upstood
Ulysses also, in all wiles adept.
Both girt around, into the midst they moved.
With vigorous gripe each lock'd the other fast,
Like rafters, standing, of some mansion built
By a prime artist, proof against all winds.
Their backs, tugg'd vehemently, creak'd[11], the sweat
Trickled, and on their flanks and shoulders, red
The whelks arose; they bearing still in mind
The tripod, ceased not struggling for the prize.

[11] τετρίγει.—It is a circumstance on which the Scholiast observes that it denotes in a wrestler the greatest possible bodily strength and firmness of position.—See Villoisson.

Nor could Ulysses from his station move
And cast down Ajax, nor could Ajax him
Unsettle, fixt so firm Ulysses stood.
But when, long time expectant, all the Greeks
Grew weary, then, huge Ajax him bespake.
  Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Lift, or be lifted, and let Jove decide.
  He said, and heaved Ulysses. Then, his wiles
Forgat not He, but on the ham behind
Chopp'd him; the limbs of Ajax at the stroke
Disabled sank; he fell supine, and bore
Ulysses close adhering to his chest
Down with him. Wonder rivetted all eyes.
Then brave Ulysses from the ground awhile
Him lifted in his turn, but ere he stood,
Inserting his own knee the knees between[12]
Of Ajax, threw him. To the earth they fell
Both, and with dust defiled lay side by side.
And now, arising to a third essay,
They should have wrestled yet again, had not
Achilles, interfering, them restrain'd.
  Strive not together more; cease to exhaust
Each other's force; ye both have earn'd the prize.
Depart alike requited, and give place
To other Greecians who shall next contend.
  He spake; they glad complied, and wiping off
The dust, put on their tunics. Then again
Achilles other prizes yet proposed,
The rapid runner's meed. First, he produced

[12] I have given what seems to me the most probable interpretation, and such a one as to any person who has ever witnessed a wrestling-match, will, I presume, appear intelligible.

A silver goblet of six measures; earth
Own'd not its like for elegance of form.
Skilful Sidonian artists had around
Embellish'd it, and o'er the sable Deep
Phœnician merchants into Lemnos' port
Had borne it, and the boon to Thoas[12] given;
But Jason's son, Euneüs, in exchange
For Priam's son Lycaon, to the hand
Had pass'd it of Patroclus famed in arms.
Achilles this, in honour of his friend,
Set forth, the swiftest runner's recompense.
The second should a fatted ox receive
Of largest size, and he assign'd of gold
A just half-talent to the worst and last.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
Now stand ye forth who shall this prize dispute.
He said, and at his word instant arose
Swift Ajax Oïliades; upsprang
The shrewd Ulysses next, and after him
Brave Nestor's son Antilochus, with whom
None vied in speed of all the youths of Greece.
They stood prepared. Achilles show'd the goal.
At once all started. Oïliades
Led swift the course, and closely at his heels
Ulysses ran. Near as some cinctured maid
Industrious holds the distaff to her breast,
While to and fro with practised finger neat
She tends the flax drawing it to a thread,
So near Ulysses follow'd him, and press'd
His footsteps, ere the dust fill'd them again,

[12] King of Lemnos.

Pouring his breath into his neck behind,
And never slackening pace. His ardent thirst
Of victory with universal shouts
All seconded, and, eager, bade him On.
And now, the contest shortening to a close,
Ulysses his request silent and brief
To azure-eyed Minerva thus preferr'd.
  Oh Goddess hear, prosper me in the race!
Such was his prayer, with which Minerva pleased,
Freshen'd his limbs, and made him light to run.
And now, when in one moment they should both
Have darted on the prize, then Ajax' foot
Sliding, he fell; for where the dung of beeves
Slain by Achilles for his friend, had spread
The soil, there[14] Pallas tripp'd him. Ordure foul
His mouth, and ordure foul his nostrils fill'd.
Then brave Ulysses, first arriving, seized
The cup, and Ajax took his prize, the ox.
He grasp'd his horn, and sputtering as he stood
The ordure forth, the Argives thus bespake.
  Ah—Pallas tripp'd my footsteps; she attends
Ulysses ever with a mother's care.
  Loud laugh'd the Greecians. Then, the remnant prize
Antilochus receiving, smiled and said.
  Ye need not, fellow-warriors, to be taught
That now, as ever, the immortal Gods
Honour on seniority bestow.
Ajax is elder, yet not much, than I.
But Laertiades was born in times

[14] That is to say, Ulysses; who from the first intending it, had run close behind him.

Long past, a Chief coeval with our Sires,
Not young, but vigorous; and, of the Greeks,
Achilles may alone with Him contend.
So saying, the merit of superior speed
To Peleus' son he gave, who thus replied.
Antilochus! thy praise of me shall prove
Nor vain nor unproductive to thyself,
For the half-talent doubled shall be thine.
He spake, and, doubling it, the talent placed
Whole in his hand. He glad the gift received.
Achilles, then, Sarpedon's arms produced,
Stripp'd from him by Patroclus, his long spear,
Helmet and shield, which in the midst he placed.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
I call for two brave warriors arm'd, to prove
Each other's skill with weapons keen, this prize
Disputing, next, in presence of us all.
Who first shall through his armour reach the skin
Of his antagonist, and shall draw his blood,
To Him this silver-studded faulchion bright
I give; the blade is Thracian, and of late
Asteropæus wore it, whom I slew.
These other arms shall be their common meed,
And I will banquet both within my tent.
He said, then Telamonian Ajax huge
Arose, and opposite the son arose
Of warlike Tydeus, Diomede the brave.
Apart from all the people each put on
His arms, then moved into the middle space,
Louring terrific, and on fire to fight.
The host look'd on amazed. Approaching each
The other, thrice they sprang to the assault,

And thrice struck hand to hand. Ajax the shield
Pierced of his adversary, but the flesh
Attain'd not, baffled by his mail within.
Then Tydeus' son, sheer o'er the ample disk
Of Ajax, thrust a lance home to his neck,
And the Achaians for the life appall'd
Of Ajax, bade them, ceasing, share the prize.
But the huge faulchion with its sheath and belt—
Achilles them on Diomede bestow'd.
The Hero, next, an iron clod produced
Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might
Of King Eëtion; but, when him he slew,
Pelides, glorious Chief, with other spoils
From Thebes convey'd it in his fleet to Troy.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
Come forth who also shall this prize dispute!
How far soe'er remote the winner's fields,
This lump shall serve his wants five circling years;
His shepherd shall not, or his plower, need
In quest of iron seek the distant town,
But hence he shall himself their wants supply.
Then Polypœtes brave in fight arose,
Arose Leonteus also, godlike Chief,
With Ajax son of Telamon. Each took
His station, and Epeüs seized the clod.
He swung, he cast it, and the Greecians laugh'd.
Leonteus, branch of Mars, quoited it next.
Huge Telamonian Ajax with strong arm
Dismiss'd it third, and overpitch'd them both.
But when brave Polypœtes seized the mass
Far as the vigorous herdsmen flings his staff
That twirling flies his numerous beeves between,

So far his cast outmeasured all beside,
And the host shouted. Then the friends arose
Of Polypœtes valiant Chief, and bore
His ponderous acquisition to the ships.
The archers' prize Achilles next proposed,
Ten double and ten single axes, form'd
Of steel convertible to arrow-points.
He fix'd, far distant on the sands, the mast
Of a brave bark cœrulean-prow'd, to which
With small cord fasten'd by the foot he tied
A timorous dove, their mark at which to aim.
[15] Who strikes the dove, he conquers, and shall bear
These double axes all into his tent.
But who the cord alone, missing the bird,
Successful less, he wins the single blades.
The might of royal Teucer then arose,
And, fellow-warrior of the King of Crete,
Valiant Meriones. A brazen casque
Received the lots; they shook them, and the lot
Fell first to Teucer. He, at once, a shaft
Sent smartly forth, but vow'd not to the King[16]
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.
He therefore (for Apollo greater praise
Denied him) miss'd the dove, but struck the cord
That tied her, at small distance from the knot,
And with his arrow sever'd it. Upsprang
The bird into the air, and to the ground
Depending fell the cord. Shouts rent the skies.

[15] The transition from narrative to dramatic follows the Original.

[16] Apollo; frequently by Homer called the King without any addition.

Then, all in haste, Meriones the bow
Caught from his hand holding a shaft the while
Already aim'd, and to Apollo vow'd
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.
He eyed the dove aloft, under a cloud,
And, while she wheel'd around, struck her beneath
The pinion; through her and beyond her pass'd
The arrow, and, returning, pierced the soil
Fast by the foot of brave Meriones.
She, perching on the mast again, her head
Reclined, and hung her wide-unfolded wing,
But, soon expiring, dropp'd and fell remote.
Amazement seized the people. To his tent
Meriones the ten best axes bore,
And Teucer the inferior ten to his.
Then, last, Achilles in the circus placed
A ponderous spear and cauldron yet unfired,
Emboss'd with flowers around, its worth an ox.
Upstood the spear-expert; Atrides first,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, King of men,
And next, brave fellow-warrior of the King
Of Crete, Meriones; when thus his speech
Achilles to the royal Chief address'd.
Atrides! (for we know thy skill and force
Matchless! that none can hurl the spear as thou)
This prize is thine, order it to thy ship;
And if it please thee, as I would it might,
Let brave Meriones the spear receive.
He said; nor Agamemnon not complied,
But to Meriones the brazen spear
Presenting, to Talthybius gave in charge
The cauldron, next, his own illustrious prize.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

Priam, by command of Jupiter, and under conduct of Mercury, seeks Achilles in his tent, who admonished previously by Thetis, consents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned, and the manner of his funeral, circumstantially described, concludes the poem.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

THE games all closed, the people went dispersed
Each to his ship; they, mindful of repast,
And to enjoy repose; but other thoughts
Achilles' mind employ'd: he still deplored
With tears his loved Patroclus, nor the force
Felt of all-conquering sleep, but turn'd and turn'd
Restless from side to side, mourning the loss
Of such a friend, so manly, and so brave.
Their fellowship in toil; their hardships oft
Sustain'd in fight laborious, or o'ercome
With difficulty on the perilous Deep—
Remembrance busily retracing themes
Like these, drew down his cheeks continual tears.
Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,
Now prone; then starting from his couch he roam'd
Forlorn the beach, nor did the rising morn
On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,
But joining to his chariot his swift steeds,
He fasten'd Hector to be dragg'd behind.
Around the tomb of Menœtiades
Him thrice he dragg'd; then rested in his tent,
Leaving him at his length stretch'd in the dust.
Meantime Apollo with compassion touch'd

Even of the lifeless Hector, from all taint
Saved him, and with the golden ægis broad
Covering, preserved him, although dragg'd, untorn.
While he, indulging thus his wrath, disgraced
Brave Hector, the Immortals, at that sight
With pity moved, exhorted Mercury
The watchful Argicide, to steal him thence.
That counsel pleased the rest, but neither pleased
Juno, nor Neptune, nor the blue-eyed maid.
They still, as at the first, held fast their hate
Of sacred Troy, detested Priam still,
And still his people, mindful of the crime
Of Paris, who when to his rural hut
They came, those Goddesses affronting, praise
And admiration gave to Her alone
Who with vile lusts his preference repaid.
But when the twelfth ensuing morn arose,
Apollo, then, the Immortals thus address'd.
Ye Gods, your dealings now injurious seem
And cruel. Was not Hector wont to burn
Thighs of fat goats and bullocks at your shrines?
Whom now, though dead, ye cannot yet endure
To rescue, that Andromache once more
Might view him, his own mother, his own son,
His father and the people, who would soon
Yield him his just demand, a funeral fire.
But, oh ye Gods! your pleasure is alone
To please Achilles, that pernicious Chief,
Who neither right regards, nor owns a mind
That can relent, but as the lion, urged
By his own dauntless heart and savage force,
Invades without remorse the rights of man,

That he may banquet on his herds and flocks,
So Peleus' son all pity from his breast
Hath driven, and shame, man's blessing[1] or his curse[1].
For whosoever hath a loss sustain'd
Still dearer, whether of his brother born
From the same womb, or even of his son,
When he hath once bewail'd him, weeps no more,
For fate itself gives man a patient mind.
Yet Peleus' son, not so contented, slays
Illustrious Hector first, then drags his corse
In cruel triumph at his chariot-wheels
Around Patroclus' tomb; but neither well
He acts, nor honourably to himself,
Who may, perchance, brave though he be, incur
Our anger, while to gratify revenge
He pours dishonour thus on senseless clay.
To whom, incensed, Juno white-arm'd replied.
And be it so; stand fast this word of thine,
God of the Silver bow! if ye account
Only such honour to Achilles due
As Hector claims; but Hector was by birth
Mere man, and suckled at a woman's breast.
Not such Achilles; him a Goddess bore,
Whom I myself nourish'd, and on my lap
Fondled, and in due time to Peleus gave
In marriage, to a Chief beloved in heaven
Peculiarly; ye were yourselves, ye Gods!
Partakers of the nuptial feast, and thou
Wast present also with thine harp in hand,
Thou comrade of the vile! thou faithless ever!

[1] His blessing, if he is properly influenced by it; his curse in its consequences if he is deaf to its dictates.

Then answer thus cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.
Juno, forbear. Indulge not always wrath
Against the Gods. They shall not share alike,
And in the same proportion our regards.
Yet even Hector was the man in Troy
Most favour'd by the Gods, and him no less
I also loved, for punctual were his gifts
To us; mine altar never miss'd from him
Libation, or the steam of sacrifice,
The meed allotted to us from of old.
But steal him not, since by Achilles' eye
Unseen ye cannot, who both day and night
Watches[2] him, as a mother tends her son.
But call ye Thetis hither, I would give
The Goddess counsel, that, at Priam's hands
Accepting gifts, Achilles loose the dead.
He ceased. Then Iris tempest-wing'd arose.
Samos between, and Imbrus rock-begirt,
She plunged into the gloomy flood; loud groan'd
The briny pool, while sudden down she rush'd,
As sinks the bull's[3] horn with its leaden weight,
Death bearing to the raveners of the Deep.
Within her vaulted cave Thetis she found
By every nymph of Ocean round about
Encompass'd; she, amid them all, the fate
Wept of her noble son ordain'd to death

[2] This is the sense preferred by the Scholiast, for it is not true that Thetis was always present with Achilles, as is proved by the passage immediately ensuing.

[3] The angler's custom was, in those days, to guard his line above the hook from the fishes' bite, by passing it through a *pipe of* horn.

At fertile Troy, from Phthia far remote.
Then, Iris, drawing near, her thus address'd.
Arise, O Thetis! Jove, the author dread
Of everlasting counsels, calls for thee.
To whom the Goddess of the Silver feet.
Why calls the mighty Thunderer me? I fear,
Oppress'd with countless sorrows as I am,
To mingle with the Gods.—Yet I obey—
No word of his can prove an empty sound.
So saying, the Goddess took her sable veil,
(Eye ne'er beheld a darker,) and began
Her progress, by the storm-wing'd Iris led.
On either hand the billows open'd wide
A pass before them; they, ascending soon
The shore, updarted swift into the skies.
They found loud-voiced Saturnian Jove around
Environ'd by the ever blessed Gods
Convened in full assembly; she beside
Her Father Jove (Pallas retiring) sat.
Then, Juno, with consolatory speech,
Presented to her hand a golden cup,
Of which she drank, then gave it back again,
And thus the Sire of Gods and men began.
Goddess of ocean, Thetis! thou hast sought
Olympus, bearing in thy bosom grief
Never to be assuaged, as well I know.
Yet shalt thou learn, afflicted as thou art,
Why I have summon'd thee. Nine days the Gods,
Concerning Hector's body and thy own
Brave city-spoiler son, have held dispute,
And some have urged ofttimes the Argicide

Keen-sighted Mercury, to steal the dead.
But I forbad it for Achilles' sake,
Whom I exalt, the better to insure
Thy reverence and thy friendship evermore.
Haste, therefore, seek thy son, and tell him thus.
The Gods resent it, say (but most of all
Myself am angry) that he still detains
Amid his fleet, through fury of revenge,
Unransom'd Hector; so shall he, at length,
Through fear of me, perchance, release the slain.
Myself to generous Priam will, the while,
Send Iris, who shall bid him to the fleet
Of Greece, such ransom bearing as may soothe
Achilles, for redemption of his son.
So spake the God, nor Thetis not complied.
Descending swift from the Olympian heights
She reach'd Achilles' tent. Him there she found
Groaning disconsolate, while others ran
To and fro, occupied around a sheep
New-slaughter'd, large, and of exuberant fleece.
She, sitting close beside him, softly stroak'd
His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began.
How long, my son! sorrowing and mourning here,
Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought
Either to food or love? Yet love is good,
And woman grief's best cure; for length of days
Is not thy doom, but, even now, thy death
And ruthless destiny are on the wing.
Mark me,—I come a lieger sent from Jove.
The Gods, he saith, resent it, but himself
More deeply than the rest, that thou detain'st

Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,
Unransom'd Hector. Be advised, accept
Ransom, and to his friends resign the dead.
To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
Come then the ransomer, and take him hence;
If Jove himself command it,—Be it so.
So they, among the ships, conferring sat
On various themes, the Goddess and her son;
Meantime Saturnian Jove commanded down
His swift embassadress to sacred Troy.
Hence, rapid Iris! leave the Olympian heights,
And, finding noble Priam, bid him haste
Into Achaia's fleet, bearing such gifts
As may assuage Achilles, and prevail
To liberate the body of his son.
Alone, he must; no Trojan of them all
May company the senior thither, save
An ancient herald to direct his mules
And his wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.
Let neither fear of death nor other fear
Trouble him aught, so safe a guard and sure
We give him; Mercury shall be his guide
Into Achilles' presence in his tent.
Nor will himself Achilles slay him there,
Or even permit his death, but will forbid
All violence; for he is not unwise
Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,
But will his suppliant with much grace receive[4].

[4] Jupiter justifies him against Apollo's charge, affirming him to be free from those mental defects which chiefly betray men into sin, folly, improvidence, and perverseness.

He ceased; then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,
Jove's messenger, and, at the gates arrived
Of Priam, woe and wailing found within.
Around their father, in the hall, his sons
Their robes with tears water'd, while them amidst
The hoary King sat mantled, muffled close,
And on his venerable head and neck
Much dust was spread, which, rolling on the earth,
He had shower'd on them with unsparing hands.
The palace echoed to his daughters' cries,
And to the cries of matrons calling fresh
Into remembrance many a valiant Chief
Now stretch'd in dust, by Argive hands destroy'd.
The messenger of Jove at Priam's side
Standing, with whisper'd accents low his ear
Saluted, but he trembled at the sound.
Courage, Dardanian Priam! fear thou nought;
To thee no prophetess of ill, I come;
But with kind purpose: Jove's ambassadress
Am I, who though remote, yet entertains
Much pity, and much tender care for thee.
Olympian Jove commands thee to redeem
The noble Hector, with an offering large
Of gifts that may Achilles' wrath appease.
Alone, thou must; no Trojan of them all
Hath leave to attend thy journey thither, save
An ancient herald to direct thy mules
And thy wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.
Let neither fear of death nor other fear
Trouble thee aught, so safe a guard and sure
He gives thee; Mercury shall be thy guide

Even to Achilles' presence in his tent.
Nor will himself Achilles slay thee there,
Or even permit thy death, but will forbid
All violence; for he is not unwise
Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,
But will his suppliant with much grace receive.
So spake the swift ambassadress, and went.
Then, calling to his sons, he bade them bring
His litter forth, and bind the coffer on,
While to his fragrant chamber he repair'd
Himself, with cedar lined and lofty-roof'd,
A treasury of wonders, into which
The Queen he summon'd, whom he thus bespake.
Hecuba! the ambassadress of Jove
Hath come, who bids me to the Greecian fleet,
Bearing such presents thither as may sooth
Achilles, for redemption of my son.
But say, what seems this enterprize to thee?
Myself am much inclined to it, I feel
My courage prompting me amain toward
The fleet, and into the Achaian camp.
Then wept the Queen aloud, and thus replied.
Ah! whither is thy wisdom fled, for which
Both strangers once, and Trojans honour'd *thee?*
How canst thou wish to penetrate alone
The Greecian fleet, and to appear before
His face, by whom so many valiant sons
Of thine have fallen? Thou hast an iron heart!
For should that savage man and faithless once
Seize and discover thee, no pity expect
Or reverence at his hands. Come—let us weep
Together, here sequester'd; for the thread

Spun for him by his destiny severe
When he was born, ordain'd our son remote
From us his parents to be food for hounds
In that Chief's tent. Oh! clinging to his side,
How I could tear him with my teeth! His deeds,
Disgraceful to my son, then should not want
Retaliation; for he slew not him
Skulking, but standing boldly for the wives,
The daughters fair, and citizens of Troy,
Guiltless of flight[5], and of the wish to fly.
Whom Godlike Priam answer'd, ancient King.
Impede me not who willing am to go,
Nor be, thyself, a bird of ominous note
To terrify me under my own roof,
For thou shalt not prevail. Had mortal man
Enjoin'd me this attempt, prophet, or priest,
Or soothsayer, I had pronounced him false
And fear'd it but the more. But, since I saw
The Goddess with these eyes, and heard, myself,
The voice divine, I go; that word shall stand;
And, if my doom be in the fleet of Greece
To perish, be it so; Achilles' arm
Shall give me speedy death, and I shall die
Folding my son, and satisfied with tears.
So saying, he open'd wide the elegant lids
Of numerous chests, whence mantles twelve he took
Of texture beautiful; twelve single cloaks;
As many carpets, with as many robes,
To which he added vests, an equal store.

[5] But, at first, he did fly. It is therefore spoken, as the *Scholiast* observes, φιλοστοργῶς, and must be understood as the *language* of strong maternal affection.

He also took ten talents forth of gold,
All weigh'd, two splendid tripods, cauldrons four,
And after these a cup of matchless worth
Given to him when ambassador in Thrace;
A noble gift, which yet the hoary King
Spared not, such fervour of desire he felt
To loose his son. Then from his portico,
With angry taunts he drove the gather'd crowds.
Away! away! ye dregs of earth, away!
Ye shame of human kind! Have ye no griefs
At home, that ye come hither troubling *me?*
Deem ye it little that Saturnian Jove
Afflicts me thus, and of my very best,
Best boy deprives me? Ah! ye shall be taught
Yourselves that loss, far easier to be slain
By the Achaians now, since he is dead.
But I, ere yet the city I behold
Taken and pillaged, with these aged eyes,
Shall find safe hiding in the shades below.
He said, and chased them with his staff; they left
In haste the doors, by the old King expell'd.
Then, chiding them aloud, his sons he call'd,
Helenus, Paris, noble Agathon,
Pammon, Antiphonus, and bold in fight
Polites, Dios of illustrious fame,
Hippothoüs and Deiphobus—all nine
He call'd, thus issuing, angry, his commands,
Quick! quick! ye slothful in your father's cause,
Ye worthless brood! would that in Hector's stead
Ye all had perish'd in the fleet of Greece!
Oh altogether wretched! in all Troy
No man had sons to boast valiant as mine,

And I have lost them all. Mestor is gone
The godlike, Troilus the steed-renown'd,
And Hector, who with other men compared
Seem'd a Divinity, whom none had deem'd
From mortal man derived, but from a God.
These Mars hath taken, and hath left me none
But scandals of my house, void of all truth,
Dancers, exact step-measurers[6], a band
Of public robbers, thieves of kids and lambs.
Will ye not bring my litter to the gate
This moment, and with all this package quick
Charge it, that we may hence without delay?
He said, and by his chiding awed, his sons
Drew forth the royal litter, neat, new-built,
And following swift the draught, on which they bound
The coffer; next, they lower'd from the wall
The sculptured boxen yoke with its two rings[7];
And with the yoke its furniture, in length
Nine cubits; this to the extremest end
Adjusting of the pole, they cast the ring
Over the ring-bolt; then, thrice through the yoke
They drew the brace on both sides, made it fast
With even knots, and tuck'd[8] the dangling ends.
Producing, next, the glorious ransom-price
Of Hector's body, on the litter's floor

[6] κοροιτυπίῃσιν ἄριστοι.

[7] Through which the reins were passed.

[8] The yoke being flat at bottom, and the pole round, there would of course be a small aperture between the band and the pole on both sides, through which, according to the Scholium in *Villoisson*, they thrust the ends of the tackle lest they should dangle.

They heap'd it all, then yoked the sturdy mules,
A gift illustrious by the Mysians erst
Conferr'd on Priam; to the chariot, last,
They led forth Priam's steeds, which the old King
(In person serving them) with freshest corn
Constant supplied; meantime, himself within
The palace, and his herald, were employ'd
Girding[9] themselves, to go; wise each and good.
And now came mournful Hecuba, with wine
Delicious charged, which in a golden cup
She brought, that not without libation due
First made, they might depart. Before the steeds
Her steps she stay'd, and Priam thus address'd.
Take this, and to the Sire of all perform
Libation, praying him a safe return
From hostile hands, since thou art urged to seek
The Greecian camp, though not by my desire.
Pray also to Idæan Jove cloud-girt,
Who oversees all Ilium, that he send
His messenger or ere thou go, the bird
His favourite most, surpassing all in strength,
At thy right-hand; him seeing, thou shalt tend
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.
But should loud-thundering Jove his lieger swift
Withhold, from me far be it to advise
This journey, howsoe'er thou wish to go.

[9] The text here is extremely intricate; as it stands now, the sons are, first, said to yoke the horses, then Priam and Idæus are said to do it, and in the palace too. I have therefore adopted an alteration suggested by Clarke, who with very little violence to the copy, proposes instead of ζευγνύσθην to read— ζωννύσθην.

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But scandals of my house, void of all truth,
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The sculptured boxen yoke with its two rings[7];
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Nine cubits; this to the extremest end
Adjusting of the pole, they cast the ring
Over the ring-bolt; then, thrice through the yoke
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Constant supplied; meantime, himself within
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To whom the godlike Priam thus replied.
This exhortation will I not refuse,
O Queen! for, lifting to the Gods his hands
In prayer for their compassion, none can err.
So saying, he bade the maiden o'er the rest,
Chief in authority, pour on his hands
Pure water, for the maiden at his side
With ewer charged and laver, stood prepared.
He laved his hands; then, taking from the Queen
The goblet, in his middle area stood
Pouring libation with his eyes upturn'd
Heaven-ward devout, and thus his prayer preferr'd.
Jove, great and glorious above all, who rulest,
On Ida's summit seated, all below!
Grant me arrived within Achilles' tent
Kindness to meet and pity, and oh send
Thy messenger or ere I go, the bird
Thy favourite most, surpassing all in strength,
At my right hand, which seeing, I shall tend
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.
He ended, at whose prayer, incontinent,
Jove sent his eagle, surest of all signs,
The black-plumed bird voracious, Morphnos[10] named,
And Percnos[10]. Wide as the well-guarded door
Of some rich potentate his vans he spread
On either side; they saw him on the right,
Skimming the towers of Troy; glad they beheld
That omen, and all felt their hearts consoled.
Delay'd not then the hoary King, but quick
Ascending to his seat, his coursers urged
Through vestibule and sounding porch abroad.

[10] The words both signify—sable.

The four-wheel'd litter led, drawn by the mules
Which sage Idæus managed, behind whom
Went Priam, plying with the scourge his steeds
Continual through the town, while all his friends,
Following their sovereign with dejected hearts,
Lamented him as going to his death.
But when from Ilium's gate into the plain
They had descended, then the sons-in-law
Of Priam, and his sons, to Troy return'd.
Nor they, now traversing the plain, the note
Escaped of Jove the Thunderer; he beheld
Compassionate the venerable King,
And thus his own son Mercury bespake.
Mercury! (for above all others thou
Delightest to associate with mankind
Familiar, whom thou wilt winning with ease
To converse free,) go thou, and so conduct
Priam into the Greecian camp, that none
Of all the numerous Danaï may see
Or mark him, till he reach Achilles' tent.
He spake, nor the embassador of heaven
The Argicide delay'd, but bound in haste
His undecaying sandals to his feet,
Golden, divine, which waft him o'er the floods
Swift as the wind, and o'er the boundless earth.
He took his rod with which he charms to sleep
All eyes, and theirs who sleep opens again.
Arm'd with that rod, forth flew the Argicide.
At Ilium and the Hellespontic shores
Arriving sudden, a King's son he seem'd,
Now cloathing first his ruddy cheek with down,
Which is youth's loveliest season; so disguised,

His progress he began. They now (the tomb
Magnificent of Ilus past) beside
The river stay'd the mules and steeds to drink,
For twilight dimm'd the fields. Idæus first
Perceived him near, and Priam thus bespake.
Think, son of Dardanus! for we have need
Of our best thought. I see a warrior. Now,
Now we shall die; I know it. Turn we quick
Our steeds to flight; or let us clasp his knees
And his compassion suppliant essay.
Terrour and consternation at that sound
The mind of Priam felt; erect the hair
Bristled his limbs, and with amaze he stood
Motionless. But the God, meantime, approach'd,
And, seizing ancient Priam's hand, enquired.
Whither, my father! in the dewy night
Drivest thou thy mules and steeds, while others sleep?
And fear'st thou not the fiery host of Greece,
Thy foes implacable, so nigh at hand?
Of whom should any, through the shadow dun
Of flitting night, discern thee bearing forth
So rich a charge, then what wouldst thou expect?
Thou art not young thyself, nor with the aid
Of this thine ancient servant, strong enough
Force to repulse, should any threaten force.
But injury fear none or harm from me;
I rather much from harm by other hands
Would save thee, thou resemblest so my sire.
Whom answer'd godlike Priam, hoar with age.
My son! well spoken. Thou hast judged aright.
Yet even me some Deity protects
Thus far; to whom I owe it that I meet

So seasonably one like thee, in form
So admirable, and in mind discrete
As thou art beautiful. Blest parents, thine!
To whom the messenger of heaven again,
The Argicide. Oh ancient and revered!
Thou hast well spoken all. Yet this declare,
And with sincerity; bear'st thou away
Into some foreign country, for the sake
Of safer custody, this precious charge?
Or, urged by fear, forsake ye all alike
Troy's sacred towers? since he whom thou hast lost,
Thy noble son, was of excelling worth
In arms, and nought inferior to the Greeks.
Then thus the godlike Priam, hoary King.
But tell me first, who *Thou* art, and from whom
Descended, loveliest youth! who hast the fate
So well of my unhappy son rehearsed?
To whom the herald Mercury replied.
Thy questions, venerable Sire! proposed
Concerning noble Hector, are design'd
To prove me. Him, not seldom, with these eyes
In man-ennobling fight I have beheld
Most active; saw him when he thinn'd the Greeks
With his sharp spear, and drove them to the ships.
Amazed we stood to notice him; for us,
Incensed against the ruler of our host,
Achilles suffer'd not to share the fight.
I serve Achilles; the same gallant bark
Brought us, and of the Myrmidons am I,
Son of Polyctor; wealthy is my Sire,
And such in years as thou; six sons he hath,
Beside myself the seventh, and, (the lots cast.

Among us all,) mine sent me to the wars.
That I have left the ships, seeking the plain,
The cause is this; the Greeks, at break of day,
Will compass, arm'd, the city, for they loath
To sit inactive, neither can the Chiefs
Restrain the hot impatience of the host.
  Then godlike Priam answer thus return'd.
If of the band thou be of Peleus' son,
Achilles, tell me undisguised the truth.
My son, subsists he still, or hath thy Chief
Limb after limb given him to his dogs?
  Him answer'd then the herald of the skies.
Oh venerable Sir! him neither dogs
Have eaten yet, nor fowls, but at the ships
His body, and within Achilles' tent
Neglected lies. Twelve days he so hath lain;
Yet neither worm which diets on the brave
In battle fallen, hath eaten him, or taint
Invaded. He around Patroclus' tomb
Drags him indeed pitiless, oft as day
Reddens the East, yet safe from blemish still
His corse remains. Thou would'st, thyself, admire,
Seeing how fresh the dew-drops, as he lies,
Rest on him, and his blood is cleansed away
That not a stain is left. Even his wounds
(For many a wound they gave him) all are closed,
Such care the blessed Gods have of thy son,
Dead as he is, whom living much they loved.
  So he; then, glad, the ancient King replied.
Good is it, oh my son! to yield the Gods
Their just demands. My boy, while yet he lived,
Lived not unmindful of the worship due

To the Olympian powers, who, therefore, him
Remember, even in the bands of death.
Come then—this beauteous cup take at my hand—
Be thou my guard, and, if the Gods permit,
My guide, till to Achilles' tent I come.
Whom answer'd then the messenger of heaven.
Sir! thou perceivest me young, and art disposed
To try my virtue; but it shall not fail.
Thou bidd'st me at thine hand a gift accept,
Whereof Achilles knows not; but I fear
Achilles, and on no account should dare
Defraud him, lest some evil find me next.
But Thee I would with pleasure hence conduct
Even to glorious Argos, over sea
Or over land, nor any, through contempt
Of such a guard, should dare to do thee wrong.
So Mercury, and to the chariot seat
Upspringing, seized at once the lash and reins,
And with fresh vigour mules and steeds inspired.
Arriving at the foss and towers, they found
The guard preparing now their evening cheer,
All whom the Argicide with sudden sleep
Oppress'd, then oped the gates, thrust back the bars,
And introduced, with all his litter-load
Of costly gifts, the venerable King.
But when they reach'd the tent for Peleus' son
Raised by the Myrmidons (with trunks of pine
They built it, lopping smooth the boughs away,
Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead
Its lofty roof, and with a spacious court
Surrounded it, all fenced with driven stakes;
One bar alone of pine secured the door,

Which ask'd three Greecians with united force
To thrust it to its place, and three again
To thrust it back, although Achilles oft
Would heave it to the door himself alone;)
Then Hermes, benefactor of mankind,
That bar displacing for the King of Troy,
Gave entrance to himself and to his gifts
For Peleus' son design'd, and from the seat
Alighting, thus his speech to Priam turn'd.
Oh ancient Priam! an immortal God
Attends thee; I am Hermes, by command
Of Jove my father thy appointed guide.
But I return. I will not, entering here,
Stand in Achilles' sight; immortal Powers
May not so unreservedly indulge
Creatures of mortal kind. But enter thou,
Embrace his knees, and by his father both
And by his Goddess mother sue to him,
And by his son, that his whole heart may melt.
So Hermes spake, and to the skies again
Ascended. Then leap'd Priam to the ground,
Leaving Idæus; he, the mules and steeds
Watch'd, while the ancient King into the tent
Proceeded of Achilles dear to Jove.
Him there he found, and sitting found apart
His fellow-warriors, of whom two alone
Served at his side, Alcimus, branch of Mars,
And brave Automedon; he had himself
Supp'd newly, and the board stood unremoved.
Unseen of all huge Priam enter'd, stood
Near to Achilles, clasp'd his knees, and kiss'd
Those terrible and homicidal hands

That had destroy'd so many of his sons.
As when a fugitive for blood the house
Of some Chief enters in a foreign land,
All gaze, astonish'd at the sudden guest,
So gazed Achilles seeing Priam there,
And so stood all astonish'd, each his eyes
In silence fastening on his fellow's face.
But Priam kneel'd, and suppliant thus began.
Think, oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods!
On thy own father full of days like me,
And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.
Some neighbour Chief, it may be, even now
Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,
No friend to succour him in his distress.
Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,
He still rejoices, hoping, day by day,
That one day he shall see the face again
Of his own son from distant Troy return'd.
But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons,
So late the flower of Ilium, all are slain.
When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons;
Nineteen were children of one bed, the rest
Born of my concubines. A numerous house!
But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it. One I had,
One, more than all my sons the strength of Troy,
Whom standing for his country thou hast slain—
Hector—His body to redeem I come
Into Achaia's fleet, bringing, myself,
Ransom inestimable to thy tent.
Reverence the Gods, Achilles! recollect
Thy father; for his sake compassion show
To me more pitiable still, who draw

Home to my lips (humiliation yet
Unseen on earth) his hand who slew my son.
So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret
Of his own Sire; softly he placed his hand
On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.
Remembrance melted both. Rolling before
Achilles' feet, Priam his son deplored
Wide-slaughtering Hector, and Achilles wept
By turns his father, and by turns his friend
Patroclus; sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent.
But when, at length satiate, Achilles felt
His heart from grief, and all his frame relieved,
Upstarting from his seat, with pity moved
Of Priam's silver locks and silver beard,
He raised the ancient father by his hand,
Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus bespake.
Wretched indeed! ah what must thou have felt!
How hast thou dared to seek alone the fleet
Of the Achaians, and his face by whom
So many of thy valiant sons have fallen?
Thou hast an heart of iron, terrour-proof.
Come—sit beside me—Let us, if we may,
Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile.
There is no profit of our sighs and tears;
For thus, exempt from care themselves, the Gods
Ordain man's miserable race to mourn.
Fast by the threshold of Jove's courts are placed
Two casks, one stored with evil, one with good,
From which the God dispenses as he wills.
For whom the glorious Thunderer mingles both,
He leads a life checquer'd with good and ill
Alternate; but to whom he gives unmixt

The bitter cup, he makes that man a curse,
His name becomes a by-word of reproach,
His strength is hunger-bitten, and he walks
The blessed earth, unblest, go where he may.
So was my father Peleus at his birth
Nobly endow'd with plenty and with wealth
Distinguish'd by the Gods past all mankind,
Lord of the Myrmidons, and, though a man,
Yet match'd from heaven with an immortal bride.
But even him the Gods afflict, a son
Refusing him, who might possess his throne
Hereafter; for myself, his only heir,
Pass as a dream, and while I live, instead
Of solacing his age, here sit, before
Your distant walls, the scourge of thee and thine.
Thee also, ancient Priam, we have heard
Reported, once possessor of such wealth
As neither Lesbos, seat of Macar, owns,
Nor Eastern Phrygia, nor yet all the ports
Of Hellespont, but thou didst pass them all
In riches, and in number of thy sons.
But since the Powers of Heaven brought on thy land
This fatal war, battle and deeds of death
Always surround the city where thou reign'st.
Cease, therefore, from unprofitable tears,
Which, ere they raise thy son to life again,
Shall, doubtless, find fresh cause for which to flow.
To whom the ancient King godlike replied.
Hero, forbear. No seat is here for me,
While Hector lies unburied in your camp.
Loose him, and loose him now, that with these eyes
I may behold my son; accept a price

Magnificent, which may'st thou long enjoy,
And, since my life was precious in thy sight,
May'st thou revisit safe thy native shore!
  To whom Achilles, louring, and in wrath[11],
Urge me no longer, at a time like this,
With that harsh note; I am already inclined
To loose him. Thetis, my own mother came
Herself on that same errand, sent from Jove.
Priam! I understand thee well. I know
That, by some God conducted, thou hast reach'd
Achaia's fleet; for, without aid divine,
No mortal even in his prime of youth,
Had dared the attempt; guards vigilant as ours
He should not easily elude, such gates,
So massy, should not easily unbar.
Thou, therefore, vex me not in my distress,
Lest I abhor to see thee in my tent,
And, borne beyond all limits, set at nought
Thee, and thy prayer, and the command of Jove.
  He said; the old King trembled, and obey'd.
Then sprang Pelides like a lion forth,
Not sole, but with his two attendant friends
Alcimus and Automedon the brave,
For them (Patroclus slain) he honour'd most
Of all the Myrmidons. They from the yoke
Released both steeds and mules, then introduced
And placed the herald of the hoary King.
They lighten'd next the litter of its charge

[11] Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown to Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what he could not be expected to do willingly.

Inestimable, leaving yet behind
Two mantles and a vest, that, not unveil'd,
The body might be borne back into Troy.
Then, calling forth his women, them he bade
Lave and anoint the body, but apart,
Lest haply Priam, noticing his son,
Through stress of grief should give resentment scope,
And irritate by some affront himself
To slay him, in despight of Jove's commands.
They, therefore, laving and anointing first
The body, cover'd it with cloak and vest;
Then, Peleus' son disposed it on the bier,
Lifting it from the ground, and his two friends
Together heaved it to the Royal wain.
Achilles, last, groaning, his friend invoked.
  Patroclus! should the tidings reach thine ear,
Although in Ades, that I have released
The noble Hector at his father's suit,
Resent it not; no sordid gifts have paid
His ransom-price, which thou shalt also share.
  So saying, Achilles to his tent return'd,
And on the splendid couch whence he had risen
Again reclined, opposite to the seat
Of Priam, whom the Hero thus bespake.
  Priam! at thy request thy son is loosed,
And lying on his bier; at dawn of day
Thou shalt both see him and convey him hence
Thyself to Troy. But take we now repast;
For even bright-hair'd Niobe her food
Forgat not, though of children twelve bereft,
Of daughters six, and of six blooming sons.
Apollo these struck from his silver bow,

And those shaft-arm'd Diana, both incensed
That oft Latona's children and her own
Numbering, she scorn'd the Goddess who had borne
Two only, while herself had twelve to boast.
Vain boast! those two sufficed to slay them all.
Nine days they welter'd in their blood, no man
Was found to bury them, for Jove had changed
To stone the people; but themselves, at last,
The Powers of Heaven entomb'd them on the tenth.
Yet even she, once satisfied with tears,
Remember'd food; and now, the rocks among
And pathless solitudes of Sipylus,
The rumour'd cradle of the nymphs who dance
On Acheloüs' banks, although to stone
Transform'd, she broods her heaven-inflicted woes.
Come, then, my venerable guest! take we
Refreshment also; once arrived in Troy
With thy dear son, thou shalt have time to weep
Sufficient, nor without most weighty cause.
  So spake Achilles, and, upstarting, slew
A sheep white-fleeced, which his attendants flay'd,
And busily and with much skill their task
Administring, first scored the viands well,
Then pierced them with the spits, and when the roast
Was finish'd, drew them from the spits again.
And now, Automedon dispensed around
The polish'd board bread in neat baskets piled,
Which done, Achilles portion'd out to each
His share, and all assail'd the ready feast.
But when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
Dardanian Priam, wond'ring at his bulk
And beauty, (for he seem'd some God from heaven)

Gazed on Achilles, while Achilles held
Not less in admiration of his looks
Benign, and of his gentle converse wise,
Gazed on Dardaniam Priam, and, at length,
(The eyes of each gratified to the full)
The ancient King thus to Achilles spake.
Hero! dismiss us now each to our bed,
That there at ease reclined, we may enjoy
Sweet sleep; for never have these eyelids closed
Since Hector fell and died, but without cease
I mourn, and nourishing unnumber'd woes,
Have roll'd me in the ashes of my courts.
But I have now both tasted food, and given
Wine to my lips, untasted till with thee.
So he, and at his word Achilles bade
His train beneath his portico prepare
With all dispatch two couches, purple rugs,
And Arras, and warm mantles over all.
Forth went the women bearing lights, and spread
A couch for each, when feigning needful fear[12],
Achilles thus his speech to Priam turn'd.
My aged guest beloved! sleep thou without;
Lest some Achaian Chief (for such are wont
Oftimes, here sitting, to consult with me)
Hither repair; of whom should any chance
To spie thee through the gloom, he would at once

[12] Ἐπικερτομέων. Clarke renders the word in this place, *falso metú ludens*, and Eustathius says that Achilles suggested such cause of fear to Priam, to excuse his lodging him in an exterior part of the tent. The general import of the Greek word is sarcastic, but here it signifies rather—to intimidate. See also Dacier.

Convey the tale to Agamemnon's ear,
Whence hindrance might arise, and the release
Haply of Hector's body be delay'd.
But answer me with truth. How many days
Would'st thou assign to the funereal rites
Of noble Hector, for so long I mean
Myself to rest, and keep the host at home?
Then thus the ancient King godlike replied.
If thou indeed be willing that we give
Burial to noble Hector, by an act
So generous, O Achilles! me thou shalt
Much gratify; for we are shut, thou know'st,
In Ilium close, and fuel must procure
From Ida's side remote; fear, too, hath seized
On all our people. Therefore thus I say.
Nine days we wish to mourn him in the house;
To his interment we would give the tenth,
And to the public banquet; the eleventh
Shall see us build his tomb; and on the twelfth
(If war we must) we will to war again.
To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
So be it, ancient Priam! I will curb
Twelve days the rage of war, at thy desire.
He spake, and at his wrist the right hand grasp'd
Of the old Sovereign, to dispel his fear.
Then in the vestibule the herald slept
And Priam, prudent both, but Peleus' son
In the interior tent, and at his side
Brisëis, with transcendent beauty adorn'd.
Now all, all night, by gentle sleep subdued,
Both Gods and chariot-ruling warriors lay,
But not the benefactor of mankind,

Hermes; him sleep seized not, but deep he mused
How likeliest from amid the Greecian fleet
He might deliver by the guard unseen
The King of Ilium; at his head he stood
In vision, and the senior thus bespake.
Ah heedless and secure! hast thou no dread
Of mischief, ancient King, that thus by foes
Thou sleep'st surrounded, lull'd by the consent
And sufferance of Achilles? Thou hast given
Much for redemption of thy darling son,
But thrice that sum thy sons who still survive
Must give to Agamemnon and the Greeks
For *thy* redemption, should they know thee here.
He ended; at the sound alarm'd upsprang
The King, and roused his herald. Hermes yoked
Himself both mules and steeds, and through the camp
Drove them incontinent, by all unseen.
Soon as the windings of the stream they reach'd,
Deep-eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove,
Mercury the Olympian summit sought,
And saffron-vested morn o'erspread the earth.
They, loud lamenting, to the city drove
Their steeds; the mules close follow'd with the dead.
Nor warrior yet, nor cinctured matron knew
Of all in Ilium aught of their approach,
Cassandra sole except. She, beautiful
As golden Venus, mounted on the height
Of Pergamus, her father first discern'd,
Borne on his chariot-seat erect, and knew
The herald heard so oft in echoing Troy;
Him also on his bier outstretch'd she mark'd,

Whom the mules drew. Then, shrieking, through the streets
She ran of Troy, and loud proclaim'd the sight.
Ye sons of Ilium and ye daughters, haste,
He e all to look on Hector, if ye e'er
With joy beheld him, while he yet survived,
From fight returning; for all Ilium erst
In him, and all her citizens rejoiced.
She spake. Then neither male nor female more
In Troy remain'd, such sorrow seized on all.
Issuing from the city-gate, they met
Priam conducting, sad, the body home,
And, foremost of them all, the mother flew
And wife of Hector to the bier, on which
Their torn-off tresses with unsparing hands
They shower'd, while all the people wept around.
All day, and to the going down of day
They thus had mourn'd the dead before the gates,
Had not their Sovereign from his chariot-seat
Thus spoken to the multitude around.
Fall back on either side, and let the mules
Pass on; the body in my palace once
Deposited, ye then may weep your fill.
He said; they, opening, gave the litter way.
Arrived w'hin the royal house, they stretch'd
The breathless Hector on a sumptuous bed,
And singers placed beside him, who should chaunt
The strain funereal; they with many a groan
The dirge began, and still, at every close,
The female train with many a groan replied.
Then, in the midst, Andromache white-arm'd

Between her palms the dreadful Hector's head
Pressing, her lamentation thus began.
My Hero! thou hast fallen in prime of life,
Me leaving here desolate, and the fruit
Of our ill-fated loves, an helpless child,
Whom grown to manhood I despair to see.
For ere that day arrive, down from her height
Precipitated shall this city fall,
Since thou hast perish'd once her sure defence,
Faithful protector of her spotless wives,
And all their little ones. Those wives shall soon
In Greecian barks capacious hence be borne,
And I among the rest. But thee, my child!
Either thy fate shall with thy mother send
Captive into a land where thou shalt serve
In sordid drudgery some cruel lord,
Or haply some Achaian here, thy hand
Seizing, shall hurl thee from a turret-top
To a sad death, avenging brother, son,
Or father by the hands of Hector slain;
For He made many a Greecian bite the ground.
Thy father, boy, bore never into fight
A milky mind, and for that self-same cause
Is now bewail'd in every house of Troy.
Sorrow unutterable thou hast caused
Thy parents, Hector! but to me hast left
Largest bequest of misery, to whom,
Dying, thou neither didst thy arms extend
Forth from thy bed, nor gavest me precious word
To be remember'd day and night with tears.
So spake she weeping, whom her maidens all

With sighs accompanied, and her complaint
Mingled with sobs Hecuba next began.
Ah Hector! dearest to thy mother's heart
Of all her sons, much must the Gods have loved
Thee living, whom, though dead, they thus preserve.
What son soever of our house beside
Achilles took, over the barren Deep
To Samos, Imbrus, or to Lemnos girt
With rocks inhospitable, him he sold;
But thee, by his dread spear of life deprived,
He dragg'd and dragg'd around Patroclus' tomb,
As if to raise again his friend to life
Whom thou hadst vanquish'd; yet he raised him not.
But as for thee, thou liest here with dew
Besprinkled, fresh as a young plant[13], and more
Resemblest some fair youth by gentle shafts
Of Phœbus pierced, than one in battle slain.
So spake the Queen, exciting in all hearts
Sorrow immeasurable, after whom
Thus Helen, third, her lamentation pour'd.
Ah, dearer far than all my brothers else
Of Priam's house! for being Paris' spouse,
Who brought me (would I had first died!) to Troy,
I call thy brothers mine; since forth I came
From Sparta, it is now the twentieth year,
Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee,
Or taunt morose, but if it ever chanced,
That of thy father's house female or male

[13] This, according to the Scholiast, is a probable sense of προσφατος.—He derives it απο των νεωστι πεφασμενων εκ γης φυτων.—See Villoisson.

Blamed me, and even if herself the Queen,
(For in the King, whate'er befell, I found
Always a father,) thou hast interposed
Thy gentle temper and thy gentle speech
To soothe them; therefore, with the same sad drops
Thy fate, oh Hector! and my own I weep;
For other friend within the ample bounds
Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear
Kind word again, with horror view'd by all.
So Helen spake weeping, to whom with groans
The countless multitude replied, and thus
Their ancient Sovereign next his people charged.
Ye Trojans, now bring fuel home, nor fear
Close ambush of the Greeks; Achilles' self
Gave me, at my dismission from his fleet,
Assurance, that from hostile force secure
We shall remain, till the twelfth dawn arise.
All, then, their mules and oxen to the wains
Join'd speedily, and under Ilium's walls
Assembled numerous; nine whole days they toil'd,
Bringing much fuel home, and when the tenth
Bright morn, with light for human kind, arose,
Then bearing noble Hector forth, with tears
Shed copious, on the summit of the pile
They placed him, and the fuel fired beneath.
But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,
Redden'd the East, then, thronging forth, all Troy
Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around.
The whole vast multitude convened, with wine
They quench'd the pile throughout, leaving no part
Unvisited, on which the fire had seized.
His brothers, next, collected, and his friends,

His white bones, mourning, and with tears profuse
Watering their cheeks; then in a golden urn
They placed them, which with mantles soft they veil'd
Mæonian-hued, and, delving, buried it,
And overspread with stones the spot adust.
Lastly, short time allowing to the task,
They heap'd his tomb, while, posted on all sides,
Suspicious of assault, spies watch'd the Greeks.
The tomb once heap'd, assembling all again
Within the palace, they a banquet shared
Magnificent, by godlike Priam given.

Such burial the illustrious Hector found[14].

[14] Ὡς ὁιγ' αμφιεπον ταφον Εκτορος ιπποδαμοιο.

I cannot take my leave of this noble poem, without expressing how much I am struck with this plain conclusion of it. It is like the exit of a great man out of company whom he has entertained magnificently; neither pompous nor familiar; not contemptuous, yet without much ceremony. I recollect nothing, among the works of mere man, that exemplifies so strongly the true style of great antiquity.

END OF VOL. XII.

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